March 25c

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY
SELINSGROVE, PA.

SEX, Esq.

By Henry F. Pringle

THE FIRST OF A SERIES ON MAGAZINES THAT SELL

PORTRAIT OF A MODEL ★ PAGE 4

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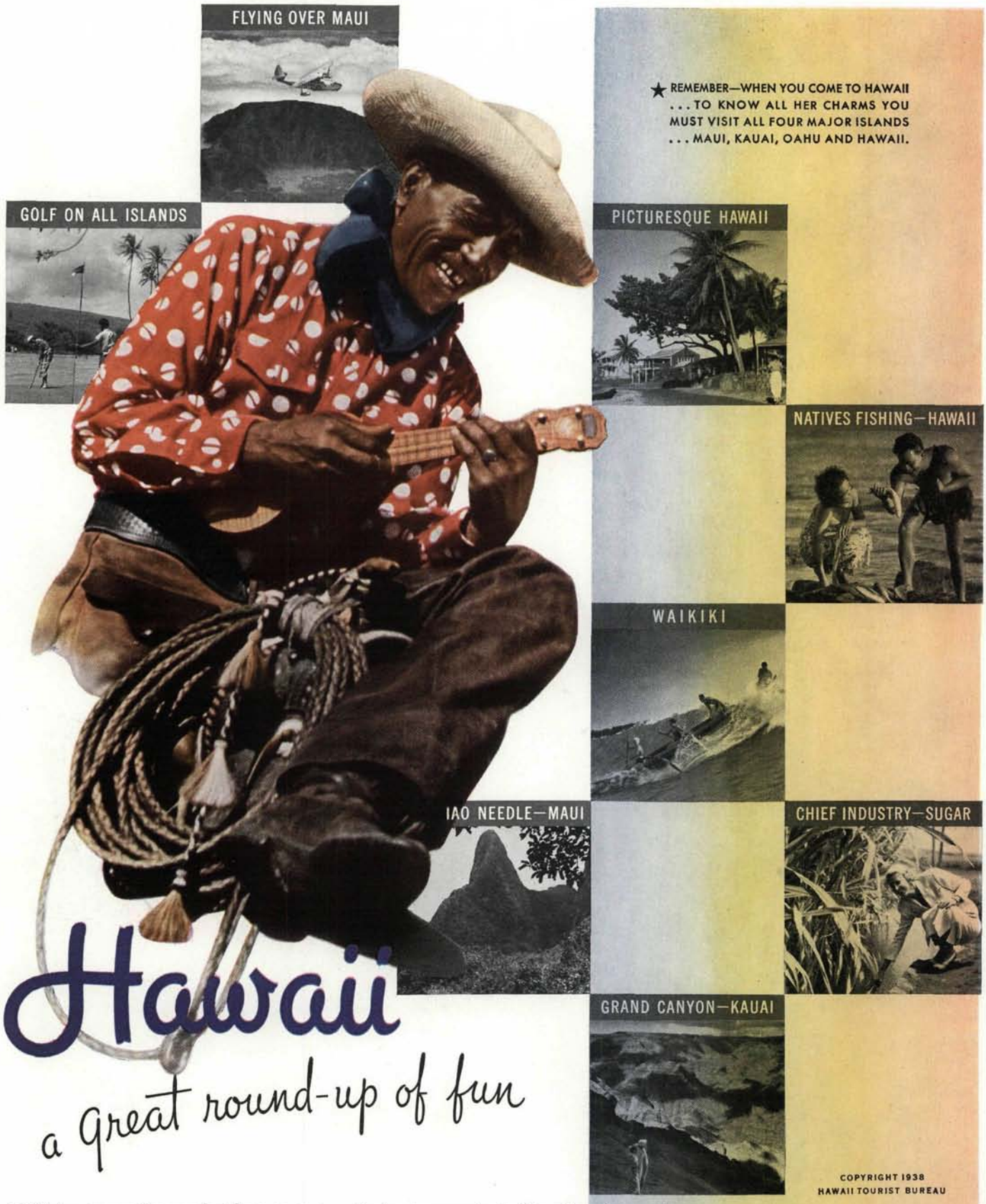

★ REMEMBER—WHEN YOU COME TO HAWAII ... TO KNOW ALL HER CHARMS YOU MUST VISIT ALL FOUR MAJOR ISLANDS ... MAUI, KAUAI, OAHU AND HAWAII.

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a great round-up of fun

IT'S fun to race the sun-shot breezes on a zooming surf-board . . . or to burrow in the soft white sands of Waikiki! To watch the flash of native fishing-spears by torchlight . . . or amazing sea-life from a window-bottomed boat.

It's fun to climb the colorful high volcanoes . . . or find forgotten centuries along the Kona Coast . . . to conquer a fighting swordfish or ride the upland ranges with Polynesian cowboys!

It's fun to do the latest dance-step to an age-old melody in a gay and smart hotel. To shop for the latest fashions in ultra-modern stores!

It's fun to surrender to Hawaii's unique welcome . . . in which all the music and laughter and beauty of these radiant isles are blended just for you!

It all starts in famous Honolulu . . . and spreads in bubbling gaiety through a chain of Treasure Isles . . . Maui, Kauai, Hawaii, Oahu. Only a day from California by Air Clipper . . . less than five by palatial liner either from California ports or Vancouver, B. C. An ordinary vacation budget will do, for costs are low but glamour runs high.

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•

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THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII

to enable you to obtain accurate information on any subject concerning the entire Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

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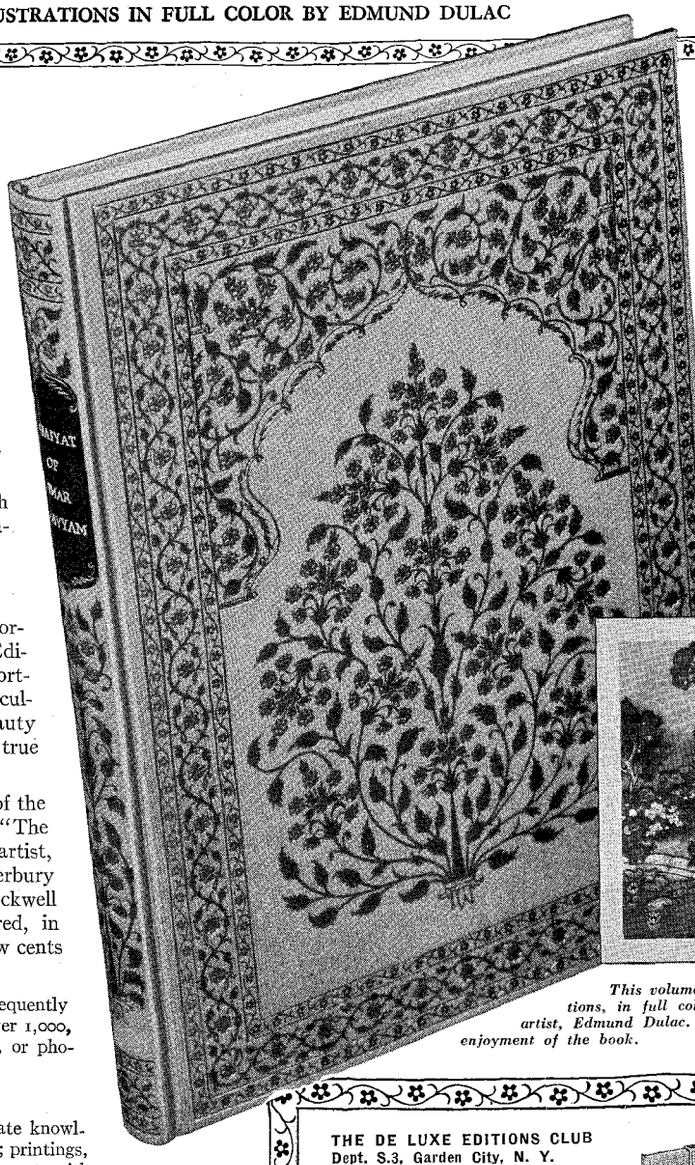

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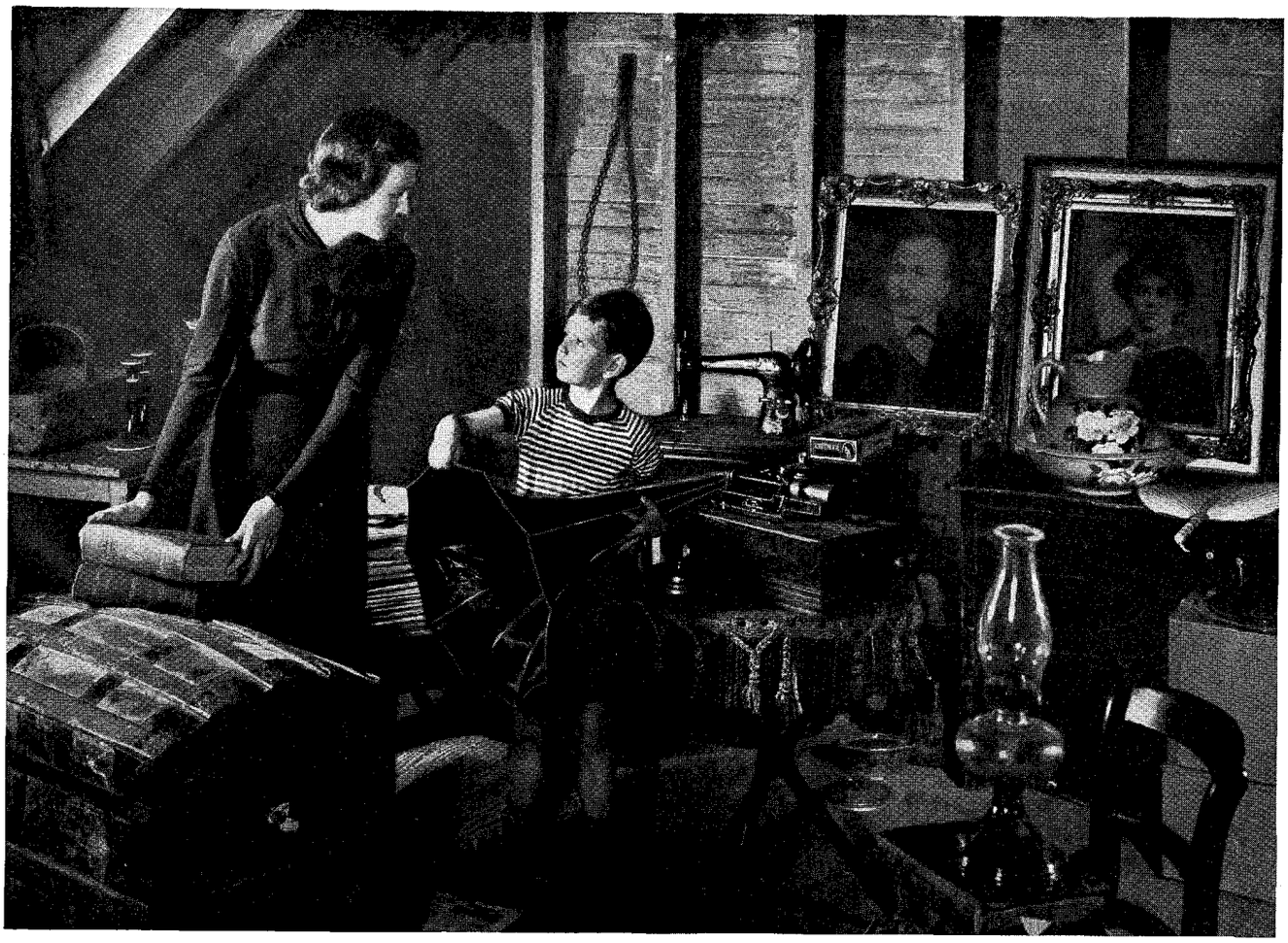

"Gee, Mom, Were They All Poor People?"

"Not exactly poor, Bobby. They had money. But they didn't have all the nice things that we have—such as a radio, and electric lights, and a vacuum cleaner. You see, they didn't have electricity, or automobiles, or airplanes. Most of those things hadn't even been invented."

EVEN as late as 1900, only one American home in every seven had a bathtub; one in 13 had a telephone; one home in 30 had electric lights. There were only 8000 automobiles. Manufactured products were scarce and expensive.

Today there are 20 million bathtubs, 18 million telephones, 22 million wired homes, 25 million automobiles, and millions of other manufactured products which were unheard of in 1900 but are now plentiful and sell at a fraction of their former cost.

General Electric scientists and engineers, by applying electrical methods to the tasks of industry, have helped to provide us with the many products that contribute to our comfort and convenience, and to the hundreds of services which we enjoy today.

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Scribner's

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Cover Photograph by BOURGES

Published by HARLAN LOGAN ASSOCIATES, INC., 570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* JO H. CHAMBERLIN, GEORGE T. EGGLESTON, *Associate Publishers;* DON WHARTON, *Executive Editor;* HARRY O. DIAMOND, *Art Director;* JOHN A. FUNK, *Photographic Editor;* KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, LOMBARD JONES, WALTER WALKER, *Associate Editors;* FRANK COMTOIS, *Advertising Manager;* BERT GARMISE, *Circulation Director.* Published monthly, 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50 a year. Copyrighted in 1938 in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Harlan Logan Associates, Inc. All rights reserved. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission. This magazine will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes for return. Printed in Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter December 2, 1886, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

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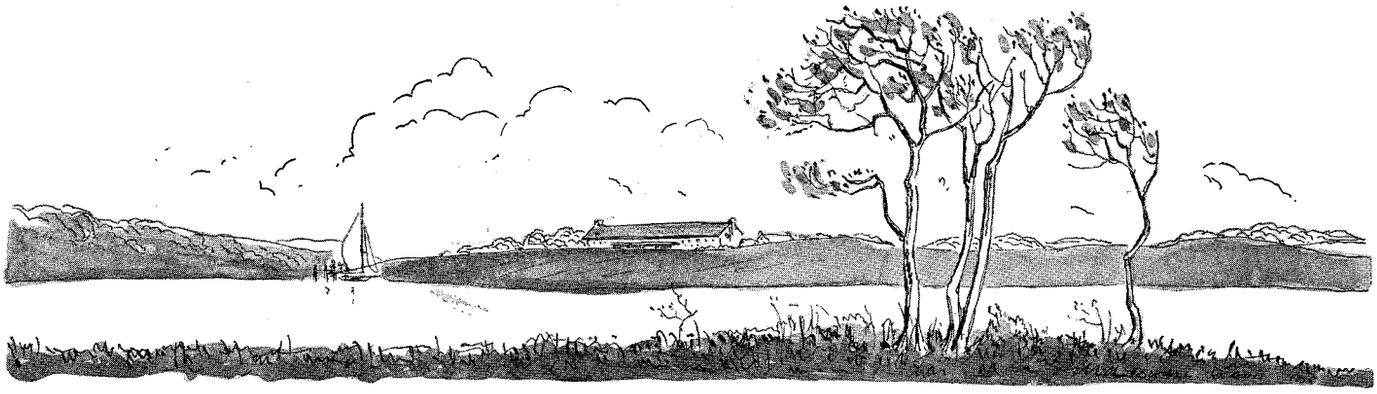
STRAWS IN THE WIND



Model (*See Cover*)

Less than a year ago Cobina Wright got out of the *Social Register* and into the *Model Directory*. During the short time since she made that abrupt transition, she has gone a long way toward the top of her new profession.

Miss Wright—who is now 16—first posed for a professional photographer in 1933. John Powers, the model agent, dropped by the Wright apartment for dinner one night. He needed a young girl to fill an assignment he had, and Cobina fitted the rôle nicely. He asked her if she'd like to pose for the picture. It sounded like fun, so she did. She collected a ten-dollar fee and was all for entering the business immediately, but her mother suggested that she stay in school. So Cobina postponed her professional debut.

About a year ago, having finished a ten-year course at Miss Hewitt's school and finding social life on the stuffy side, she called John Powers and soon was one of the two hundred girls listed in his directory of models.

The style photographers were quick to discover that Cobina could wear riding togs without looking uncomfortable and that she seemed perfectly at home in the latest gown from Paris. Soon she was spending most of her time posing for the photographers who illustrate for super-slick society journals. And she was being paid as much as $15 above the regular $10-an-hour model fee. Social life may not have been fun, but it turned out to pay dividends.

Modern photography is a complex business, and the model's job is not an easy one. For instance, "shooting" on this month's cover began at ten in the morning. Three technical men arranged the battery of lights and the two cameras while a pair of prop boys set up the desk and callboard background. A costume girl checked Miss Wright's clothes, while Bourges, the photographer, wandered around the studio with utter unconcern.

After an hour and a quarter, this preliminary work was done. Bourges carefully checked the entire setup; Miss Wright put on her smile; the cameras clicked—and the first shot was made. By 12:30 four exposures had been completed and a halt was called. Miss Wright, slightly wilted, ate a chicken-salad sandwich and a chocolate milk shake while the plates were being developed.

At 1 P.M., Bourges called for more shots. Another hour, and three more pictures were made. Then—after four hours of work—the SCRIBNER cover had been photographed.

The other girl on this month's cover is Elizabeth Pinkerton, assistant to John Powers, whose job it is to find models to fill assignments received from photographers. Back of her is the callboard on which are listed all appointments each model must fill during the week. Miss Wright is looking over her memo of assignments, the top one of which reads: "Color photo for SCRIBNER cover. 10 A.M."

From the *Model Directory,* you will learn the following facts about Cobina Wright: Age, 16; size, 12–14; height, 5′ 9″ (with heels) ; weight, 120; bust, 34; waist, 23½; hips, 34; shoes, 5½ B; stockings, 9½; hat, 22; and gloves, 6¼.

Also — though this isn't mentioned in the directory — Miss Wright speaks French, Italian, German, and some Spanish. She likes to ride horses and to read plays—her favorite playwrights being Noel Coward and Shakespeare. She has studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and wants to be an actress, but says she doesn't ever want to go into the movies.

Moving

By the time these words get to the linotypes SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE will have said good-by to Fifth Avenue. We have been at No. 597 since 1913 and on the Avenue, our antiquarians inform us, since 1894. For the past year and a half we have been something like a stepchild of the Avenue, our offices fronting Forty-eighth Street and connecting with the main Scribner building by means of a fire escape. Nevertheless, our move to 570 Lexington Avenue is a move into a new world. Instead of being flanked by St. Patrick's, we will be neighbors of the Waldorf-Astoria. Instead of an elevator operator calling us all by our first names, we shall have dignified express service. The pleasant hum of the Fifth Avenue buses will be replaced by the silence of the heights. Thirty-five floors above Lexington Avenue, we'll have a basement equipped with a subway station and desks connected with an intercommunicative telephone system.

Death in Wishaw

What American town was hardest hit by the great influenza epidemic? No one had been able to answer that question when Frederick L. Allen began work on the influenza article published in our January issue. Mr. Allen was unable to answer it. But now we have information which leads us to think Wishaw, Pennsylvania, may be the town. This information comes from Charles S. Lord, Editor of the Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania, *Star*. Some years ago Mr. Lord wrote a sketch of how the flu came to Wishaw, a sketch which he reprinted when he saw Mr. Allen's article and from which we quote:

"In those days it [Wishaw] was a busy, thriving mining center with a population of almost four hundred souls. In a brief six weeks death came to one in every four, and orphans roamed the streets of Wishaw as they did in old Kazan.

"Only ten people in that little place escaped the flu, and of those ill, one in every four passed on. That is a greater mortality than results from actual warfare, where a death rate of one in every

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June in January..

While January snows still covered your streets, the modern, *intelligent* farmer was looking to June—and planning.

For in the February Farm Journal (out January 14th) B. W. Snow, dean of crop reporters, pointed out the likelihood of a wheat shortage next summer.

Farm Journal readers remember that this same B. W. Snow predicted the drought of two years ago, long before Uncle Sam's experts foresaw it.

Dollars-and-cents information like this, for the profit-minded, self-reliant farmer, is one important reason why Farm Journal's steadily increasing circulation has reached a new high of 1,350,000 . . . among the kind of farmers who make *and spend* the largest share of an 8½ billion dollar national farm income.

FARM JOURNAL

"THE RURAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NEWS"

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE

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OF THE WORKS OF

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THIS limited edition is named after the native state of the author. There will be only seven hundred and ninety numbered and signed copies and when these have been printed the type will be destroyed. These twelve handsome volumes contain the personal selections of Miss Glasgow as the best of her work. Each of the volumes has a special frontispiece done in the exquisite photogravure process, which has been selected by the author with great care.

¶ New and interesting prefaces have been prepared for this VIRGINIA EDITION. The Janson type face was selected for the setting of the edition, principally for the easy readability of this face, the stress constantly being laid on the desirability of presenting each page in the most readable form.

¶ The work will be printed on especially made and watermarked paper by the private press of the publishers—The Scribner Press.

¶ It has been said of Miss Glasgow that she is "a delectable novelist whose intelligence is always tempered by humor and whose humor is always in fee to her understanding."

Sc3-38

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
597 FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK

Sirs: Please send me complete information about The VIRGINIA EDITION (LIMITED) of the Works of ELLEN GLASGOW. Printed from letterpress.

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ten is considered very heavy. Indeed, in many respects the people of that village would have fared better could they have gone to war, then raging in Europe. In September of that year, there were thirty-two young men drafted from that section for service with the colors. Had they gone to Europe, had they served in the trenches, it is improbable that more than three or four would have died. Yet in six weeks in Wishaw, all but one of the thirty-two registered in the draft of September, 1918, had sickened and died.

". . . The fear of death was over the land and only the bravest carried on. . . . There came a time at last when they could no longer provide hearses for all, when they could no longer dig separate graves for each poor victim, and they had to impress common trucks and wagons to carry the dead, and in one cemetery had to make the grave just one long trench and lay the caskets side by side at the bottom."

Marching Through Georgia

Our circulation department has handed us a letter from Richard Barksdale Harwell, an ΣΑΕ at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia. "It may interest you to know," Mr. Harwell writes, "that SCRIBNER'S was chosen as the most popular general magazine in a poll of the sixty-odd chapter members to determine to what magazines to subscribe."

Quizzer

After running Irving D. Tressler's quizzes for more than a year, we decided to introduce him to our readers, and discovered that his middle name is Dart. We also found out how he writes the

quizzes. He scatters pencils and pieces of paper all over his apartment, carries them in his pocket, and caches them in his auto. Thus, he is ready for a question no matter where or when it hits him. At the end of the month he goes into production and after a week emerges with a draft of "The Scribner Quiz." He turns the rough copy over to Mrs. Tressler and sits by, groaning, while she tears it to pieces and tells him it's the worst set he's ever done. He finds playing his mandolin helps produce question ideas and has had particularly good results with *I Love You Truly*.

Mr. Tressler seldom works questionnaires by other people and thinks he'd score about 75 on his own. He has never

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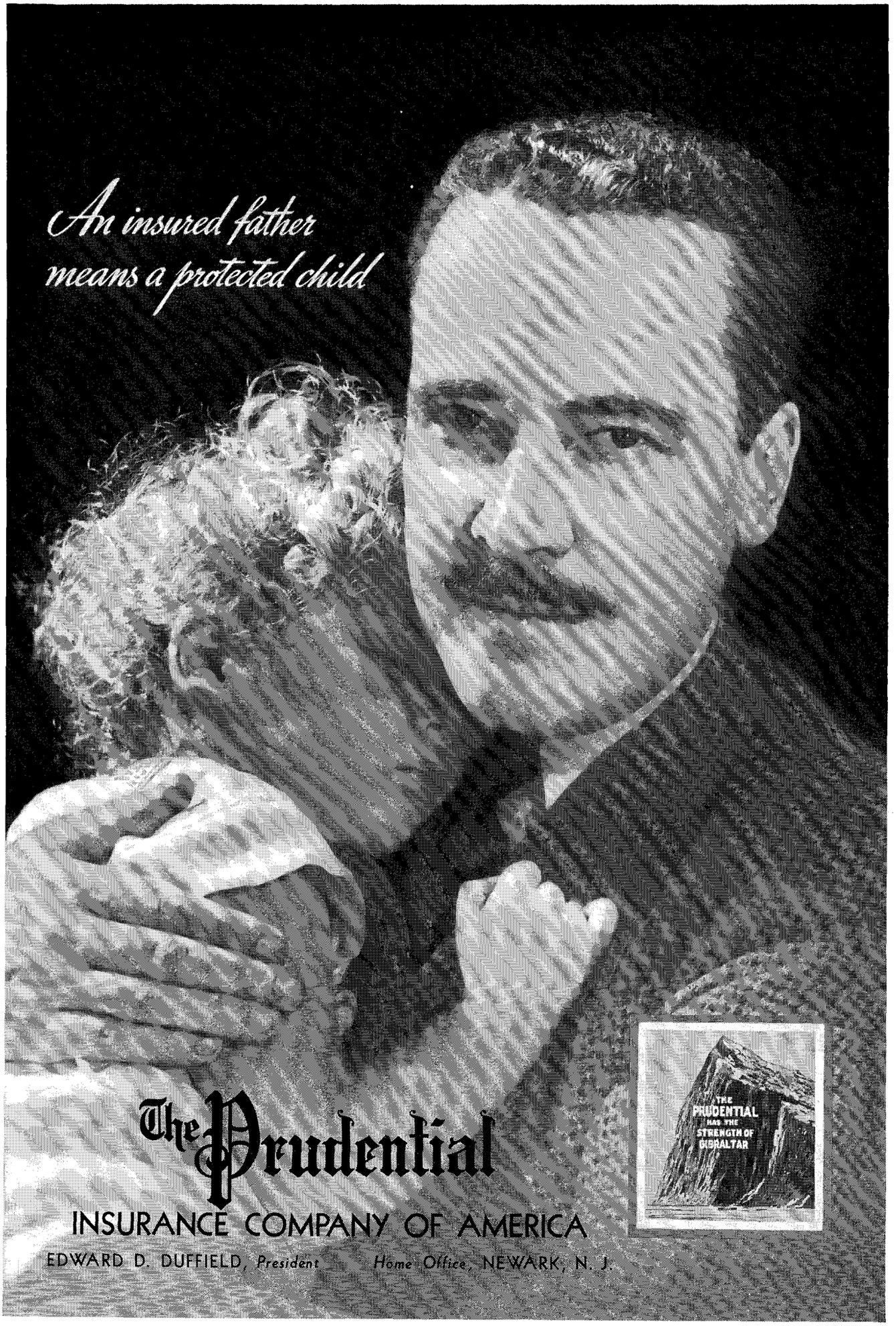
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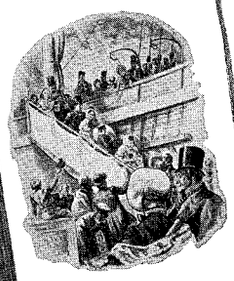
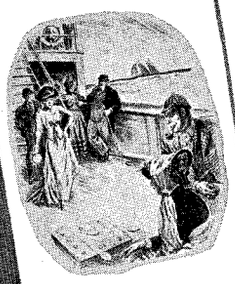


1840

The 1,156-ton *Britannia*, first Cunarder and first regular transatlantic steamship, carried just 63 passengers on her maiden voyage from Liverpool July 4, 1840.



1890

The 8,000-ton single-screw steel Cunarder *Umbria*, hailed by the nation's press as a "floating palace"...was designed to accommodate 750 passengers.

1938

The world's newest liner *Queen Mary* is ten times the size of the *Umbria*, yet carries only three times as many passengers. Her spacious luxury is especially apparent in the Main Restaurant—which, with its foyer, could contain the *Britannia*. Here Cunard White Star's policy of "A la carte at no extra charge" is an eternal challenge to cosmopolitan gourmets and continental chefs. They vie with each other in devising new delights . . . with gold-cordonned wine stewards to match their choice in worthy vintages. Together these versatile artists of table and kitchen evolve the perfect menu... dinners that make gastronomic as well as social history!

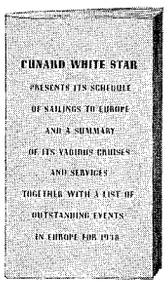
Saga of the Sea...

Cunard White Star began transatlantic service with a unique advantage . . . rules of seamanship already old, already made famous by Britain's navies. Clarified by Cunard, this code became a living, activating ideal as it passed from grandfather to father to son. It became the foundation not merely of each crew's discipline . . . but of that serene gayety, that care-free luxury which can only be achieved through time and tradition.

EUROPE IN 1938 . . . PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW!

Send for Cunard White Star's new schedule... containing not only transatlantic sailings and cruises, but a list of the special events that make 1938 the year for Europe!

Weekly Express direct to France, then England—Queen Mary, world's newest liner, fastest to the Continent . . . Aquitania, Berengaria, among the world's largest ships. Mid-week sailings from New York . . . at rates as low as $224 Cabin Class, $135.50 Tourist Class, $98 Third Class.



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Cruises—To Nassau weekly through March, 6 days, $75 up; with stopover, $95 up; one way, $65 up. To West Indies and South America Mar. 9, 14 days, $180 up; Mar. 19, 12 days, $157.50 up. To Havana, Nassau April 2, 8 days, $105 up.

Book through your local travel agent or Cunard White Star Line, 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CUNARD WHITE STAR

THE BRITISH TRADITION DISTINGUISHES

CUNARD WHITE STAR

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heard of anyone who scored 100 on one of his quizzes, but has letters from people saying they made 96, and from one or two who made 98. He thinks we should give a year's subscription to anyone reporting a perfect score witnessed by two adults, but our circulation men advise us to go slow on that.

Mr. Tressler is thirty, a native of Madison, Wisconsin, and a graduate of the university there. His first newspaper job was in his home town, as movie reviewer and financial editor. On one occasion he was ordered out of Madison's leading theater for writing a movie review from the viewpoint of a mouse he'd seen scurrying down the aisle. Later he was in the Washington bureau of the Minneapolis *Journal* and after that became an associate editor of the old *Life*. Last fall he published his first book, *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People,* a burlesque, of course, of the Dale Carnegie thing. A lot of people thought the Tressler book would be a dud but it turned out to be a best-seller. Right now he is polishing up a book of his questionnaires for publication in May, and his neighbors are hearing more of *I Love You Truly* than perhaps they'll ever hear again.

Correction

When Milton MacKaye wrote his article for us on Rhodes Scholars, he found that seven were college presidents. One of them, Dr. Oliver Cromwell Carmichael, was listed as President of Alabama College, but it turns out that Dr. Carmichael is Chancellor of Vanderbilt University.

Tennessean

We were familiar with George B. Parmer's racing articles long before we met him. But when he took us out to Jamaica and proceeded to win twenty-two dollars while we were losing twelve, we asked him to write something about racing for us. His first assignment, "The Chase to the Steeple," is published in this issue.

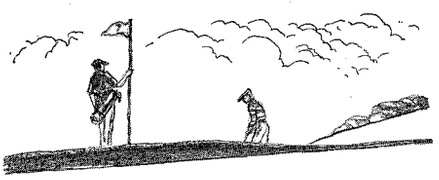
Mr. Parmer comes from the Blue Grass section of Tennessee. He edited the *Tennessean* in Nashville and another newspaper in Wilmington, Delaware. During the War he was one of the nation's 200,000 first lieutenants—probably the only one with three Ph.D.'s in his platoon. After the Armistice he edited the A.E.F. newspaper *Qu'est-ce C'Est?* Before becoming an authority on racing he was a Washington correspondent for Universal Service and a city editor for I.N.S. His people raised horses for generations, and he has seen horse racing on three continents. Once he traveled 1200 miles to watch a race that lasted one minute and eleven seconds. He didn't have a dime on that one.

Newspapermen

Mr. Parmer is not the only former newspaperman in this issue. We can remember when Henry Pringle was on New York's old *World,* Joel Sayre on the *Herald Tribune,* Mrs. Sayre on the *Times.* And we have just learned that Ted Patrick, one of advertising's foremost copywriters, began by working for newspapers in New Jersey and Miami. His prose has probably been read by more people than that of any writer we'll publish this spring. For ten years he has been writing all or part of the copy appearing in the advertisements of Packard, Arrow Shirts, Lipton's Tea, World Peaceways, and Parke, Davis. Having both the inside track and a free rein at Young & Rubicam, he was an ideal man to write the article on Jack Benny—particularly, since he was writing it with Hubbell Robinson, former Albany newspaperman, who has been associated with Young & Rubicam's radio productions for eight years.

Notes

Benedict Thielen is the author of two novels, *Deep Streets* and *Women in the Sun,* and of a book of short stories published in England, *Dynosaur Tracks.* . . . Walter Brooks is on the staff of *Fiction Parade.* He writes children's books as well as novels and short stories, his latest being *The Clockwork Twin.* . . . Elliott Merrick works and writes on a Vermont farm, and is the author of *True North* and *Ever the Winds Blow.* . . . Daniel Safier spent most of the depression in a



St. Louis department store. . . . S. L. Dickinson lives twelve miles by kicker boat and four by foot from the center of the Maine town she writes of in "First Monday in March." But she never misses a town meeting. . . . Mrs. Helen C. Harrison moved to Florida in 1925, just in time for boom and hurricane to break over her head.

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CIII, Number 3 March, 1938

JACK BENNY

BY
HUBBELL ROBINSON
AND TED PATRICK

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *radio's highest-priced comedian . . . his technique and the basis of his humor . . . how he builds his programs and hoards his comedy*

JELL-O again."

Every Sunday at seven a slender, pleasant-looking man murmurs those three words into a little black box in a radio studio in Hollywood. And in 7,000,000 American homes the family draw up their chairs and prepare to hold their sides. For those are the words with which America's No. 1 Funnyman greets his huge radio audience, the biggest audience that ever pounded its palms for any one entertainer. The name of the miracle-worker who turns this trick once a week, thirty-nine times a year, is Jack Benny, born Benjamin Kubelsky.

Mr. Benny's employers think so highly of this feat that they pay him top funnyman salary—$10,000 a week, $390,000 a year—and add another $15,000 a week for time and additional talent. They spend this, not because they think laughter will help cure the country's ills, but simply because of the uplifting effect Mr. Benny has on the great god, *Sales Curve*. And that is what really counts in radio today—its ability to sell. No matter what you may hear of its educational, cultural, and ethical place in modern life, the radio is a commercial instrument, pointed primarily toward the business of selling goods. Jack Benny is top man of radio because he has proven his ability to sell an ungodly amount of his sponsor's merchandise. And because, more than anyone else you can name, he is a *Business Man of Humor*.

How does he brew his magic, this suave-mannered, slick-tongued clown, born in Waukegan, Illinois, in 1895, fiddling futily with *The Bee* at the age of eight and, at forty-three, the highest-salaried employee of as great and serious-minded a corporation as General Foods? What has he got that impels a close-trading manufacturer to lay out $25,000 a week to keep him on the air and lures the public into spending $30,000 a week in electric current alone to listen to him?

There's an obvious answer—"He can make people laugh."

And that's the trouble with that answer. It's too obvious. The true answer lies much deeper. If you say, "He has the ability to induce friendly, sympathetic laughter," you're getting warmer, but you're still only flirting with the surface facts. To understand the phenomenon of this man who holds America's funny bone in the hollow of his hand, you must go back to some of Jack Benny's earlier experiences in the fine art of public rib-tickling. Benny was not born and nursed to his present competency

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Jack Benny (above) is the No. 1 Funnyman of radio and the No. 1 Businessman of humor. His fellow salesmen (below) are Andy Devine, No. 2 Stooge; Kenny Baker and Phil Harris, tenor and orchestra director; and Mary Livingston, chief heckler

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by radio as were Amos 'N Andy. Nor is he an overnight sensation like Mr. Bergen's woodenheaded pixie, Charlie McCarthy.

Jack Benny has been on the air almost continuously for six years. His deft wit adorned the legitimate stage for four years before that, and he was one of vaudeville's darlings for fourteen years before that. It was in vaudeville that he learned the tricks that were to make him worth the princely pittance radio pays him.

In vaudeville, Jack achieved the ultimate goal, the Mecca of all vaudevillians, the final triumph of all who ever trouped the "five-a-day." He "headlined at the Palace." And New York's Palace Theater, on the corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, was, in its heyday, the high temple of vaudeville. Whether you were a comic, a juggler, or head man in an animal act, you had to be the best in the business to play the Palace.

Their spontaneity is carefully rehearsed

Yet Benny was conspicuously different from the other comics to whom the hypercritical Palace patrons awarded the accolade. Practically all the others got their laughs as much from some sort of physical high jinks as from lines. Will Mahoney made the prattfall a classic contortion. Willie Dooley collapsed over the footlights into the bass drum at unpredictable and hilarious intervals. Mr. Duffy and Mr. Sweeney made themselves at home on the floor with a couple of lollipops. The late and enormously lamented Herb Williams crowned a stooge orchestra leader with a baseball bat while the customers rolled in the aisles. The leather-lunged Mel Klee wound himself around a cigar; two-hundred-pound Tom Patricola decked himself out in an abbreviated Little Lord Fauntleroy suit; and Phil Baker went them all one better by planting a stooge in a box with the audience.

But not Benny. He used no props, no funny suits, no stooge. He just walked on and "wowed" them. He was, in the technical language of the experts who gathered on the corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, and who were to vaudeville what the Monday-morning quarterbacks are to football, a "smooth" comedian. To put it in plain English, Jack's humor could be propelled across the footlights by his voice alone.

That gave him a long lead on the other boys when radio burst into show business. His first Jell-O broadcast came on the evening of October 1, 1934. Before that, he was on for General Tires, Canada Dry, and Chevrolet. During his two years with these sponsors, he was a star, but not one of the top-flight stars. He was growing. His gags were "ear" gags rather than "eye and ear" gags. But that wasn't all. Benny, shrewd showman that he is, widened the lead by creating, for himself, on the air, a character aimed dead-center at the universal tendency to howl at the self-confident man who makes a fool of himself. Jack isn't the wise guy who tells all the jokes on his show nor the brightie who has all the funny lines. He's on the other end of the gun. He is the target of most of the jokes, most of the comic situations. You laugh at him, but you also sympathize with him because, almost inevitably, his best-laid plans blow up in his face.

He's the pleasant oaf, strutting down the street, superbly sure that he's making a tremendous impression. When he steps on a banana peel, and lands on his backside, you guffaw at him, but you pity him a little, too.

Another of the invaluable foundation blocks of Benny's comedy structure is his uncanny ability to outline quickly a basic situation so that the listener can easily grasp its fundamentals. He doesn't depend on the conventional question-and-answer gag routine. He builds a crystal-clear picture of himself in a given situation, and because it is so clear, it is child's play for the audience to follow him through the laugh-provoking complications that develop out of that situation. This is because they understand completely the basic humor of the situation and his relation to it.

For example, when Jack gets into his rattletrap Maxwell he sets the situation so adroitly that he is no longer a comedian in front of a microphone beguiling you with inanities about a mythical jaloppi. He is a guy named Jack Benny, a real person, engaged in a real struggle with a specific, tangible, worn-out, broken-down 1918 Maxwell automobile. It becomes a reality, not make-believe.

One of the ways he achieves this neat trick is by avoiding the temptation to fall in love with a joke. For instance, he might hear a highly entertaining joke about a fish, but he doesn't build a fish sequence into his next show just in order to use that joke. Instead, he stars with a situation that is in the show because it, in itself, is funny. Benny's situations are never contrived for the purpose of working around to a preconceived gag or a specific joke which might be funny in itself but does not properly fit into the idea of the show.

Pat examples of typical Benny situations are: the effort to sell his Maxwell, a car that nobody in the world could possibly want; the idea that he is a virtuoso on the violin; the absurdity of trying to palm himself off as a Western sheriff of the old school. Starting out with an idea that is basically comic, he gets his laughs largely by hanging additional embellishments onto his original idea. He not only tries to sell the Maxwell, but he demands a fantastic price for it. He not only demands a fantastic price, but flatly refuses to consider less. In a Benny show, the gags

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are not an end in themselves. They are a national evolution from the basic situations.

There are two reasons why this technique has contributed importantly to his success. In the first place, the laughs are so carefully planted, their climaxes so surely indicated, that they rarely fizzle. When Benny gets to the laugh line, he has set the reason and the events leading up to the "pay-off" so thoroughly you can't miss the point unless you're a half-wit. In the second place, one comedy situation lasts Benny a long time. He gets immense mileage out of his material, more, probably, than any of his contemporaries. That's why he's been able to sustain the pace so well, for so long.

How does Jack go about getting these sure-fire situations and the sidesplitting trimmings with which he decorates them to your vast amusement and ours? If you could answer that one, you could also explain how Picasso works his wonders with a paint brush, and the secret of D. H. Lawrence's mastery of words. Benny, like these gentlemen, is a creative genius. Every line, in every one of his shows, is as carefully constructed a piece of writing, is as much the result of hours of genuine labor, as any sentence Somerset Maugham or Willa Cather ever struggled over. You can't explain genius, and neither can we, but we can tell you how he goes about getting the finished scripts.

CHARLIE McCARTHY AND EDGAR BERGEN

JACK BENNY

GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLE

Here, arranged in the order of their popularity, are the people who make America laugh loudest. At this time, newcomers Bergen and McCarthy are in first place

Jack, unlike his good friend Fred Allen, is a slow worker. He builds meticulously and systematically. Allen works on inspiration alone; he is a true funnyman, a tremendous wit on or off the stage. The sharp contrast between the two men was never more apparent than last year, during the famous Benny-Allen "feud." During the course of it, Jack appeared as a guest on Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight" show. At one point Jack got to laughing over the dialogue that was going on between him and Allen. Allen stopped completely and turned to Jack and said: "Hm-m-m, laughing at your next Sunday's show already—just can't wait."

Benny replied, "I'd give a thousand dollars if I could think of an answer to that one."

And when Benny said that, he spoke from the heart. That, ladies and gentlemen, was no gag. For Jack has no divine flashes, no inspired moments. Every line, every situation in his scripts, is put together with the same care, the same thoughtfulness, and the same amount of toil that a carpenter uses in building a house.

Like practically all comedians, Jack has his gag men. Specifically, he has two writers who cost him out of his pocket about one thousand dollars a week. But he is the Mastermind behind the show. The best evidence of that is that there have been several writers in his show during the last six years. Harry Conn, one of the most famous and successful of all that strange breed known as "gag men," was the first to labor in the Benny stable. He left last year and now has his own show on the air, with himself as star. It's not as funny as Benny's, nor as the shows he wrote when he worked for Jack.

Al Boasberg then traipsed in with his famous medical kit and acted as joke doctor, working in collaboration with Jack's two current gag men. Boasberg died last year, some Broadway sentimentalist insisting the cause was a broken heart due to a law suit brought against him by his old friend Eddie Cantor. The present writers are two young men named Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin. Morrow was a fresh-faced veteran of the Hollywood script wars when Benny acquired him. Beloin was discovered in the fastnesses of Vermont, trying to live off the soil and grimly forwarding one joke after another to the humorous magazines.

Immediately after the rebroadcast of each week's show, Benny and his writers start on the next one. Each Benny program, like most of the other big-league network shows, is broadcast twice. The first show is broadcast from the N. B. C. Studio in Hollywood at 4 o'clock—7 o'clock Eastern Standard Time. This broadcast is for the East and Middle Western stations and is not heard on the Coast at all. Then at 8:30 Coast Time, there is a second or rebroadcast. This goes out over the Coast stations only. As soon as the rebroadcast is over and the usual rush of autograph seekers and people who "just wanted to shake hands" has been appeased, Benny, Beloin, and Morrow go into a huddle on the studio stage. A million dollars' worth of comedy brains wheel into action. Each of them suggests his ideas for next week's show. They decide which ideas seem worth developing into script, and then go home —or if they don't, that's their business.

On Monday, Beloin and Morrow feed the grist into the mill, and on Tuesday they have a rough draft of the

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show you will hear next Sunday. They take this draft to Benny, and the three of them spend Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday polishing, changing, cutting, building it into a working rehearsal script. The actual hours they spend may run from eight to eighteen a day, depending on whether or not they're clicking.

Friday they rest, although the script is always with them, in their minds. Saturday, the entire cast is brought together—sometimes in the studio, sometimes in Jack's home—and Jack reads them the script. Any comments that

EDDIE CANTOR

FRED ALLEN

PHIL BAKER

Radio favorites come and go with alarming frequency. Few entertainers stay at the top for more than a season, yet Jack Benny has ranked with the leaders for four years

Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Don Wilson, Schlepperman, or Andy Devine or Phil Harris have to make on their own lines are duly noted. Sometimes, revisions are made with these comments in mind. Kenny Baker may feel he can't say a certain line they've written for him. He may have an idea that improves the line. That's true for all of them. Then they go over the script again. This time every member of the cast reads the lines written for him. Usually there are further revisions after this reading. Then they read it again—and again and again.

After this rehearsal, the cast is dismissed, and there's another conference. Sitting in, are Benny, Beloin, Morrow, Tom Harrington, and the producer for Young & Rubicam, the advertising agency which handles the show. They discuss the rehearsal, the suggestions, and all their own bright ideas. The Benny trio are intent on improving the jokes, Harrington on keeping them from being too good. They talk and write, and talk some more, and rewrite for hours. This ordeal usually lasts till after midnight Saturday, by which time they all heartily dislike each other, and depart convinced the show will be a flop.

Sunday morning at 10, the entire cast assembles again and rehearsal of the rewritten script starts. It lasts without interruptions till the first show goes on, at 4 o'clock.

So much for the routine. But within that routine, the variations, the labor, the search for the right lines and the right way to deliver them is endless.

Here is an example. A few weeks ago the show included a spot between Benny and Schlepperman. On the air the spot was scheduled to consume about seventy seconds of the thirty-minute show. The spot was built around the difficulty Schlepperman was having in getting a birthday present for his wife. Schlepperman suggested that he might say he had given her a washing machine last year and this year he thought he'd give her the laundry. Jack decided to try the gag. As put down in dialogue, it ran like this:

SCHLEPPERMAN: I've been tramping from store to store — upstairs and downstairs — to buy a birthday present for my wife.

JACK: But what did you give her last year?

SCHLEPPERMAN: A washing machine. I could give her my laundry now.

They worked over it for an hour and a half—those three lines—changing them, reading them, accenting them, till they were in that form and read in the most effective way possible. Then Jack said, "We're leading with our chins because we're going for it. People will expect Schlepperman to say something funny, and if that line isn't funny, God help it."

Jack was suspicious of these lines because they were a gag for a gag's sake. A situation—Schlepperman's shopping was being wrung in simply to get in a three-line gag. To try to insure the laugh, the last line was switched from Schlepperman to Mary Livingstone. They tried it that way and spent another half-hour polishing it. Then Jack threw it out altogether. Not only the gag, but the whole Schlepperman spot, because it closed on a gag which the spot did not build to from the very start.

Jack once said, "Gags die, humor doesn't." He practices what he preaches. He never sets up a situation which screams out loud that a funny line is coming. The funny line comes unexpectedly and naturally. In this way he never lets himself in for promising you a funny line and then letting you down with a pay-off that doesn't convulse you. He takes commonplace, everyday happenings and milks humor from them.

Rehearsals of the Benny show are not epics of mirth. It's serious work, and they all take it seriously. Jack is watching and listening to everything with a fixed intentness. Something may happen that can be converted into a laugh. For instance, the trick of having Mary Livingstone refer to the comic-strip character, "Popeye," as "Poopeye," had its beginning in the fact that Mary is a trifle uneasy about pronouncing jaw twisters on the show. She never flubs them, but the uneasiness is there.

If Jack catches a slip, and (*continued on page* 73)

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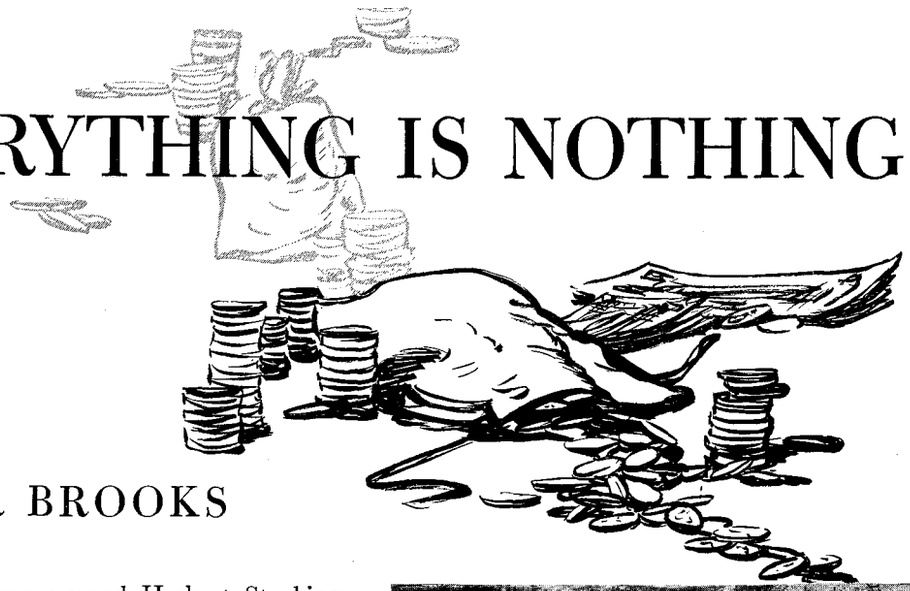
EVERYTHING IS NOTHING



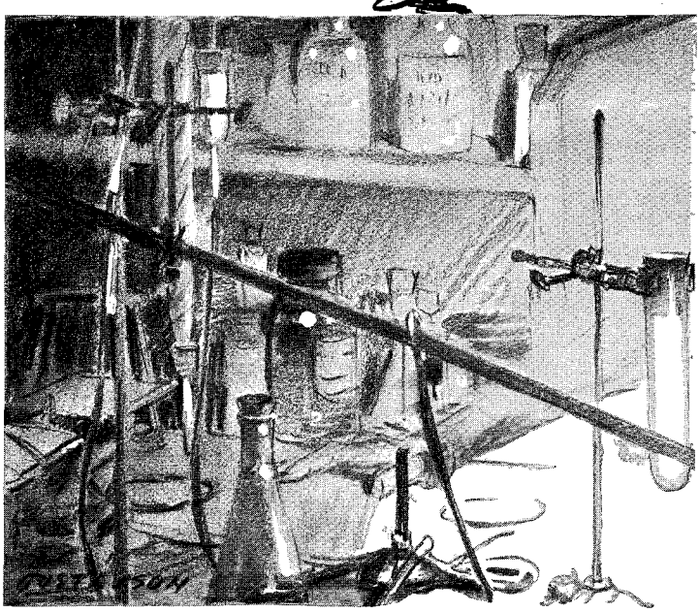
WALTER BROOKS

THERE was a young man named Herbert Stocking who worked in a bank in Buffalo, and until 1939 that is about all there is to say about him. He was quite normal and uninteresting. He believed in the American way of life and that coffee keeps you awake, and he always wore his fraternity pin. He preferred ice-cream soda to whiskey and girls to intellectual activity and almost anything to work. Though he never admitted these preferences even to himself. He thought of himself as a square peg in a round hole, but he could not seem to find a better hole so he stayed where he was. What he was really interested in was chemistry and he had a little laboratory fitted up in his attic where in his spare time he boiled and distilled and precipitated and sometimes had small explosions.

But he wasn't very good at it and the only original things that ever came out of the laboratory were some remarkably bad smells.

One evening in the fall of 1939 he came home late and saw a faint light in the attic window. Gosh, I wonder if I left that light on last night! he said, and he galloped upstairs and sure enough there was light in the laboratory but it was not coming from the electric light bulb. It was a white moony glow more than bright enough to read by and it came from a beaker half full of liquid that he had left on the work table. And Mr. Stocking gave a gasp. For he knew that he had discovered cold light.

Now cold light was something that scientists had been hunting for for a good long time, and all Mr. Stocking had to do was to let them know about his discovery and he would have had banquets given for him and been elected to societies and had a lot of publicity and honor. But though Mr. Stocking was normal he was not a fool. So he bought a big padlock for $2.49 and put it on the attic door and he experimented for two months without saying anything to anybody. And then when he had written everything out and given it in a sealed envelope to the president of his bank for safekeeping he went to



The money came pouring in. In two years he was one of

see his uncle Gideon Palmer who was one of the best lawyers in Buffalo.

Within two years Stocking Coldfire Illumination was standard equipment in every building put up in the United States. There was no production problem. The ingredients were cheap and accessible and any kind of glass bulb or bottle could be filled and sealed and it at once became a lamp guaranteed to give light for ten years. As a matter of fact they later found that they could as well have guaranteed it for fifty. The little luminous tubes—Coldfire Pocketlight: A Lifetime of Light for $1—were bought by the million. Street lighting soon followed, for the Stocking lamps saved their cost in a year. The automobile industry—always conservative in introducing major improvements—held out for some time, alleging the impossibility of turning the lights off. But by that time Mr. Stocking was making so much money that he didn't even bother to point out to them

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that a simple shutter would easily take care of that.

Of course there was a lot of opposition. The power companies and the manufacturers of electrical equipment fought him, and the unions fought him. But the money was pouring in. Mr. Stocking had millions for defense and yet more millions for offense. His enemies were slaughtered in the open field. In two years he was one of the richest men in the country.

From 1941 to 1947 were the seven fat years for Mr. Stocking. It was a lot like those success stories that used to be so popular until the depression came along and made monkeys of the heroes. Mr. Stocking was a national figure. Henry Ford sent him telegrams on his birthdays and the Senate investigated him and his famous List of Twenty Questions for Determining Natural Aptitudes was used in all high schools and Walter B. Pitkin wrote a book about it.

In 1942 the business was running so smoothly that

chest men in the country

it began to bore him and he turned over the management to Mr. Palmer and started out to spend his income. There wasn't elbow room in Buffalo so he went to New York. He bought a town house, a Long Island estate, and a yacht, and hired a Princeton man named Bertie Denkinstool as social secretary and mentor for he thought it might be fun to try to break into society.

But in three days he was in. Hell said Mr. Stocking What's the fun of that if they won't even put up a fight? We might try London said Bertie. So they got on the yacht and went to London. And on the second day he had lunch with the King. Look here Mr. Stocking said Bertie you don't need me. I'm going back to New York. Oh no you're not said Mr. Stocking. Now that this society business is a washout you're going to stay and think up something else and I will double your salary. Well I can't afford to refuse that said Bertie and besides as a problem it interests me for there must be something you can get a kick out of.

Well there is no use following his progress for the next year for it was just one thing after another. They went to Monte Carlo and Mr. Stocking won half a million francs the first night and lost a million the second, and it didn't make any difference either way. They traveled, but travel without a purpose isn't fun for long, and as soon as they put a purpose in it they found it was something that Mr. Stocking could buy. Bertie thought that collecting something might give him a feeling of purpose and they decided on sixteenth-century snuffboxes. And Bertie got some names from a dealer and put through some long-distance calls and in ten days Mr. Stocking had the finest collection of sixteenth-century snuffboxes in Europe.

Well it was all like that, and at last Mr. Stocking said Hell we might as well be in Buffalo. Well that's an idea said Bertie and you were a chemist there weren't you before the goblins got you? So why not go on and do some private research on your own? I wasn't much of a chemist said Mr. Stocking and it would be kind of silly for me to go to work on some problem that I can hire the best men in the country to solve for me. Well you might keep a racing stable said Bertie. I'd just have the best horses and win all the races said Mr. Stocking gloomily. Well gosh said Bertie I don't know what to do with you. You ought to be happy—you can have everything you want. That's just the trouble said Mr. Stocking I can have it almost before I begin to want it. And the big trouble is, I've *bought* everything. Even sometimes when I didn't know it. You mean the Contessa? asked Bertie referring to an episode in Rome which had starred the beautiful but mercenary Countess Giusta di San Carnale. Yes said Mr. Stocking and Bertie said Well maybe you ought to get married.

Well of course Mr. Stocking knew that this was just more cash and carry. He would select the best girl in the market and buy her. There was nobody he wanted specially to marry. But women had bothered him a good deal. The first year before he had grown used to wealth he had treated them as any young man in a bank treats a girl with the result that he had seven breach-of-promise suits to settle. His experiences in court had covered his youthful ideals with large black spots. He reinforced a badly shot-up belief in the honor of American womanhood with a corps of husky chaperones. But the women got past servants and bodyguards. He had even found them in his bathtub. He thought marriage might protect him from these visitations.

Well he was kind of a sap to think that because there is no peace for the rich man this side the grave and some authorities hold that even on the other side there may be difficulties. But anyway he went home and opened the Long Island house and gave a series of house parties.

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And then he picked out a girl named Marion Olliott and married her.

Now most marriages turn out either well or badly. I mean that when normal people marry they either fight and separate or fight and stay together. But by this time Mr. Stocking was no longer normal. He was rich. And so his marriage was just as inconclusive as everything else. It wasn't a human relationship, which can grow, but a bargain, which is closed when the money is paid down and that is the end of it. Mrs. Stocking was beautiful and he would have liked to fall in love with her but he did not know what her feelings toward him were. He rather suspected that she didn't have any. She was considerate and attentive and took it all as a joke on him when from time to time handsome young women were discovered in the house in tears and a compromising disarray. For of course marriage didn't stop these blackmail attempts. But he felt that she would have taken it the same way if the disarray had been demonstrably his own handiwork. He felt sure that he had no more personality for her than a thousand-dollar bill.

At this time Mr. Stocking made a few feeble attempts to exhume the personality which had been buried under his wealth. He tried to win disapproval. For nobody had said anything unpleasant to him for years. At a large dinner he ate all his vegetables with his knife. And immediately his hostess and twelve of the guests—one of them an ambassador—began eating their vegetables with their knives. He came to a fashionable wedding in sneakers and with no coat. And within a week sneakers and shirtsleeves were *de rigueur* at all formal functions, and people were reading about this new full-dress costume in the backs of their theater programs and admiring it in Fifth Avenue windows. He found it impossible to be in bad taste. For whatever he did was the thing to do. He introduced in this way a few much-needed minor reforms in manners and dress. But he accomplished nothing else.

Well I guess you will agree that Mr. Stocking had a pretty poor time. The nicest week he spent was once when he had an ulcerated tooth because then he had something to worry about. The rest of the time he had nothing to worry about except that he had nothing to worry about. And that is a pretty big worry. Even Bertie Denkinstool who was now the head of Mr. Stocking's corps of private secretaries had just about given up.

Well I don't know what brought Mr. Stocking to the decision he finally made but I expect it wasn't any one particular thing but just the cumulative weight of the whole darn business. Anyway one evening they were sitting in their box at the opera listening to a lot of incomprehensible caterwauling between a small Faust with the figure of Santa Claus and a Marguerite who could have knocked Mephistopheles out into the middle of Seventh Avenue with one clip of her paw. And Mr. Stocking, who had learned to doze comfortably by propping his chin on the top of his stiff shirt front, suddenly woke up and poked his wife in the back and said Let's go home. Well Mrs. Stocking was surprised to see him wake up because he usually slept right through. But she said Of course darling and got up.

When they got home Mr. Stocking said Marion why did you marry me? Herbert! What a question! said Mrs. Stocking. Yes isn't it? said Mr. Stocking. And what an answer. Well she said what answer do you expect? My dear said Mr. Stocking I always expect the answer you think I'll expect. That seems to be the condition of our relationship. It's the condition of my entire life. I can't sell anything—I can only buy. I have too much money. I can't even sell myself.

Well I don't see why you worry about it darling said Mrs. Stocking. I have arranged it so you *will* see said Mr. Stocking. But first I would like an answer. You weren't in love with me I suppose? My dear! exclaimed Mrs. Stocking. Well then he said since it couldn't have been me, I am really interested in seeing if you will give me the answer you know I expect.

But Mrs. Stocking got up. Really darling she said I think we should postpone this discussion until morning. You're tired and I think— It isn't a discussion interrupted Mr. Stocking. But we'll skip the question. I just want to give you this. And he pulled out a legal document and handed it to her.

Mrs. Stocking opened it and started to read and then she turned pale. Why Herbert! she gasped. Are you—why you've made all your Coldfire interests over to me! Everything I own said Mr. Stocking. Stocks, bonds, real estate—everything. I'm sick of it. Mrs. Stocking dropped into a chair if anything so controlled and graceful can be called a drop. Is this a joke? she asked. On the contrary said Mr. Stocking you will find it quite in order. You married me for my money and now you have it. I like to see people get what they want. You're insulting said Mrs. Stocking and her eyes flashed. But Mr. Stocking smiled happily. You know he said that's almost the only personal remark you ever addressed to me. Well I won't take it said Mrs. Stocking and threw the paper down on the table.

So Mr. Stocking looked at her a minute and then he said Well I can't force you to take it. But if you don't I shall give it all to Bertie. Do you mean that? said Mrs. Stocking and he said Yes. So she picked up the paper again and said Very well I will take it. And then she got up and came to him and said Are you really crazy Herbert or is this a joke? Neither said Mr. Stocking. But then what is the point of it? she asked. I suppose we will just go on as before— But Mr. Stocking said no, they could not go on as before for now he was a pauper and he had no intention of being supported by his wife. You mean you're leaving me? she said. But what can you do?—how will you live? Well said Mr. Stocking I thought I'd go up to Buffalo and I guess the bank'll take me back. And if not there's always relief. And believe me he said it will be a relief all right.

Well he finally got it through her head that he meant it. She was too dazed to argue and too well-bred to have

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hysterics so she just told him he was a damn fool and went to bed. And Mr. Stocking went to bed too and slept better than he had for months.

The next morning he shoved a few things into a suitcase and left the house before his wife was up. He went into New York and spent the morning cleaning up a few odds and ends that had to be seen to and then he went to his club for lunch before leaving for Buffalo. Here he found what he had begun to suspect earlier in the day—that there was a leak in his lawyer's office and that the news of his abdication was common talk. Several of the more prominent lickspittles about town cut him and even his friends merely nodded casually and then looked away. The little court that had always surrounded him had vanished.

Mr. Stocking took a long time over his solitary lunch and then went into the lounge and lit a cigar. The other members muttered and giggled together and some of them began to stare with frank contempt or amusement. But Mr. Stocking beamed happily at them. Nothing could disturb his sense of recovered manhood. His expansiveness encouraged several of the younger members who after a whispered conference came toward him. And Archie Bletherfield who as it was three o'clock was already rather drunk said Hello Stocking is it true what they are saying that your wife has made you hand all your money over to her at last?

Mr. Stocking looked and the pleasantness drained slowly off his face and he got up and said Why Archie it's too bad that this true inner nastiness of yours couldn't have been revealed to me before I gave all my money away. But of course that is one reason why I gave it all away—so that I could see what people are really like.

Some of Mr. Bletherfield's friends felt that he had gone too far even for his sixty millions and tried to pull him away but he shook them off and said Why is it too bad? Because I might have had this pleasure several years ago said Mr. Stocking. And he swung a haymaker that knocked Mr. Bletherfield right over an overstuffed chair complete with retired colonel. And Mr. Bletherfield landed under a table and lay there bellowing with a broken nose.

Throw him out! shouted Mr. Bletherfield's friends and they grabbed at Mr. Stocking. But he socked the first one. You make me sick the whole crowd of you he said. You stand there with my shoe polish scarcely dry on your chins and talk of throwing me out— But he didn't get much further for in spite of the older members who were in favor of moderation and no scandal gentlemen I beg of you, they jumped on him and threw him out.

Mr. Stocking struggled and hit out gaily for he was pleased at causing such a rumpus in a respectable club. He realized that such unheard-of violence was not roused on Mr. Bletherfield's account, but was a natural reaction against something which they feared and hated, the very idea of which was loathsome and incomprehensible to them—a man who had willingly given away all his money. And he smiled as he hit the pavement.

And just as he hit the pavement a taxi drew up and out stepped Mrs. Stocking. She ran and knelt beside him and said O Herbert what have they been doing to you? And Mr. Stocking gazed up at her with his one good eye and said Giving me the happiest hour of my life darling. And Mrs. Stocking burst into tears and threw her arms around him and kissed him.

Well at that Mr. Stocking sat up. You kissed me! he exclaimed. Well what of it? said Mrs. Stocking. I guess I was sorry for you. You were never sorry for me before said Mr. Stocking. I wanted to be lots of times she said but I couldn't. And I—well you're so helpless— Let's get in the cab said Mr. Stocking.

So they got in the cab and she kissed him again and Mr. Stocking kissed her back and then he said But how did you get here? And what are you doing in a cab anyway? Isn't Weedon driving you? I was at the lawyer's all morning said Mrs. Stocking and then I was looking for you and was just going to try the club. But where's Weedon? said Mr. Stocking. And the car? They don't belong to me any more she said I gave them away. I gave everything away you gave me last night. I haven't any money either. Good God! said Mr. Stocking. Who did you give it to? and Mrs. Stocking said To Bertie. But you don't like Bertie he said and she said That's why. Oh said Mr. Stocking thoughtfully and then he said But still —Well she said you wouldn't live with a wife who supported you so what else could I do? And do you suppose you can really get that bank job in Buffalo?

Mr. Stocking was himself again

Well Mr. Stocking did get his old job back and they lived very happily in a five-room Buffalo bungalow with a little garden in back where Mr. Stocking sometimes delved mildly and a breakfast nook where they ate the meals which Mrs. Stocking prepared. And Mr. Stocking was himself and Mrs. Stocking was herself and they raised four little Stockings. Two years after they moved to Buffalo Bertie Denkinstool jumped off the battlements of a castle he owned in Syria. The castle stood on a cliff and he had bought it for that purpose. They felt that under the circumstances it showed remarkable restraint on Bertie's part that he left them only $100,000 in his will.

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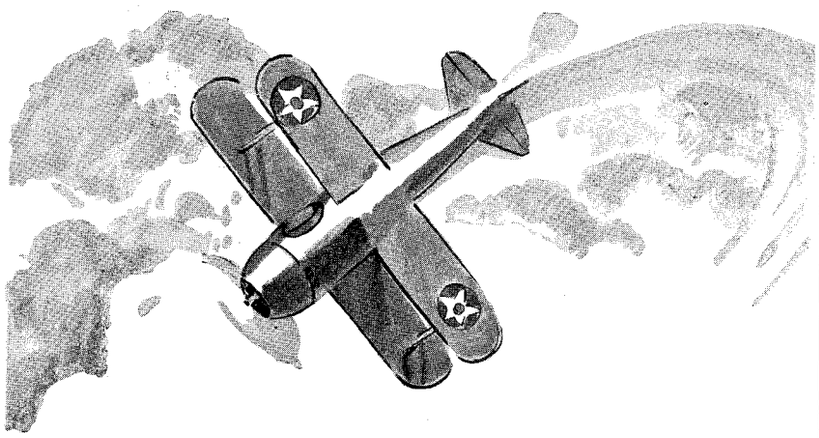


EASY MONEY

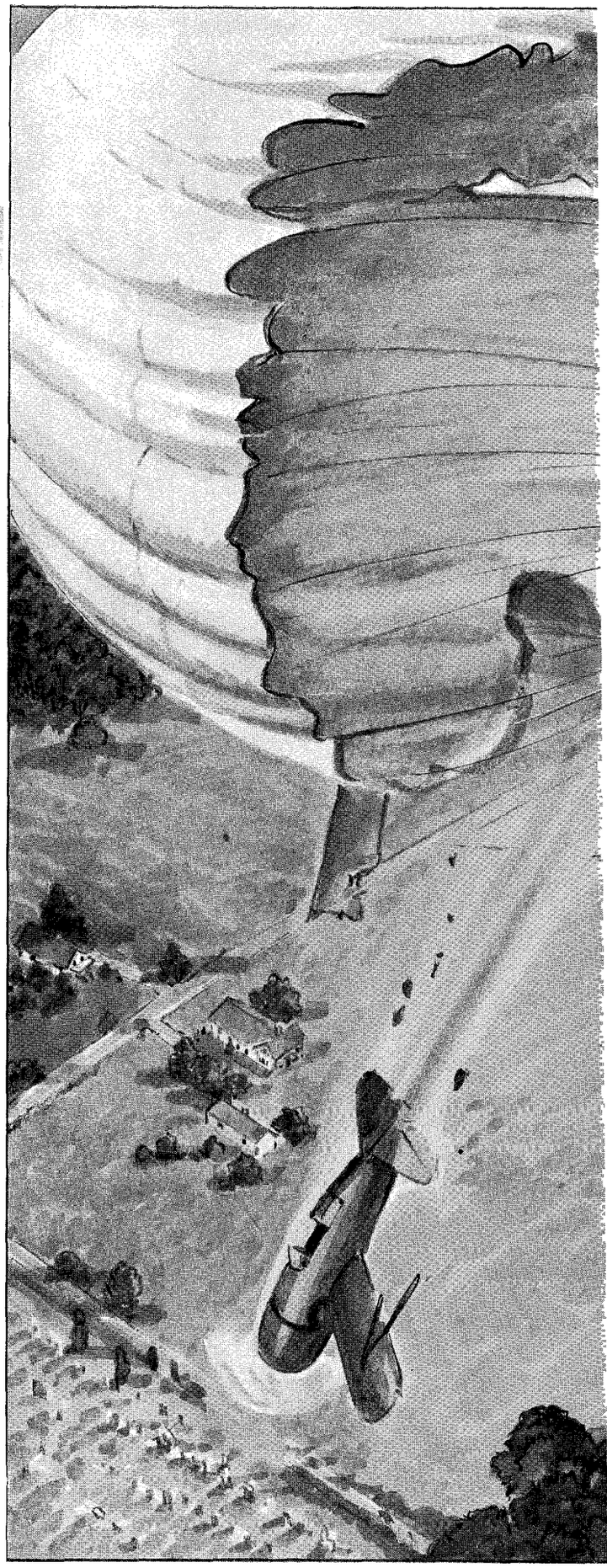
LEE GEHLBACH

I CAN TELL you I was pretty sore that morning, taking the new bombing plane up for the final test dives. Don't ask me why; I couldn't tell you. Maybe it was the funereal look the experts and the manufacturers had on their faces when I took off; they looked kind of down in the mouth, as though *they* were the boys who were going to take a beating if I pulled their nice new baby apart in the air. It didn't matter particularly to them if it was lights out for me; after all, you can always get a new test pilot. And all they wanted was to sell the ship to the Navy.

I've never particularly believed in experts anyhow; to my mind, an expert is a guy who will give you a thousand reasons why a thing can't be done, and then leave it to some dumb cluck like me, who probably doesn't know any better, to go ahead and do it. But let that go. They only had a $250,000 experimental ship to lose, and they could build another one.

I remember that particular day; it was swell. There was lots of lift to the air; there was an unlimited ceiling. The Pratt & Whitney twin-row Wasp made music in my ears, and I'd recovered some of my usually sunny disposition by the time I got up to 23,000 feet to start running the first dive. At that altitude, the pilot is starved for oxygen; he feels goofy, light in the head; he feels sleepy, gasps for air, and has to kick himself in the pants to stay awake. It's cold.

I slid back the hatch cover—just in case I should want to get out on the way down—checked my safety belt, saw



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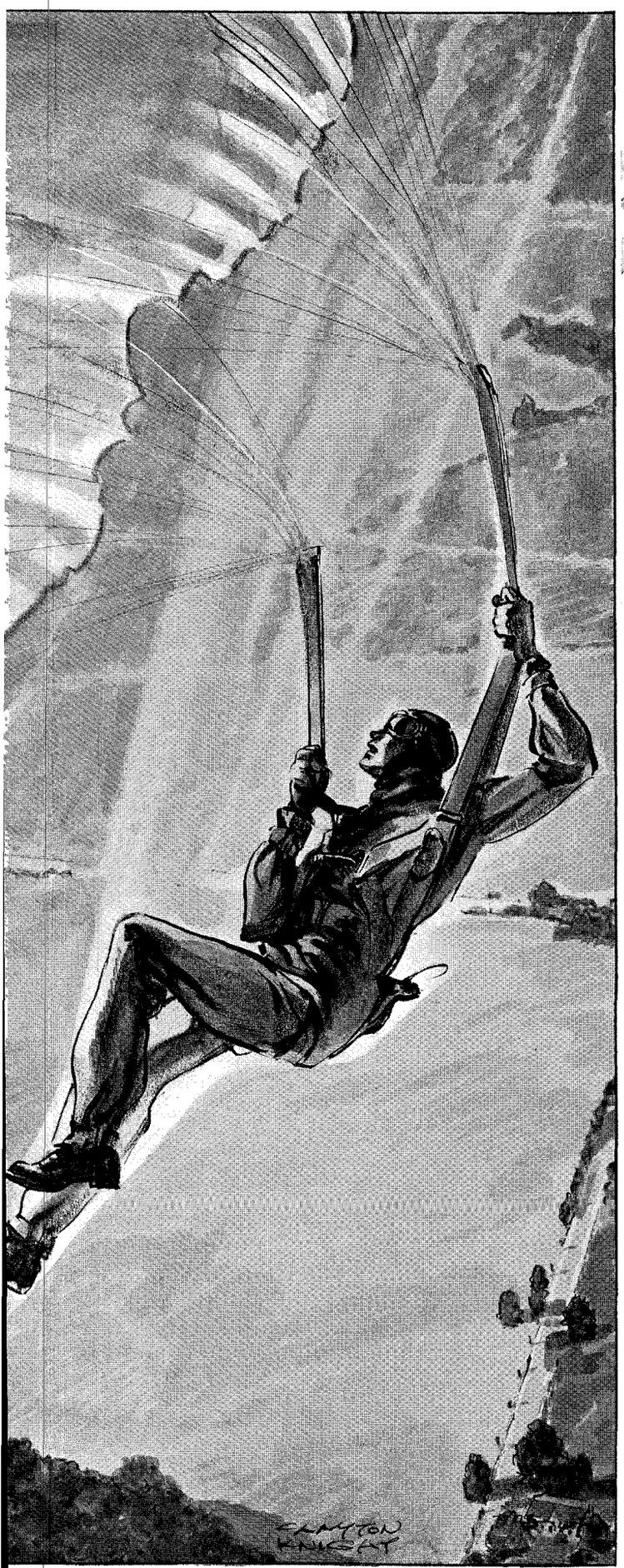

At thirty-five, Lee Gehlbach is the best-known of the four living American test pilots who specialize in test-diving. He completed the testing of the plane which, two years ago, killed Jimmy Collins, famous pilot who was about to give up flying for writing. Trained in the Army Air Corps, Gehlbach has been flying for eighteen years and, despite the fact that the average life of a test pilot is two years, has been diving them for six. Two-time member of the Caterpillar Club—an organization numbering some eight hundred pilots who have been forced to save their lives by bailing out of disabled craft—Gehlbach specializes in trying to fly the wings off planes produced for sale to the Army and Navy.

to it that the stabilizer was set right, the propeller pitch in high, and the pad on which I take down my instrument readings secure on my knee.

Maybe I should have thought of a lot of other things that would make romantic reading—but I didn't. The way I look at it, this is a job, and I like to see a job well done, and when you're doing it, you have no time to think of things other people feel you ought to think about. Most people have a queer, romantic way of looking at a pilot's job—especially a test pilot's job—and it's pretty well summed up by a remark that has been addressed to me on various occasions by various dear old ladies: "Do you fly yourself, or do you take a pilot along?"

Perhaps this is the place to make this point: If the average person had any idea how thoroughly our airplanes are tested, whether they are Navy fighters, Army pursuits, transports, or sport planes, he'd have a lot more confidence in them. Knowing the way it's done and enjoying doing it, I get indignant over the layman's lack of confidence in planes. These things man has developed are put to a test far beyond anything expected of them in their routine performance. But no manufacturer of airplanes, or even automobiles for that matter, has ever yet been able to build an intelligent driver or a resourceful pilot into his product.

I half-rolled the ship over on her back and picked a spot directly beneath me, which happened to be a cemetery. I thought of my good friend Jimmy Collins and smiled. He was the boy who originally picked on Pine-

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lawn Cemetery near Farmingdale, Long Island, to use as a target for his dives. But now, from a little less than five miles in the air, this particular little square patch looked somewhat larger than a postage stamp, and the near-by forest like a soft, green carpet.

I pulled back on the stick, and the nose went down to an angle five degrees behind vertical. I shoved the stick forward with my right hand and braced my left hand against the dash; you have to work a bit to keep these ships in the dive. The throttle was wide open, and the earth and the things that belong on the ground began to swell perceptibly. I held her nose down on the cemetery.

I suppose that would have been another good time to think of things. I could have thought of Jimmy Collins, who wasn't able to get out of the Grumman pursuit he was test-diving, just a week or so before he was to give the job up for good and make a living at the writing game. He used to say many a keen thing. He used to say that this job was a damned fool's job, but it was easy money; he was right.

But I had no time to think of Jimmy or any of my other friends who have washed out with the ships they were testing. I had too much to do, and it would not have made pleasant thinking. For when they found Jimmy—well, he had done his part to make flying safer for the average dope.

I had too much to do. I had a flock of instrument readings to catch on the way down. The engine, that had been wide open the first two thousand feet of the dive, had to be watched. She normally turned up 2400 r.p.m. cruising, and it wasn't advisable to let her turn up more than 3100 in the dive if you wanted her to stay with the job. She was at peak roar now, approaching 3000, and I snapped the throttle closed.

You can figure it this way if it makes it any easier: Starting the dive at two hundred miles per hour, the air-speed meter started rapidly on around the dial; in the first five thousand feet straight down, we would reach about four hundred; after that, the next mile would be spent in free fall, trying to reach terminal velocity, which might come anywhere between five and six hundred miles per hour.

Terminal velocity, when you reach it, is the point at which the air resistance equals the weight of a falling body. Some military ships dive at different speeds, and when they reach their terminal velocity, the air-speed meter stands still. That is part of what the experts want to find out, and the only way to find it out is to try it. At six hundred miles per hour, you will be traveling at the rate of eight hundred and eighty feet per second—eighty feet more per second than the muzzle velocity of a bullet leaving a .45 Colt automatic. It's a speed that will get you places, and it's only safe when you've got your feet off the ground.

Things were going fine; things were going sweet. The high whine of the wires and the roar of the prop were music in my ears. I like the sound they make; the scream of the wires and the struts, the howl of the propeller blades, moving through the air faster than the speed of sound. I was feeling good by then; I was even thinking better of the experts who had figured it all out on paper. It occurred to me that the majority of the cemeteries down there were chock-full of people who had thought the world couldn't get along without them. We were at terminal velocity now; I watched the air-speed indicator—the needle was wavering ever so slightly back and forth; I glanced at the sensitive altimeter—the hundred hand was making its jumps, the thousand hand was slowly unwinding; we were at 13,500 feet; I let her run.

I felt pretty good, for the speed doesn't affect you; you're out of the air stream rushing past; you're standing almost upright on the rudder pedals, one hand braced against the dash, one hand holding the stick forward; you're part of the ship, a part of speed itself—if you want to look at it that way—and you can feel sorry for the experts waiting for you to come in for a landing and tell them whether their ship is what they thought it was when they put it down on paper, or to crash and prove it wasn't.

At ten thousand feet I began the pull-out, and if anything is going to bust, that's the point where it will do it. We have a little gadget on the dash called an accelerometer that records the G's. A "G," which is a neat way of putting it, is the force of gravity. Now don't forget you're running something like six hundred miles per hour; when you pull out of the dive, you're changing the direction suddenly. That is another point the experts are interested in; they want you to take the wings off, if they *will* come off, and they are interested to know whether the ship will stand up under the designed number of G's.

The number of G's you'll hit on the pull-out will depend on your speed and how quickly you turn the corner, and on the number of G's you hit will depend how bad a beating the plane will take. (Not to mention the pilot, who's a poor slob anyhow and can usually be bought for a song.) But since that day not so long ago when Jimmy Collins made the headlines, the manufacturers have only insisted on seven and a half G's; that means, in the King's English, that when you pull her out of the dive, you will be shoved down into your seat with a force equal to seven and a half times your weight; in my own case—I weigh 165 pounds raw—1237.5 pounds. The wing surfaces of the plane will be subjected to corresponding strain, and they're a hell of a lot broader than a man and present more surface to the force of gravity. If they're braced right, they'll be with you when you complete the dive; if they're not, the ship will look sort of queer without them.

I said I was feeling pretty good, and I was. I took a rapid glance at the dash, checked the altitude, and eased back on the stick. I glanced at the accelerometer that recorded the G's and pulled the stick farther back. Most folks can't take the G's; the average person in decent physical condition will pass out cold at five.

Some flight surgeons recommend yelling when you horseback on the stick (to brace the abdominal muscles

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against the terrific pull exerted on the intestines) and some of them advocate taping your belly tightly. I've never tried yelling, and to my mind the tape wouldn't do much good unless it were inside you. But what the hell—I stuck my neck out a trifle to check my direction and caught a swift glimpse of the earth rushing to meet us.

It looked pretty soft, but I guess I knew it wasn't. I got to hoping in a vague sort of way that nothing was going to spoil this last dive of the series, that the ship would live up to the blueprints. I listened to the high-pitched howl of the prop and the intolerable but somehow melodious scream of the wires. At a little more than 8500 feet she was coming out of the dive, and as I pulled back on the stick, twilight seemed to come over the earth. The field of my vision darkened, but not enough so I couldn't catch my instrument-reading: seven and a half G's to the dot. My guts felt pretty good—a shade on the heavy side, but not likely to dive down through the seat.

Suddenly there was a report that can only be described as the roar of a cannon, and various and sundry pieces of the wings, the fairing, and the cowling ripped back through the windshield and batted me over my head. Immediately, the sky lit up with as beautiful a red as you're likely to see this side of hell. Something had conked me, and I went out like a light.

I don't recall to this day what it was, or seeing it coming, or feeling anything about it that you could call feeling. I only recall coming to sometime later with an immediate realization that I had been on my way home for some time at a speed between four and five hundred miles per hour. For when a wing goes, it goes as though a charge of dynamite had been set off inside it—there is nothing casual about it.

I knew, at the moment, that there was nothing to do but step out. I felt this was no place for a man like me; the ship didn't belong to me anyhow, and the experts downstairs would know soon enough how their paper plans had worked out. If there's a wing left on a ship, I can try to fly it in, but a swift glance at either side assured me there was nothing left that could fairly be described as an airfoil. The nose with its heavy motor was down, and we were spinning like a top when I unbuckled my safety belt and shoved myself with all my remaining strength out of the cockpit.

It was like hitting the water on your belly from a forty-foot board. People don't seem to realize, until a moment like that, how solid air can be. I knew I had a parachute tied onto me somewhere, but I also knew that I was traveling too fast to open the thing. I had to wait till I was down to about 150 miles per hour. The human body will fall, the experts say, between 120 and 150 miles per hour; that is its terminal velocity.

I had no time to think of the experts then. For if I had opened the chute at the rate I was going, both of us —the chute and I—would have been torn to shreds and have rained gently on the earth below. I caught a swift glimpse around me; the fuselage was spinning below me, which was one thing to the good. I figured I was getting a bit too close to that nice soft-looking ground and it was time to open the chute if it was ever going to be opened.

I took hold of the D-ring and yanked on it and heard the gratifying click as the pack opened. I got a terrific jerk as the canopy mushroomed open. I looked up at it. The seams opened with the impact of the solid air, and the lovely blue sky could be seen between the seams. I was going home in a busted parachute.

You know, there is nothing to worry about so long as you are falling; falling never hurt a man, but it's wise to watch out for the sudden stops. Maybe, like the drowning man in the story, my entire life passed over me like an Elks' parade; maybe I thought, with some disappointment, of a new series of tests I was expected to run back East within the next few days. But I couldn't say; I don't remember. I had one thought in mind at the time: that this was going to be one hell of a good joke on me. When you're in a jam, you have no time to worry; you're too busy fighting your way out of it. Afterwards it's a waste of time.

I arrived. I arrived in the forest near the little country cemetery, and I went down through the trees a little way, my arms crossed idiotically across my face, my knees drawn up tight to my belly. Then I stopped with a jolt that knocked the living daylights out of me, and when I came to again, I was dangling gently up and down.

It was science. It was science pure and simple that moved those trees under me and arranged for a tall sapling to catch the limp rags and shroud-lines of the parachute and leave me, like a rabbit in the noose of a snare, all in one piece and dangling gently, swaying in the breeze about three feet above what is called, and aptly too, terra firma. I unstrapped myself from the harness and dropped to earth, staggered around in a circle, and started off for the nearest telephone. I called up the experts and told them where to find the ship.

It wasn't hard to find, at that. It was scattered in a two-mile circle over the woods and the little country cemetery (a couple of fine stones were badly marred), and they picked it all up. All the thousands of little pieces no bigger than your hand, they picked up and they put them all together (which is more than they could have done for me) and they sat down in the fine old expert way and tried to figure out what had happened to the thing.

The worst I got out of it was a flock of bruises, sustained getting out of the cockpit, and a session with the doctor while he sewed my face back on where it belonged. It had (momentarily) stopped some flying parts. But I can tell you I was pretty sore when I turned up three days later for the new series of tests back East. The experts back there took one look at my bandaged face and shook their heads. "You'll never be able to run these dives with your face in that condition," they said. "The hell I won't," I said, and I convinced them, too.

But they made me sore anyhow—they insisted on my being re-examined.

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WHAT WE LIKED

BY JOEL AN

For years writers have been coming back fr
the place. Tired of such complaints, we as

1. Oh, the money, I suppose, but then after all what's money? Pouf!

2. Mae Sutton Bundy, the Old Roman, reaching set point and calling to her beautiful tyro partner who was wearing shorts: "Come, dear, tuck up the little drawers."

3. The gratifying discovery that whenever you felt a let-'em-eat-cake attack coming on, you had only to glance over the editorial page of the *Los Angeles Times* and you would spend the rest of your day craftily sizing up potential barricade lumber.

4. The ultimate in temperament achieved by an actor during the rehearsal of a drinking scene when he told the director: "I just can't play it. This is canned beer."

5. Watching Jackson Barnett, a millionaire Oklahoma-oil Indian, whose greatest pleasure was directing traffic at a busy intersection in front of his home.

6. Listening to Harlan Thompson tell how, with only a few small changes, he once transformed Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* into a picture about a girls' basketball team.

7. The Mother's Day suggestion in a corsetière's window: "Send a Bra to Your Ma."

8. The memorable day James M. Cain, disliking a story he had been hired to fix up, staggered Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer by returning the $3333.33 advance and the anxious huddle the studio's lawyers went into, suspecting a trap.

9. The remarks of Edward McNamara on a fellow actor of leftist tendencies who would preach the Brotherhood of Man to everybody he could corner on the set and then step before the camera and hog it.

10. Watching two football teams from the Effete East and one from the Decrepit South come into the Rose Bowl and kick the whey out of three collections of Nature's Peerless Demigods.

11. What Alan Campbell and the wife, Dorothy Parker, said when they learned that throughout their entire script the director had changed the name of the faithful, strictly non-comic servant from "Pancho" to "Rudolfo Hairoyl."

12. The night a friend's butler, who was a dead ringer for Mussolini, claimed he was a fortress of pain from lumbago but insisted on serving the entire dinner on his hands and knees.

13. The decision, after three years of striving, that there probably wasn't much sense in fretting too greatly over your career as a scenarist. I had just read a story the studio had bought and regarded highly in which the name of the town where the hero lived was Wowbeechnuts.

14. Falling asleep at Santa Anita and, on awakening, the smug feeling that horse playing was one vicious habit I wasn't a slave to, anyway.

15. The dismay of a producer who had already spent six months preparing a script for *Gunga Din* when he found out that Gunga was a colored man.

16. Dave Chasen's tales of the pogroms he went through as a youth and the swell business his old man set him up in over here after filling his head with glowing tales of the Land Where Everybody Has a Chance—parachute jumping.

17. A foot race between Bill Robinson and Stepinfetchit in which Bill ran backwards and left Step nailed to the turf.

18. By-lines of local newspaper columnists, among them Cassandra Campus (varsity jottings), Prof. Opple Soss (horse picker), Princess Conchita Pignatelli (social doings), Sid Ziff (sports), and Ray D. O'Fan. Three haunting names you kept encountering in the society sections: Dicky Dell Doheny, Honor Higgins Eichelberger, and James J. Jump, Jr. The substitute halfback on a visiting Alabama team, Young Boozer. The substitute tackle on a visiting Pittsburgh team, Scarfpin, who, alas, sat on the bench the whole afternoon.

19. The actor that played the villain in all the Rin Tin Tin pictures who was blacklisted for pretending to bite one of the Warner Brothers.

20. The gloomy realism of Cliff Reid, who had just attended a sneak preview of one of his own productions, in replying to the query of a friend on the audience's reaction: "One guy walked out twice."

21. The lovely lady I encountered at a Screen Actors' Guild ball who was seized with the terrible desire to sneak up and, shall we say, tickle Boris Karloff, who in private life is a shy, gentle, sensitive man of high ideals.

22. The unfailing good nature, astounding patience, and amazing efficiency of everybody connected with the technical side of pictures. There is nothing they can't do instantly from building a Red Sea with a two-way stretch to providing a gross of the exact kind of horseflies that bothered the centaurs.

23. The courage and generosity of a large number of picture people in their efforts to further human decency.

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ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

GERTRUDE SAYRE

lollywood, telling us what they disliked about
vo writers to give us a report on their likes

1. The People: Hollywood is one of the most hospitable towns on earth. And perhaps because the life there is neither urban, suburban, nor country, but has some of the good features of each, you see your friends more often and in a more leisurely fashion than is possible elsewhere.
2. Beauty Hint: The fact, heartening to mere wives, that screen beauties are not all flawless goddesses off-screen. Quite often they are scrawny, walleyed, bowlegged, or no-nosed.
3. Literary Interlude: Working as a reader for Mr. Samuel Goldwyn for about three months. The difference between a reader and a writer in Hollywood is five hundred dollars a week, more or less, but the job had its points. I quit rather reluctantly when Mr. Goldwyn asked me one morning to run him up a history of the Moscow Art Theater and the life story of Madame Dubarry, and said that afternoon, never mind those but read Tolstoy's *Resurrection* (600-odd pages of fine type) and make a fifty-page abstract, quick, please. I did the abstract. (I never heard Mr. Goldwyn make a funny remark.)
4. Housing: Most toilers in the Hollywood vineyards, feeling they but prune their vines on the slopes of Vesuvius, rent furnished houses on short leases, and most of these are fantastic or plain ugly. But the mechanics of daily living, so complex and baffling elsewhere, are marvelously simplified. Pressing a button to heat your house is sheer magic, so what matter if the button is a hideous imitation ruby? The gardener is included in the rent, and you needn't give him a thought unless you want to. The underground sprinkling systems do a good job of watering and look pretty while they're doing it. The markets always make newcomers gasp; there are hundreds of them, open to the street and displaying great piles of fruit and vegetables in which every least bean is meticulously placed.
5. Rhapsody in Blues: Hearing the lamented George Gershwin play his own tunes for hours at Lillian Hellman's house one night last May. He really wanted to sit and tell affectionate anecdotes of his father, and those were fine, too, but yielded good-naturedly to the inevitable demand for music. He began way back with *Swanee,* saying with mock solemnity and an impish bow to the company after each song, "And *then* I wrote . . ."
6. Law and Order: The Beverly Hills cops. They are wonderful, without exception. Residents of Hollywood and Santa Monica are tapped by private patrol systems which they hate to pay but think they'd better. There is none of this nonsense in Beverly Hills.
7. Silly Sights and Sounds: Dick Powell introducing H. G. Wells at a Screen Writers' Guild banquet. Mr. Powell spoke his little piece very nicely. Mr. Wells, apparently intimidated by the presence of so many fellow tradesmen, said, "I think your party is darling," and sat down abruptly.

An actor driving home from a beauty shop with a hair net holding down his freshly sculptured finger wave.

Fragment of a conversation between a great playwright and one of the screen's glamour girls, overheard at a large party: "And really, Mr. Odets, you *really* must meet my butler. He's a communist and a perfect scream."
8. Honk Honk! It's the motorist's paradise. With the vast distances, the sketchy transportation, and used cars abounding from $25 up, everyone is a motorist. The boulevards are wide and handsome, pedestrians are few, and there are fifteen-cent parking lots all over the place. You can see the mountains as you drive through the city, and you can see the ocean as you drive through the mountains, and you can get to either one faster than you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
9. Doing Nothing: Non-pro wives soon find that their houses pretty well run themselves, their children are happily occupied in the excellent schools, their husbands work all day and often all night. So they get restless. So what do they do? I'll tell you what they do. They buy sets of cabinet tools and make furniture, or they study Russian, or they go in for polo, or they enroll in extension courses in the University of California at Los Angeles. Being lazy, I did none of these things. I tried tennis but turned out to be the worst player ever heard of. And I once worked every day for two weeks with a comedian's wife on an original script for the funnyman, but we were too enchanted with our own jokes to get anywhere with a plot. When I realized that I was neither athletic nor intellectual, and that it was a little late to achieve my childhood dream of becoming the toast of two continents, and finally, that here was a chance for fruitful loafing that might never come again, I cultivated idleness. Idleness is O.K.

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The LONE WOLF

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ELLIOTT MERRICK

In front of the cabin old bones, old chips, one of his brother's worn-out boots, and a broken ax helve were emerging from a snowbank. It was lonely, somehow, seeing so many signs of man and no man. A warm south wind, sweet as a caress, came down the valley of the great river, stirring the spruces round the clearing, making him feel lonelier than ever.

It was Labrador springtime when the iron-white cold gentles to colored warmth. But Jan McKenzie only spat. He was still a hundred and fifty miles from home, and here was the river open, no ice shelf by the shore, nothing but the black current splotched with floating ice pans. From his furring grounds far up the river, he had walked this far, jarring step by jarring step. He could walk till he dropped, but now there was nothing to walk on.

Jan's left arm, bound with rags and splints of spruce, hung in a dirty sling made of canvas flour bag. The break, just below the elbow, was badly inflamed. Twice he had tried to set it straight, but he kept fainting and had had to give it up. It was set crooked he knew, because he could feel the bone ends grate.

Now Jan was paying for his lone-wolfishness. There was nobody else in all the four-hundred-mile length of Caribou River. The other trappers, whose cabins emphasized the river's solitude at thirty- or forty-mile intervals, were gone home. Only Jan had remained way up at his trapping grounds, as he always did, for the spring muskrat hunting. Other men said, "The devil with spring muskrats. Five months in the woods is long enough." And onto their toboggans they lashed their winter's haul of fur and what little grub they had left, and traveled down the frozen river, hallooing at each lonely cabin, "Come on, b'y, bound fer home," till there were six or eight of them traveling together, taking turns at breaking trail, and swopping yarns at night. They were weary with months on the trap lines, and they couldn't be bothered hauling home the canoes that had carried their supplies upriver in the fall. Next autumn was a long way off, and they'd build or buy a new one when that time came.

So if Jan was late and the breakup early, there was no lack of canoes by those deserted cabins. But how could he paddle with a broken arm?

He'd paddle somehow. Cautiously he got up, cradling his bad arm in his good, and went to look at Samson's canoes. There were three of them, all pretty old. He decided upon the smallest. Into it he tossed a coil of quarter-inch Manila tracking line that looked rather worn, but it might come handy in the rapids. Samson couldn't kick about this. He'd be glad to have one of his canoes brought down. He'd probably say, "Why didn't you tow the other two?" Be just like him.

Years ago they'd had a row, brother Samson claiming that a bag of flour was missing from his cabin one season after Jan passed by and everybody else was home from the river. There had been no definite accusation, but Jan considered the mere implication an insult. Since then, on the long hard journeys to and from his hunting grounds, Jan never slept in anybody's cabin but his own. No matter how late at night or how stormy and cold, he pitched his tent, chopped his wood, and depended upon himself solely. On nights when it was forty below

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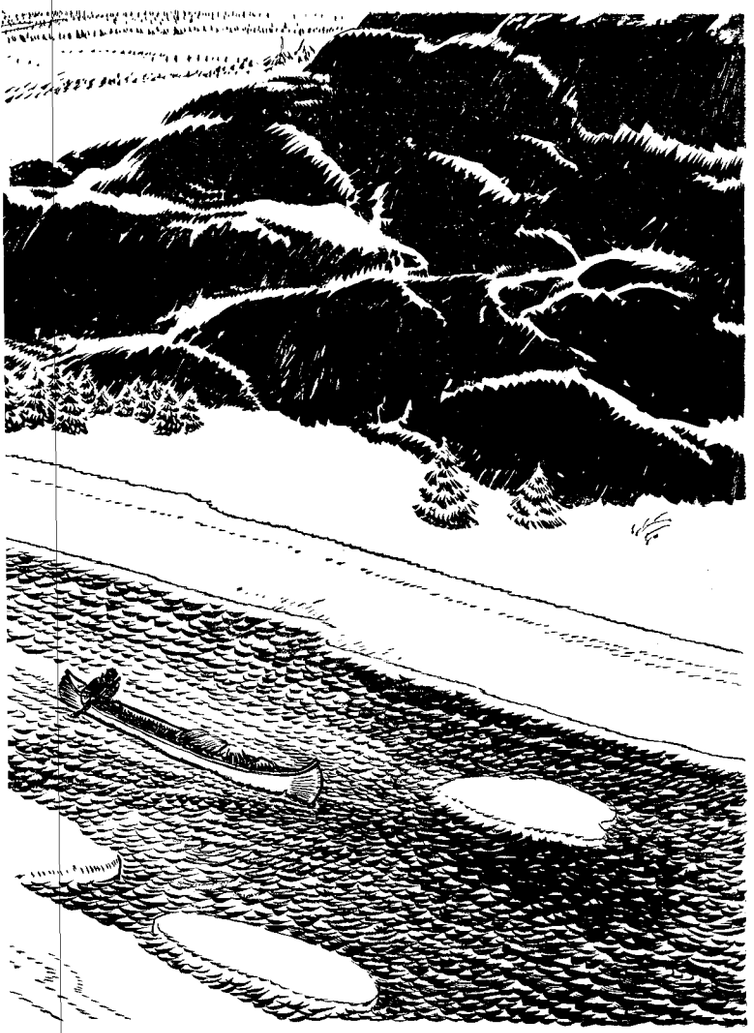

DRAWINGS BY H. M. STOOPS

All day he paddled and drifted down the river. If he didn't get home soon, he wouldn't make it at all

•

he had been known to set up his tent and stove beside a cabin, carefully bank the canvas walls with snow and sleep there, within ten feet of comfort. Since the year that Samson lost his precious flour bag, Jan did not speak to him when they passed on the path at the village.

Daylight came again, and Jan was ready. There wasn't anything to put to rights in the cabin because he hadn't used anything of Samson's, not even the water bucket or the stove poker. In the corner back of the tin stove there was more dry kindling than there'd been before, though it had taken an hour to split it. Jan's grub was running short, but he wasn't taking any of Samson's, not if he starved for it. He hadn't even looked into the bags and grub boxes under the bunk.

He packed his gear aboard and shoved off through the tinkling thin ice of the cove. White mist, chilling and weird, rose from the black water. His heart beat, his arm throbbed. His clothes were damp, and his teeth began to chatter. For many days he had been unable to remove his shirt, sweater, or coat. Funny how handy two hands were, and you didn't know till you had only one. Dressing yourself, building fires, chopping wood, cooking, mixing dough, tying knots, hauling a sled, and now paddling—everything was new and difficult with only one arm. If he had two good arms, he'd run the whole river, even Rattan's Rapid, with its boulders and flying breakers. "Maybe I will anyway," he said aloud.

Though every movement hurt his bad arm, he kept on experimenting with ways of paddling one-armed. He stood up and sculled, he tried to row; neither was any good. At last he tied the paddle top to his upper arm with a bandanna and dipped along so, the paddle a rigid extension of his arm. The struggle to tie that one agonizing square knot left him cold with sweat and weak with pain. But he saw this was his best bet for the rapids. Kneeling in the bottom, he could paddle on either side and guide her somewhat.

By noon he was above Clifty Island, where, pinched between rock walls, the river rose in a great roaring surge. He walked along the cliffs and looked down. From island and rock wall the flying water leapt out in two curls of angry foam to meet at the point of a *V;* and streaking out from that pointed *V* was a mad, white, boiling roadway perhaps forty feet wide, raised by the enormous pressure a yard above the surrounding level. If a fellow could hit that *V* right nose-on, now—

While Jan watched, fascinated by the timeless, unwavering power of the white jet spurting from its funnel-mouth of rock, two ice pans converged from either wall, met at the apex, and crashed to pieces with a report like an explosion. He fingered his whiskers. That was something else to think about.

He walked rapidly back to the canoe, wedged the paddle top tight under the shoulder binding, and shoved off before he should have time to think about it. Drifting faster down the narrowing chasm, he shook his paddle in the air and shouted out, "Flipper, here we go." He stood up and scanned the banks of ice, knelt, and backed water furiously, first one side then the other. His backing did little to check the canoe's drop down the chute, but it slowed him sufficiently to allow a dirty ice block to careen on before him. The white *V*-sides were lifting their curls beside him now, higher than his head, and he was deep in a gorge of sliding water within a gorge of rock.

A plunge, and he was into it, blinded by spume. She put her bow under, lifted up, and skittered down the hard, raised flume with water drumming on her as though from a gigantic fire hose. She was half-full, and the shore was a long way off, and the river was quiet again. Cautiously he worked toward a fair-sized pan that had come through intact. On the pan he threw his dripping gear, bailed the canoe with his teakettle, and hauled her up to turn her over. He stamped about on the floating ice, drenched to the skin, wringing water from his mitten with his teeth, the tied paddle trailing from his shoulder like some curious, misshapen limb.

A sound from downstream made him look up. Wild as a maniac, he threw his gear aboard, shoved off, and

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dug for the shore. Not a quarter of a mile below, a grinding ice wall stretched all across the river, barring the way. Here was the black river, there the gleaming whiteness of an ice bridge miles long.

That night he got to Hiram Meisher's cabin at Sidling Banks, beside a brawling tributary stream. The ice bridge was five miles long, and he had hauled his canoe across it on the toboggan. His snow glasses were lost, and the glare hurt his eyes. He decided that if he went snow-blind, he'd shoot himself.

As he staggered into the cabin at dusk, he could not help wishing that Hiram were there with a candle lit and a fire going. Hi would have cooked for him and chopped wood and paddled him home, jolly, happy-go-lucky, glad of the chance to help, singing in the evening by the firelight to cheer him up.

Jan McKenzie, lone wolf, who traveled the river by himself, who fought his way up the rapids each fall alone, and home alone, who traveled farther and faster than anybody else and had no time for singing and yarns, felt lost and helpless for the first time in his weather-beaten career.

Well, by god, Jan McKenzie would manage for himself, same as he always had. He lit a fire in the home-made stove and put on the teakettle. But he was mighty glad of the dry wood in the corner, and he didn't chop any more to replace it.

Daylight came late. When Jan pushed off into the river again, it was snowing, a wet, miserable, clinging snow that hid the hills and made the day a dreary, age-long bleakness. A figure sheathed in white, in a whitened canoe, Jan paddled, paddled till his right arm knotted with cramps and ached as much as his left. The high hills above the river were hidden in the slow, silent snow, and even the sky was a dirty white, spilling out whiteness that enveloped everything but the black indelible river.

His left forearm was swollen nearly double normal size, and he began to think if he didn't get home soon he wouldn't make it at all. He ground his teeth and said to himself he was glad there was no one on the river to help him, especially Samson—Samson with his careful ways; Samson measuring the last of his sugar, pinch by pinch, into a teacup; Samson putting up a tent for a one-night camp as if he was setting about to build a church or found a city. If Samson had come swinging round the bend this very minute and offered help, Jan would have told him to clear out or get a clout on the head with a gun butt.

The little rapid known as McDonald's, after a Northern Trading Company Scotchman drowned there, wasn't bad, and Jan managed it handily, scooping the canoe now to the left, now to the right. At the Ruff by its lower end, where the current was said to surge up from a subterranean cliff sixty feet deep, he shipped a little water, but not much. Below there the river took a dip down three rapids through the last of the high hills. The first was Rattan's. Standing on a slippery boulder above it, peering through the snow, he saw it was impossible. The river split here into four wide channels between low, willowy islands, and every one of the channels was shallow and strewn with boulders over which spray shot fifteen and twenty feet into the air. With two good arms to drive the canoe faster than the current and so have some control, he could twist down through the tortuous channel, sweeping far to the right, then crossing to shoot through a deep break in the reef on the left bank. Often he had done it before. But with no power, drifting at the mercy of the current, he could never thread the hissing rocks.

To the waist in rushing water, he waded her down along the rocky western shore, guiding her through narrow runnels between boulders, pulling, pushing, slipping. He stepped into a hole and was swept from his feet, floated a few yards, and gained the shore again still gripping the canoe. He dragged her over a gravel bar around whose point the tide swept with a force he never could have stayed.

He was almost past the quick water, thinking how he'd let 'er rip down through the next two deep rapids as best he could, and the devil with it, when trouble came. He had reached a little cliffy place, below which lay another bad point. He was creeping along the rock ledges, letting the canoe drift at the end of the line. The other end was tied round his waist, a coil of it looped over his arm, and he took the strain with his teeth. His fingers lost their hold on the icy rock, he slipped to the shelf below, tottered, and pitched into the water. The coil of line wriggled from his arm as the canoe drifted faster toward the point. He floundered ashore by some rocks below the cliff and frenziedly hauled in slack. The canoe bobbed round the point and darted away in the full force of the tide's grip. He braced himself for the shock that was coming. With a singing snap the line yanked him five feet through the air, slammed him down on the stones with a sickening jar, and broke. He ran, screaming with pain, after the frayed end of rotten Manila that was wriggling in hops and twists across the point. He slipped on the ice of a crooked boulder and fell again. The line wriggled out of sight. Tears of rage were streaming down his cheeks, and his good fist was pounding, pounding the unfeeling rock.

Creeping over the crest of the point, he watched the canoe spin through a gap, swing broadside into a jagged rock, break slowly in half and disappear under the foam. She was gone now, with his ax, his tent, kettle, food, blanket, everything but the knife in his pocket and a few matches he had tucked in his hair for just such a last-ditch time as this. There was a meager satisfaction in remembering that all of his furs were safely cached back at his camp. Next year he would bring them out, maybe. . . .

Wearily he turned his back on the roaring river and climbed the mountainside through the thick trees. The snow was rotten with the warmth, and at every step he sank to the thigh and often to the waist. But he kept

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going, crawling sometimes on his knees and his one hand. Only ten miles down the river at the end of the last rapid was Peter Goudie's cabin. If he could get there along the hilltops, surely there'd be a canoe.

The snow stopped falling, and the sky cleared. Pulling himself up by the trees, crawling, falling, he gained the barren summit at sunset. He had been all afternoon making two miles. The snow was not so deep up there, blown off by the wind, and it was harder and bore him up better. Way off in the clear, cold west, scarlet clouds were gilding the ridges, turning the snow at his feet to gold and orange. The wet snow commenced to harden with frost, and from the deep valley of the river, mist slowly rose again. It was many years since he had felt so poignantly the vastness of the darkening wilderness around him. Evenings long ago his mother used to sit in the window of their house at sunset-time like this, looking across the ice, thinking of Pa. The sky was colored, and the far ridges melted as they did now, one beyond the other, into the sky and the night. And then she lit the lamp and got supper for Samson and Jan and herself in the yellow light in the warm, low house.

Was he going to die here, looking at the village?

Wavering along the skyline, he made another mile. Then he descended to the trees and fell exhausted. Wet and shivering, hungry, weak with fever, he prowled around the trees in the dusk, looking for wood. This would be his worst night, he figured. Either he'd get to Peter's tomorrow night or he'd be done out.

The trees were small way up here, and some of them were dead. He built his fire of sticks against a cliff and made himself a bed of boughs before it. Dragging in all the dead trees he could, he burned them in half and piled them higher. At midnight he had to go out and look for more. A half-moon was sailing, white and cold in the night-blue sky, silvering the river mist, drawing purple dwarfed shadows under the trees. He looked up at the brightness of its serene, merciless face and knew it did not care whether his canoe was gone or his arm broken or whether he caved in and died, or lived. But he did not hate it; he had lived in the wilderness too long for that. He tore a strip from the bottom of his coat and bound his splints tighter, hoping to ease the pain that every movement brought. He only wished that he might ride across the sky as effortlessly as the sharp-edged moon.

Way down in the bottom of the valley, in the stillness of the night, he could hear the rapids roaring. Owls were hooting, answering each other miles and miles away on the mountainsides. He fell asleep, and steam rose from his back, and the front of his shirt stiffened with frost. The embers fell, and the purple tree-shadows moved across him.

Late the next night, by a clearing at whose edge the river gurgled coldly in and out among the stones, Jan stumbled off the mountainside, parted the ice-encrusted trees, and fell face foremost in the snow. He lay ten feet from a black and silent cabin, a speck beneath the mountain's looming bulk. Icicles hanging from the eaves shone dully in the weak moonlight.

Lifting up his head he called, "Peter, hello. Peter, Peter! B o u n d for home. Hello." His head fell into the snow. He commenced to laugh, an eerie, l o a t h s o m e sound that started the echoes calling across the water in the luminous fog.

Then he humped up onto his knees and crawled. It took him five minutes to cover the ten feet to the door. He crept in, and the stove creaked, a light gleamed. Later he staggered out and filled a teakettle with snow.

The candle burned down, and the cabin was dark again; the fire burned out, and the kettle boiled dry. But Jan slept on.

It was noon when he woke and ransacked the cabin for food. Of beans and rice and pork he made soup. Of the flour he baked twenty bread cakes. For firewood he battered to pieces a three-legged stool, a grub box, and part of the bunk.

It was night, and calm, and he was drifting on the river again in the less leaky of Peter's two canoes. He lay in the bottom, rolled in a fur robe of Peter's, waking, sleeping, dreaming of the softness of a goose-down feather bed at home. It would be sealing time down there, and they'd have the motorboats all calked and painted, and be launching them and chugging out to Jackfish Shoal to set the nets. There'd be ducks and geese by the thousands round the bay shore, and every house would be living on roast goose and fat black duck.

All next day he paddled and drifted down the widening river, its shores growing lower mile by mile. This was a new land, the land of home, and he should have been glad, but he kept falling asleep every little while.

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His arm had a dead numbness, and great drops of cold sweat were continually dropping off his forehead.

Night came and it was still calm. He must have fallen asleep again, for immediately it was sunrise, and the canoe was rocking violently. The breeze was blowing him ashore on a sandy beach where small waves broke. He stood on the sand, swaying in the rising wind, his long hair streaming out from under his cap, and he saw the bay, actually the bay and the whitecaps dancing on it a mile below him. He was home, home, almost.

He had only to walk a hundred feet down along the beach and climb a pinnacle of shore ice to see, two miles across the heaving river-mouth, the white dot that was the mission hospital, the green roofs of the trading post.

He tried to cross, but the wind kept pushing him back into the breakers. He had to run ashore again, and nearly swamped doing it.

Oh, curse the wind! Was he going to die here, looking at the village? He'd build a big fire in the night, he'd drag together a big pile of driftwood so they'd know it wasn't just duck hunters or Indians.

Even as he thought about it he laid his crippled arm down in the sand and crumpled up asleep beside it. In the night he built a small fire, but he wasn't strong enough to collect much driftwood, and the high wind soon burned it out. It was very cold, crouched in the lee of the overturned canoe. His arm began to throb clear to the shoulder and his fingers burned as though they were afire. Listening to the savage roar of surf, it seemed to him that this windy bayland with its stinging salt breath and wild desolate beaches was even less friendly than the river and the woods where he had lived so long.

At daylight the wind had dropped some. The sky looked unsettled and gusty, but Jan was unwilling to stay another hour on that freezing beach. This minute, now, before he fell asleep again, he'd have another try. He launched her out and rocked once more among the whitecaps. The bow lifted up and slapped down, checking him; a few seas slopped in, but he was making progress. If only someone would see him. He'd have been grateful to anyone, even to Samson, so he could rest and rest and sleep. But in the trough he was invisible, and on the crest he knew he looked little different from the drifting trees and dirty ice pans.

Black spots the size of a shotgun muzzle kept whizzing in front of his face, maddening as flies. In midstream, a mile from either shore, the wind veered and blew downriver, swinging his prow baywards. He knelt up closer to the bow and slopped along the left side, the wrong side, with all the strength in his failing body. But with the river's current and the stiffening wind pushing him out toward the wide gray bay he had no more chance than a stick of driftwood. The black dots whizzed faster with his desperate exertion, and he got so dizzy he was afraid he'd swamp himself, rolling so, broad-side-on. He fell into the bottom, sobbing like a child.

All this fighting down the river, only to go past. "I overdone it, little, seems like it," he muttered. If only he hadn't gone to sleep and drifted down the wrong side, if only he'd crossed way up above where the river was narrower, and hugged that bank.

The waves splashed in on him, and he reached for Peter's kettle and bailed, almost without thinking about it. He was sliding out into the bay, past the village and the last sandpits, and what the use of bailing was he didn't know. He lifted his chin onto the gunnel and stared at the town. A nice place, with its row of houses, and the white sand beach and the boats anchored in the cove. He could see a thin white line that was the woodpath up the greenwoods hill behind the town. Smoke was streaming from a dozen stovepipes, and a flag was whipping from the trading-post pole. Feebly he waved his cap on the end of the paddle. And the wind blew his cap away. The canoe swung, and his eyes took in the vast emptiness of the lead-colored bay, twenty miles wide, a hundred miles to the sea. A fine chance he'd have out there in a canoe. If he had a hand to bail and a hand to steer, he might have tried sheering off with a rag of sail to that distant bluish shore in the east. He and Samson used to salmon-fish way over there by a creek-mouth, long ago when they were boys. But it was a lonely place. He could die here as well as there.

Then his dim eyes blazed. Dead to leeward, like bent black reeds, were the weighed poles that marked the seal-net buoys. He splashed out his flipper and whipped her up into the wind. Drifting fast like this, if he ever went by he'd never get back.

That afternoon the sealers found him out on the bay, rolling to and fro in the bottom of a canoe that was tied with triple knots to a seal-net buoy. As they shut off the motorboat and slid up close, they thought they were dreaming. "It's my old brown canoe, I swear," Peter Goudie said.

Four men in streaming oilskins, they peered over the gunnel, their quick eyes taking in the story of the sling, the paddle still bound to the shoulder, the bailer-kettle. One, as though it were his right, lifted the emaciated remains into the boat.

"Is he dead, Sam?" asked another.

"No," Samson answered, laying the body in the bottom on a tarpaulin. "He's breathin'."

Jan opened his eyes. "Breathin'?" he said. "I s'pose. Samson, you tell Peter I tore the innards right out of his cabin, but I'll pay 'm . . . double. I slept a night at your place . . . but I didn't . . . take . . . nothin'."

The men glared at Samson. "It serves you right, Sam," said one. "He never stole your flour, and you've always known it."

Jan seemed to hear. He shook his head like a dog coming out of water and he hove himself onto one elbow. "Sam," he said in a low voice, "I lied. I ate up all your rice 'n' pork . . . 'n' I couldn't've made it without."

Samson knew he lied, because there wasn't any rice or pork up there. But he said, "That's right, Jan. I'm glad, Jan," and he wrapped the canvas closer round his brother.

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don herold examines:

mae west

It delights me the way Mae West can get a great rise of righteous indignation out of a large portion of the American populace by the mere wave of a hip or the knowing drag of a vowel.

I did not hear her radio program with Charlie McCarthy, a few weeks ago, which caused such a furore. (You'll recall how women's clubs wired in their bleats and how Representative O'Toole said, "It is my intention to force Congressional action on this matter.") But I wish I had. It was probably the only stimulating thing in an evening of wickedly dull and deadening ether inanity.

I have done some movie reviewing in my time and I found that if I ever said a kind word for Mae West, I would invariably bring on myself a flood of the most vile and vicious letters from the nastiest-sounding people. I have grown to like Mae West considerably, just by looking at the kind of people who hate her.

My daughter Doris, a college girl, heard the program in question, and I asked her what she thought of it. Her reply was: "It made my evening."

"Do you think it did you any harm?"

"No. I think the people who objected to it were people who put their own dirty meanings into it."

Now, personally, I'd rather turn Mae West loose on my children than Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, and other movie stars who frequently portray sex and love as mopey, morbid, maudlin, too important phases of life. The worst thing that Mae West implies is that sex is fun, and I think it is. If anything, she burlesques sex, which is a more wholesome thing to do with it than to snoop it.

I'd rather have youngsters head for the hearty, robust, Mae West attitude toward sex than for the slinky, weepy, Garbo attitude, which says that if your man stands you up, you must darned near die of a broken heart. (Your man is going to stand you up, sooner or later, my dear, to some degree, at least. He's either going to be too bad or too good, and in either case he'll be a disappointment.)

Those people who wrote and wired their radio stations—I wonder if they quietly quit using Chase & Sanborn coffee. I'll bet not. That, after all (and the turning of a dial a sixteenth of an inch) was all they really needed to do to register their protest.

And the advertising agency and everybody concerned apologized in craven submission to the squawks of a squeamish few, and thus helped public entertainment in America to arrive at a more inept and more innocuous low.

I want Chase & Sanborn to know that though I have been drinking a coffee substitute for many years, I am now drinking Chase & Sanborn coffee, in gratefulness for, or you might say in *immoral support* of, their accidental audacity in turning Mae West loose in the overpure ether.

. . . and radicals

Most radicals I have met have seemed to me to be activated by what I would call an unexpected rush of premature first-generation intelligence to the head, coupled with a seizure of perpetual, jittery, school-girlish suspicions.

They are hit all of a sudden by the dawn of intellect before they are able to handle it and before they have learned to wash behind their ears.

They are fascinated by certain polysyllabic words which they work to death, such as *ideology*.

Their tongues are more facile than their minds, and their minds are more facile than their horse sense.

They are our *nouveaux* intelligent.

They are juvenile enough to believe that some one change in our economic setup is going to bring the millennium, whereas more mature-minded people know that you usually get just as sick of what you take to cure you as you were of what made you sick. The trouble with this world is largely *this world*—maybe not capitalism, maybe not any other ism.

They consider a revolution as an answer, whereas it might better be thought of as an experimental and tentative attempt to improve things ten per cent. I'd be a timorous revolutionist, myself, with that understanding.

Of course, maybe capitalism is a bad system. I've always thought I'd like to be a capitalist and see. How can you tell about capitalism from the outside? My own dabbling adventures as a capitalist to date have convinced me that capitalism *is* a bad thing—for capitalists.

As intelligent a fellow as Robert Forsythe writes, "What Mae West does in her motion pictures is to show in her frank cynical way the depths to which capitalist morality has come."

So capitalism is to blame for sex, too?

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As another example of the jitters which most radicals have, we see Russia regarding Mickey Mouse as a symbol representing the meekness of the masses under capitalism. That's news to Walt Disney.

But maybe it is just the human race which is jittery at that, for we often find "sound people" seeing red where it does not exist. This is just as bad as seeing capitalism where it does not exist. Many people have seen red in Munro Leaf's nursery book about a bull.

I don't like Hoover much. I'm not so keen about the results sound people have achieved in this world. I'd like to see the world rescued from sound people, *but I hate to see it rescued by crackpots.*

. . . and fires

I have always resolved to have a lot of poise in case of fire, and the other night we had a fire, and I had poise.

Mrs. Herold roused me and told me that our apartment house was on fire. I took it for granted that she was exaggerating, but I could hear fire apparatus in the street and I assumed that somebody below us was burning up a plush chair or an ironing board, so I lackadaisically arose and calmly put on my long underwear (for it was bitter cold) and a clean shirt and all my clothes, and deliberately packed my suitcase with manuscripts, on which I had been working for a week, and with other valuables, and then I put my Contax around my neck, and picked my best hat and was ready to go.

During this process, Mrs. Herold was up and down the hall dozens of times with the Sealyham under her arm, screaming hurries at the children and me. The last three times, she came and said, "Hurry, hurry, Don, I'm not going without you!" (She had read something like that when the *Lusitania* sank.)

Finally, I was ready to go to our fire, and, by gad, we had one.

I opened the front door and was blocked by a wall of smoke. I looked out the window, and the house was practically burned out from under us. (We live on the sixth and top floor of a non-fireproof building.) Flames were bursting from second- and third-floor windows in apartments below us.

If I had had normal sense and not so damned much poise, I would have gone and sized up our fire first and keyed my dressing and packing accordingly.

Mrs. Herold had long ago started the children down the fire escape, and now we were ready to go.

About three feet down, we met two firemen. "Get back in there. You're safer in there than you are on the street."

"But our childhen have already gone down."

"They're all right. We shooed them into the apartment below."

Never was I so reluctant to accept professional advice. I looked at the flames below and decided I would watch them a minute and then use my own judgment. The firemen stomped around and asked the way to the roof.

Well, it appeared that they knew their business, because, fairly soon, the flames died down and the building was saved.

I would have been a sucker, the next day, for a salesman of tickets to a firemen's ball. Henceforth, I like firemen.

After the flames ceased, the smoke poured for quite a while, and the children came back up the fire escape and reported that Mr. and Mrs. Lehman on the fourth had been lovely to them and had given them rum. (The children weren't at Capshaw's on the fifth, as I thought, but had gone on down to the fourth, right on top of the fire . . . which would have driven me insane if I had known it.)

The firemen chopped around for three or four hours after the fire was over. I thought firemen just squirted and went home.

The children now have slight colds, which gives me a chance to criticize Mrs. Herold for thrusting them out onto a frigid fire escape instead of letting them remain comfortably in a nice, warm, burning building.

Doris was home from college for the fire. The night she went back to college, they had a fire drill in her dorm at 2 A.M.

. . . and women's hair

The greatest line in *Dodsworth*—a capsule tome on matrimony in itself—was the auto maker's question to his silly wife upon their temporary reunion in Europe: *"What have you done to your hair?"*

When a woman marries, she should sign a contract to keep the same kind of hair-do and to wear the same type of hat all her life.

Otherwise, a fellow who has fallen in love with and married a girl is apt, in six months, to find he has married somebody entirely different. All of a sudden his wife looks like an ape, a cassowary, or a Zulu queen.

Most of us adults are pretty queer-looking animals. The object of haircuts and hats and clothes is to keep us, as far as possible, from looking utterly ridiculous. It sometimes takes us years to find a hat and a type of hair-do that helps. I, for example, found, after thirty-five years of experimenting, a type of hat which makes me look like a rather dashing boulevardier. If I get one with a brim an eighth of an inch wider than it should be, I instantly become again the ludicrous Indiana hick which I was born.

But a woman will jump from a one-inch brim to a ten-inch brim or no brim, just because that is what "they" are wearing this season. And when she comes home looking like a dodo, her husband is a brute if he shows the slightest hint of the revulsion which rises in his sensitive soul.

If I were a judge, I'd grant any man a divorce on the grounds that "she got a funny hat and changed to a silly hair-do."

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SEX, *Esq.*

HENRY F. PRINGLE

The first of a series of articles on magazines that sell . . . how they are published . . . why they attract readers and advertisers

If Thomas Mann or Ernest Hemingway or John Dos Passos were to read aloud from his works at a burlesque show, the audience would either have to listen or walk out. But the same unholy combination of erudition and sex works out very well indeed in the issues of *Esquire, the Magazine for Men.* For erudition, in a periodical, can be ignored by the simple process of turning the pages until the next racy picture has appeared. It is never necessary to turn many pages of *Esquire.*

Esquire is the current phenomenon of the publishing business, having soared to a circulation of 700,000 copies, more or less, from an estimated peak of 100,000 when the first issue came out hardly more than four years ago. Its success is unique, in that it made money from the start, but it is not so widely removed, after all, from the current pattern of periodical triumphs. Like *Life, Look,* and the other innumerable picture magazines, it is designed for the people who can't or don't read. It has other priceless assets. It is big and lush. It costs the very large sum of fifty cents; many a purchaser of *Esquire,* in these dark and parlous days of recession, may buy his copy merely to prove that he has a half-dollar to squander.

Despite the streamlined drawings of George Petty and the rest, however, *Esquire* can put forth a claim for literary distinction. Its short story by Louis Paul, "No More Trouble for Jedwick," won the O. Henry Memorial Award in 1934. The latest O'Brien collection has two *Esquire* stories, one of them the very distinguished "Snows of Kilimanjaro," by Hemingway. And Dr. Mann has actually appeared in the book, although one may picture his astonishment, if he saw the issue, at the company he was keeping by grace of his literary agent. Then, too, the mysteriously vanished Ambrose Bierce also had an offering. But this was an error; it was a rank plagiarism. An unknown author, proudly hailed by *Esquire* as its Discovery of the Month, had paraphrased a Bierce story and had sent it in to the innocent editors. To their credit, the publishers of *Esquire* have laughingly cited their Bierce boner in all promotional matter issued since. The fact that three dozen telegrams and special-delivery letters arrived on the day of publication proved, they boasted, how brainy were the readers of *Esquire.*

But it isn't because of the short stories of Dr. Mann that clients of the better barber shops, who once pored over the *Police Gazette,* now seek the shop's copy of *Esquire* while undergoing tonsorial beautification. It is, to put it bluntly, for the salacious pictures with which

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"What's the idea of handing me those roses one at a time?"

the magazine abounds. I suspect that nobody in the United States is more deeply annoyed, as *Esquire* appears each month, than George Delacorte, whose *Ballyhoo* is now hardly more than a robust memory. Mr. Delacorte printed some ripe drawings, too, but he put them on cheap paper, and the advertisers spurned *Ballyhoo's* enormous circulation. Messrs. David A. Smart and Arnold Gingrich, publisher and editor of *Esquire,* used slick paper and a lot more color. So the advertisers, knowing that slick paper made almost anything respectable, bought space.

Subtlety or even variety are not of the essence of *Esquire*. Familiarity, its management knows, is no bar to enjoyment of a good drawing. Thus there are many which appear again and again. A typical issue would be barren indeed without—in exact type at least—a majority of the following:

Two blondes in their underwear: "Yeah, he insulted you and then what else did he do?"

Man with dog talking into telephone: "Sweetheart, I've walked him around the block three times, but he doesn't seem to realize."

Nudist camp scene.

South Sea Island scene.

Backstage, chorus-girl, dressing-room scene.

Hillbilly sketch, usually with an outhouse motif.

A Petty girl elevator operator, her skirt extremely tight, with two old codgers gazing lasciviously at her from the rear. Caption: "No particular floor, just drive up and down."

Dydee Doll theme. A little boy being led down a Pullman car toward "Women" sign. Caption: "Men, too?"

Shotgun wedding.

Girl in underwear examining jewelry while stout old man in dinner coat looks on. She says, "Of course, our friendship is all that matters."

Harem scene. For instance, the Sultan, trotting upstairs with a book under his arm while the mournful concubines gaze after him. Caption: "This is the third week he's gone to bed with Anthony Adverse."

Rather nervous young man seated on lounge with very attractive young woman in negligee. He is reading a volume vaguely marked "Love." Caption (she is speaking): "My God —quit reading about it!"

Horrid Steig children.

Horrid Steig adults.

Horrid Hoff children.

Horrid Hoff adults.

Nevertheless, there is a Gallic freshness in certain facets of *Esquire's* humor, pictorial or literary. It dares to deny that no American husband could possibly be betrayed by his wife, a theory which is part of the American credo. It dares, even, to offer the idea that the male may be less potent than the female. So the *Esquire* artists are encouraged to do timid men in the grip of dominating ladies. Among the most famous articles of the past three years was that by Helen Norden, anonymously published, called "Latins Are Lousy Lovers." This nearly caused Cuba to declare war on the United States and did result in the banning of the magazine in that jewel of the Caribbean. "She's No Longer Faithful If—" was the title of a series beginning early in 1936. It listed several hundred ways to detect wifely infidelity and it ran for five or six months.

II

AMONG the contributors to *Esquire* in its first issue, appearing in the fall of 1933, was President Nicholas Mur-

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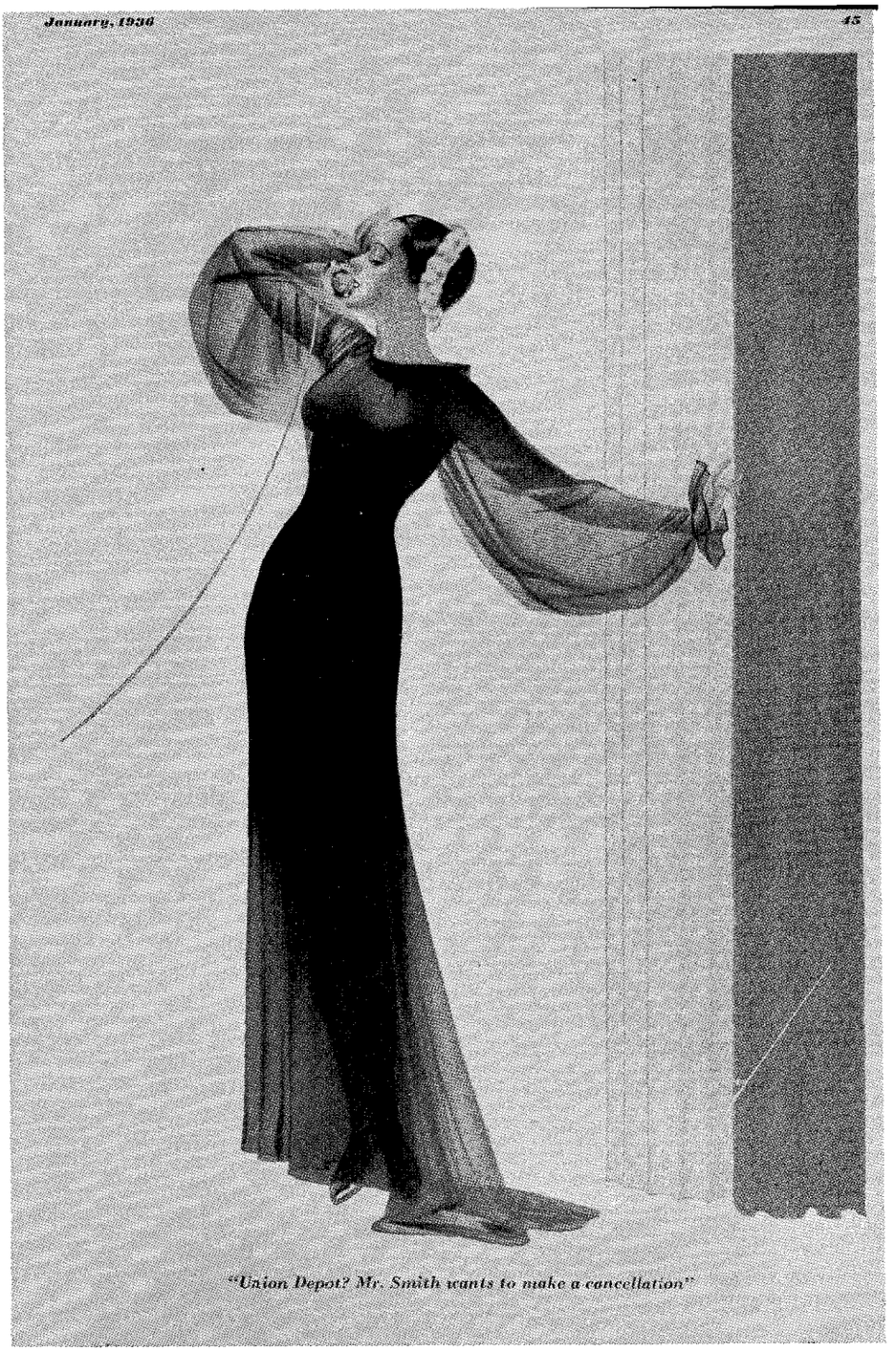

"Union Depot? Mr. Smith wants to make a cancellation"

ray Butler of Columbia University. True, it was an "as told to" article with S. J. Woolf, the writer-artist, as the actual author. Nonetheless, President Butler's name appeared over it. The piece was called "The New Leisure," and this was in harmony with a rather vague editorial idea, long since abandoned, which marked the magazine's birth. The idea was set forth in a booklet which announced the *accouchement:*

"The New Deal has given leisure a new economic significance, and the five day week has become not merely every man's right but virtually every man's duty. . . . What more opportune occasion for the appearance of a new magazine . . . that will answer the question of What to do? What to eat, what to drink, what to wear, how to play, what to read —in short a magazine dedicated to the improvement of the new leisure?"

The maiden issue was relatively dignified. Charles Hanson Towne held forth on "The Art of Ordering." Hemingway boasted of the joys of marlin fishing, and Dos Passos provided a short story. Only the art gave a hint of the joys which lay in the future. The Petty girl was there—two versions of her, in fact. But the cover was staid. It portrayed a couple of stalwart hunters landing from an airplane on some lake in the north woods. The grotesque little Eskie, who now lives and loves his stenographers and mistresses on all *Esquire* covers, had not yet been conceived. He appeared on the second number.

"*Esquire* is not a 'stag' magazine," its promoters said at the start, "devoted to smoking-car type of entertainment. Its flavor is not that of 'we're all bad little boys behind the barn together.' On the other hand it . . . is not edited . . . for the sense and sensibilities of the fourteen-year-old miss. . . ."

What *Esquire* really was, as it began, is best explained by the plan for distributing it. A thousand haberdasheries throughout the country were persuaded to buy one hundred copies of what was to have been a quarterly emphasizing men's fashions. These were to be sold to their customers, who would thereby be inspired to buy new clothes. The advertiser was offered a medium in which 100,000 male customers could be reached without waste. So *Esquire* made its bow, during the depth of the depression. The response of femininity-ridden American males was astonishing. They gobbled up the entire 125,000 print order immediately. The venture made money at once. The cost of producing that first number was about twenty-seven cents a copy. The net return was in the neighborhood of a quarter. The advertising revenue easily made up the rest. So editorial plans were quickly changed, and *Esquire* became a monthly.

III

THE man behind it all is David A. Smart, President of Esquire-Coronet, Inc., who is pretty weary when people tell him that he is as clever as his name. Smart is a small, alert man in his early forties, with wavy, black hair and gray-blue eyes. He dresses fastidiously, but not quite in the extreme manner of the *Esquire* fashion drawings. A native of Omaha, Smart was taken to Chicago by his parents when he was a small boy and has lived in that breezy city ever since. He was not much interested in an education. After high school he went into the advertising business until the War called him to France.

He returned to Chicago, having been wounded slightly, and went back into advertising. A few months later he was speculating in the commodity markets. The

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"Well anyway—it was an interesting experiment Miss Wilson."

postwar sugar boom sent prices soaring, and Smart ran his gains up to $750,000. Then the boom broke. He got out with about $50,000.

"Still," he has recalled mournfully, "it was a lot of money for a second-class private."

Advertising was safer. In 1921 he was joined by his younger brother, Alfred, who is now his secretary and treasurer. The boys had a lot of ideas which they sold to banks, haberdasheries, and furniture stores. In 1927, William Hobart Weintraub, who now runs the circulation and advertising departments of the concern, teamed up also. For some years the primary interest of this trio was to be the men's clothing business. They got out a trade paper called *The National Men's Wear Salesman* and then a stylebook, *The Gentleman's Quarterly*. These enterprises were mildly successful. So was an idea born in 1930—photographing the fashionables attending New York theatrical openings and dispatching the pictures by telephoto to the men's stores of the nation. The theory was that the Beau Brummels of Santa Monica, California, and Houston, Texas, would hurry to purchase tail coats exactly like the one worn by Otto H. Kahn. Clothing-store proprietors spread the red-hot pictures in their windows.

A jealous trade publication retaliated with aspersions that the photographs were not actually so hot. It insinuated, in fact, that they were studio pictures for which models had posed hours before the première. This made Dave Smart very angry. Weintraub was sore, too, and he had a practical plan for revenge. He suggested that they enter the men's-wear field and compete directly with their traducer. The result was a gaudy periodical, *Apparel Arts,* so elaborately printed that it makes *Fortune* look like a pulp magazine, and sells for $1.50. It is replete with beautiful men grinning amiably in lovely clothes at ladies who, though moderately well dressed, pale beside them. *Apparel Arts* has countless color plates. Samples of the latest woolens and tweeds are sometimes pasted on the pages.

"The idea," Smart has since explained, "was to give the customer something to consult so that he would not have to depend on the taste of the clerk or tailor."

Greatly to the surprise of the Smart brothers, requests for extra copies of *Apparel Arts* began to reach their offices in Chicago. Sometimes these could be met, but more often it was impossible. The circulation was only about 10,000, and the printing costs were heavy. Few extra copies were run off. Then arrived distressing news from certain of the stores subscribing to *Apparel Arts.* So great was the lust of some customers for the magazine, they reported, that copies were stolen. For God's sake do something!

Some years earlier, a fourth genius had joined the Smarts and Weintraub. "The only rich genius we have," is Dave Smart's generous appraisal of Arnold Gingrich. He was in his early twenties, then, and had been writing some excellent copy for Kuppenheimer Clothes. Gingrich was another Middle Westerner. He had attended the University of Michigan, and it had been his intention to be a writer. Advertising was less solitary work, however. He wrote radio scripts to pick up extra money, and became a phenomenon among authors in that he never had a manuscript rejected. Since joining the Smart brothers, he has written two novels.

It was after several hundred requests had been received for copies of *Apparel Arts* that the Smarts decided to get out a quarterly for men which would have the same fashion appeal, and amusement value besides. They made

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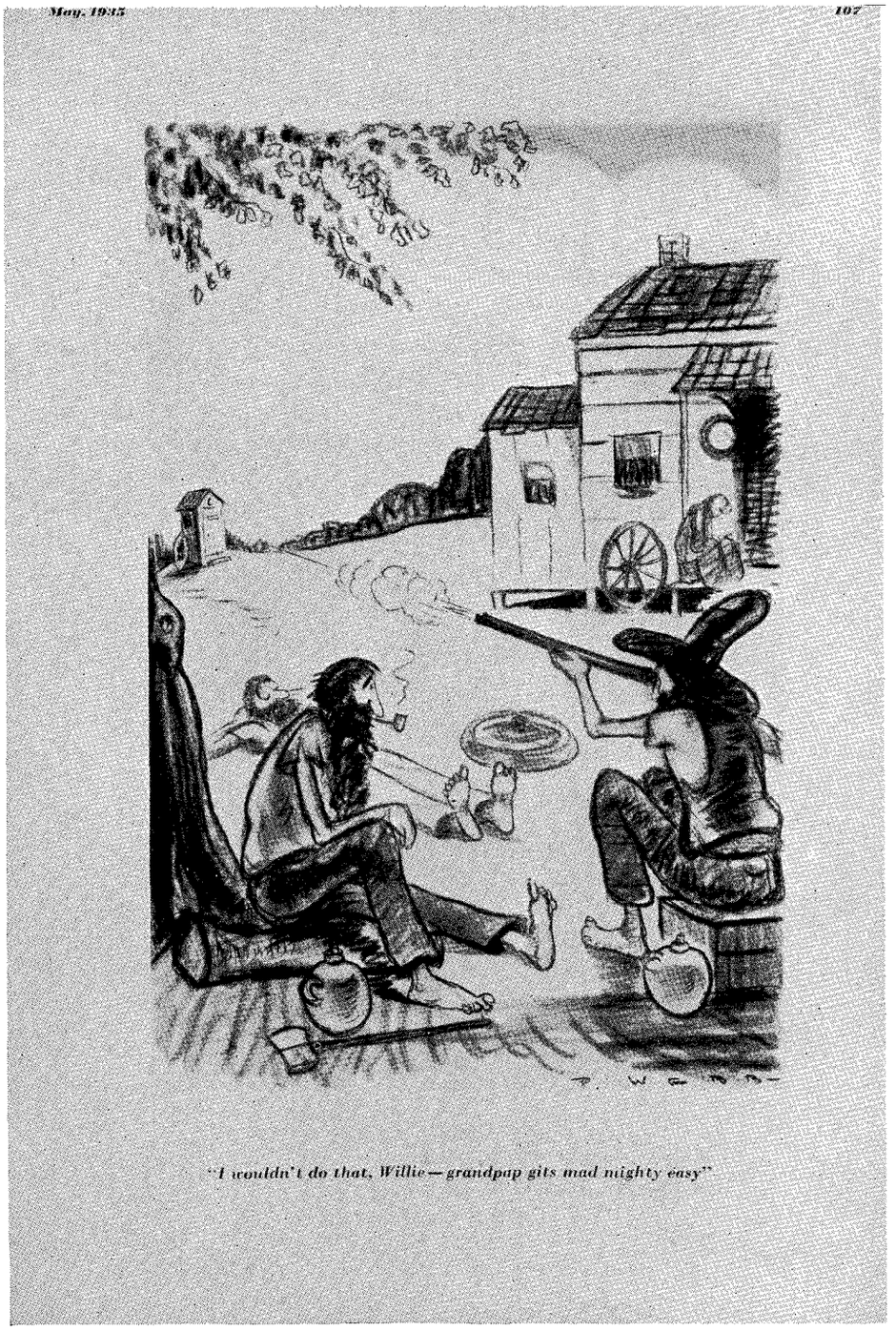

"I wouldn't do that, Willie—grandpap gits mad mighty easy"

Gingrich the editor, although Dave Smart takes a very active part in getting out each issue. Nobody, including Gingrich, had a real idea of what the magazine would be. They didn't have any vast resources, either. But they used their own money. A printer willing to take a chance on future profits gave them a low contract and they went ahead with a brazen courage which ignored the depression.

Even a name for the new book was lacking. In desperation, the brothers copyrighted half a dozen names. One day they were seated at a table in Chicago, their faces reflecting the gloom that only a name-choosing session can cause. A stenographer brought a letter which had just arrived for Gingrich. "Arnold Gingrich, Esq." was the Anglophile salutation. Dave glanced at it idly and then straightened up.

"Esquire!" he shouted. "That's our title!"

It was a first-rate choice. Its promotional possibilities were excellent. Holding forth the original conception that *Esquire* was to provide for the New Leisure offered by the New Deal, the management told the advertising fraternity as the first issue appeared:

". . . It is, as its name implies, a magazine for men. To analyze its name more closely, 'Esquire' means, in the encyclopedia and dictionary sense, that class just below knighthood—the cream of that great middle class between the nobility and the peasantry. In a market sense, however, 'Esquire' simply means Mister—the man of the middle class. Once it was the fashion to call him Babbitt, and to think of him as a wheelhorse with no interests outside of business. That's very outmoded thinking, however. For today he represents the New Leisure Class. . . ."

The notion about whooping up the New Leisure theme did not last very long. Smart was soon disclaiming that *Esquire* had any editorial policy at all. A publisher whom he knew expressed doubt as to the wisdom of this.

"Your magazines have strong policies," Smart observed. "How are they doing?"

"They're in the red."

"Well, we'll get along without one for the present."

This wasn't strictly true. The policy of *Esquire,* quite apart from its portrayals of undressed ladies, was well formed and exact. It was to present a maximum number of big names as writers, for the people who bought *Anthony Adverse* because it had so many pages. By the end of the first year their promotional material was emphasizing size and quantity:

". . . The keystone of 'Esquire's' formula as we have said, is a 'new measure of magazine money's worth.' We have given, in sheer quantity alone, from two to three times the normal expectancy in a monthly magazine's editorial offerings. . . ."

On the other hand, *Esquire* never offered itself as a magazine with a Message. It was, said another broadside to the trade, "as useless as cigarettes or liquor. But the funny thing about these admitted luxuries . . . is that people go right on buying them. . . ."

At the same time Dave Smart shrewdly pointed to some of the defects in the magazine. He was dissatisfied, he said, with the photographs thus far printed—and this was not, he carefully explained, because *Esquire* had not tried.

". . . So far the photograph situation . . . could be quickly summarized by saying that when better photographs are made, Condé Nast will probably print them. So far we have shown a peculiar genius for scaring them away. . . ."

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"I had it enlarged from a small painting."

IV

But good photographs, as Mr. Smart neglected to mention, cost a lot of money. And whatever editorial policies *Esquire* may or may not have, spending much money for what it prints is not among them. Its management discovered at the start, or already knew, that the nation's most distinguished writers could, under certain circumstances, be bought for low fees. The first of these circumstances is that no competitor is bidding up the price of the particular type of story or article. The second is that the magazine is willing to print virtually anything that a famous writer offers. *Esquire* did more than merely wait for such contributions. During the summer of 1933, when the first issue was being planned, the editors of the mass magazines such as *Cosmopolitan* were asked whether, in their files, they had famous-name material which had not, for one reason or another, been used. Every editor has at least one such story which, after purchase, seems too daring or somehow contrary to policy. So *Esquire* was able to pick up manuscripts for a few hundred dollars which had originally cost from $1000 to $5000 each.

All in all, the editorial content of *Esquire* probably averages less than $200 a story against five times that sum for the big magazines. And why not, if they can buy at such prices? I am confident that Bruce Henry's specimen of *belles lettres* in last December's issue—"Women Are Like Gongs"—would have been published by no other editor in this country. It was an amusing piece, too. Mr. Henry held forth on why women, like gongs, were no good unless beaten, and he described the best methods of spanking and other chastisements. His final sentence was: "But if *my* wife reads this, I'm kidding." Many other samples could be cited. Certainly Miss Norden's "Latins Are Lousy Lovers," a piece with harsh reflections upon the masculine talents of our Latin cousins, would have been ducked by most other publications.

Esquire's artists, too, are more or less at the mercy of this non-competitive market, although George Petty and E. Simms Campbell, having been seduced by advertising agencies, undoubtedly get excellent prices. The average is amazingly low, as it was for the same type of thing in *Ballyhoo*. *Esquire* has forty or more cartoons per issue. I would imagine that the average top price is $75 and the average low is about $40. That isn't much to pay, per page, for editorial material, particularly when you have a circulation of almost 700,000 at fifty cents retail and are getting $2800 a page for your advertising. *The New Yorker* pays around $250 for a full-page black-and-white drawing.

Last Christmas, in contrast to its parsimony in contribution payments, *Esquire* astonished its writers and artists by donning a Santa Claus costume. They received, on the eve of that glad season, a small package from Chicago. In the package were a clip-watch and also, most remarkable of all, five crisp, new, one-dollar bills. A message expressed the belief that *Esquire* would, in the year ahead, continue to shower its talent with gold.

Editorial economies have played but a microscopic part in the large earnings of the company now called Esquire-Coronet, Inc. In 1935 the books showed a profit of $115,802.82, astonishing for the second year of any publication. The total had been trebled by the end of 1936, and last year $1,100,558.54 was earned. *Esquire's* advertising revenue rose from $1,009,841.97 in 1935 to a staggering $3,060,641.59 last year. Meanwhile, *Coronet,*

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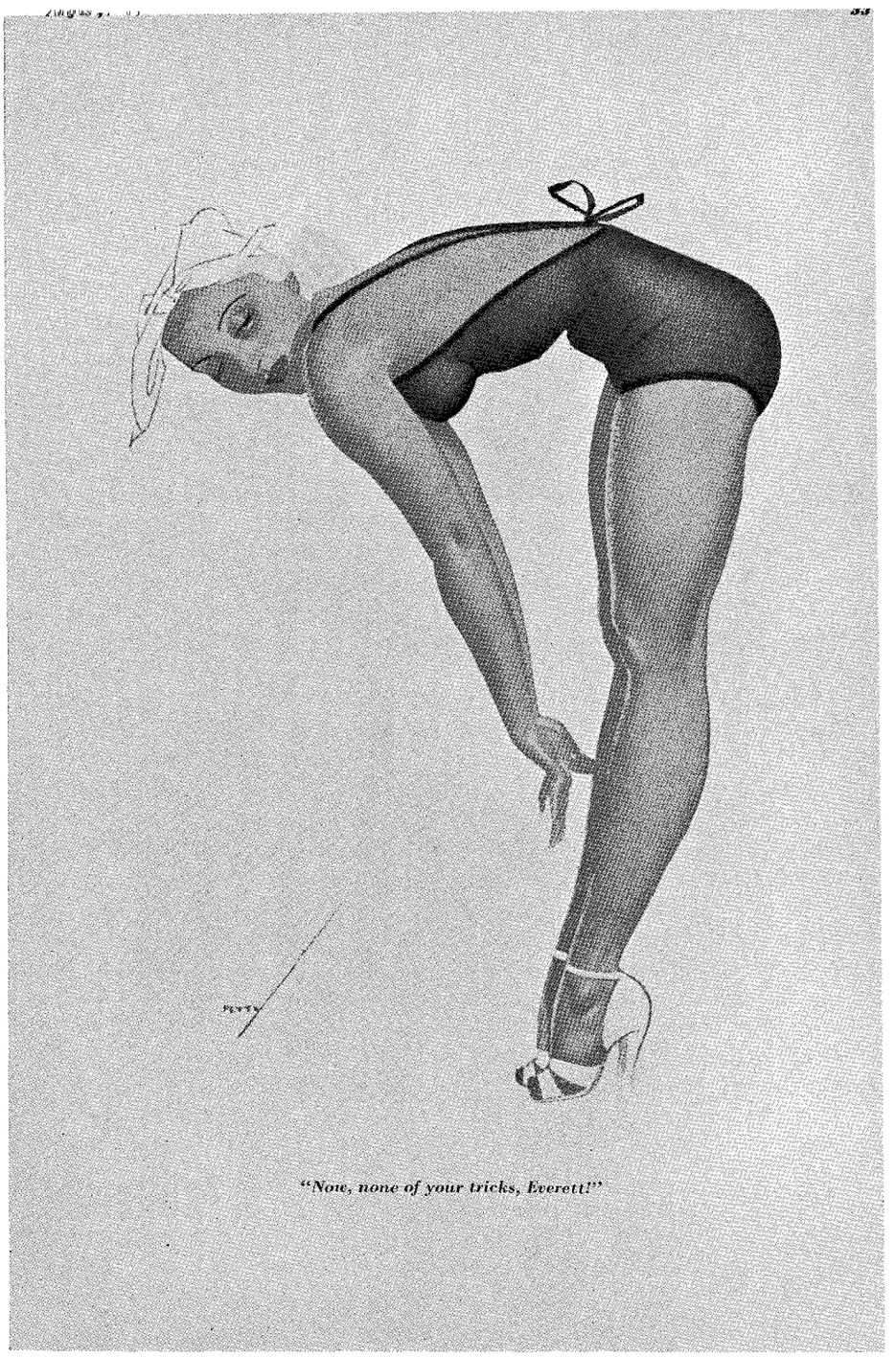
a de luxe pocket-size magazine which does not carry advertising, had been started. The Smarts are now preparing to publish a semiweekly called *Ken* which will be, Dave insists, a totally new kind of current-events publication. It is clear that the boys like to spend money as well as to make it. Their art quarterly, *Verve,* also appeared last fall. It is truly gorgeous and sells for $2.50.

All these activities in the publishing field gave rise to a story which may be apocryphal. The legend is that an advertising buyer called on Dave Smart in Chicago just as the first number of *Coronet* arrived from the printer. Smart pointed to it.

"I'm going to put the *Reader's Digest* out of the running this year," he is supposed to have said. "Next year I'm going after *Time.*"

But *Coronet* hasn't hurt the *Digest* very much, and Smart will have quite a battle licking Henry Robinson Luce's news magazine.

The rapid increase in *Esquire's* circulation was a little embarrassing. The experts told Smart that 25,000 was the most he could hope for in newsstand sales, and he readily agreed with them. But the first monthly issue sold 60,000 on the stands, and by the end of the first year the total was 136,000. Subscriptions were pouring in, too, and the net-paid circulation by the end of 1934 was 184,000. By the next year's close it was 330,000. The astounding growth kept up through 1936. The sale of the December, 1937, issue was 650,000. All this was a little embarrassing. Advertising rates could not be increased fast enough. Lucky space buyers received large bonuses. On the other hand, a number of advertisers refused to come in at all, on the ground that it couldn't last. Today, as might be supposed, *Esquire's* largest advertising classification is men's clothing. Next come wines and liquors, and after them drugs, toilet articles, and smoking materials.



"Now, none of your tricks, Everett!"

Esquire is a magazine for city slickers, but this doesn't mean that it isn't read in rural places by the potential men about town who can afford fifty cents a month. What really happened was that it was first read in the cities, and that distribution spread, to a degree, to the hinterlands. Yet only 12,000 copies, an investigation disclosed, were sold of its February, 1937, issue in towns between 1000 and 2000, while 36.73 per cent of its total went to readers in cities of 500,000 population and over. Avowedly a magazine for men, *Esquire* is nonetheless read, covertly or openly, by a good many women. The number, according to another of those surveys with which publishers are always having fun, is four for every five families which take the magazine. Why a girl should get fun out of looking at *Esquire* art is one of those mysteries for the Freudians to chew on. Anyway, they do. Advertising addressed to them has already appeared in its pages. Pretty soon, stockings, girdles, and lingerie will also be there, and Dave Smart will have to revise his claim that the company selling masculine articles buys no waste circulation in *Esquire.*

The financial status of *Esquire* readers, in case you care, can be scientifically shown to be high. It is declared that 10 per cent earn over $5000 a year and that 80 per cent make from $2000 to $5000 or more. Of greater interest is the management's own picture of the typical *Esquire* reader, his tastes, mannerisms, and peculiarities. A frank admission is made that he has his faults, that "there are things to be said both for and against him." But here he is, looking for all the world as though one of the characters in an *Esquire* (*continued on page* 88)

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JOHN HAMILTON

MRS. ROOSEVELT

HERBERT HOOVER

DOROTHY THOMPSON

GLENN FRANK

One of these was named chairman of a board to draft a new program for the Republican Party (*See question* 36)

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

Is there a blizzard howling at your windows? Or are you lazily sipping a tall drink in the shade of a palm tree? It doesn't really matter, because weather conditions won't help you in boosting your S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). So put in another chunk of coal or ice—as the case may be—discover how well you are keeping up with the world.

I. How Much Do You Know?

To determine your S.Q. on this section of the Quiz, read each question and the possible answers following, then check the answer you think is correct. After you have completed all fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error you made. (15 questions missed means 30 points deducted from 100, or a score of 70—which is passing on this Quiz.)

(*Correct answers on page* 99)

1. The Bessemer process is a process generally associated with the:

refining of oil — *weaving of cotton*
making of steel — *spinning of rayon*

2. A casserole is ordinarily used:

as a short, sheer negligée for women
for baking food in an oven
as a frame for needlework or knitting

3. If the college song beginning "Far above Cayuga's waters—" brings a tear to your eye, then you are probably a graduate of:

Sing Sing — *Yale* — *Illinois* — *Ohio*
Harvard — *Amherst* — *Cornell* — *Princeton*

4. One of these names was not headlined on American sport pages during 1937:

Ralph Guldahl — *Clint Frank* — *Opie Read*
Ralph Greenleaf — *Robin Lee* — *Bob Feller*

5. The U. S. gunboat, *Panay*, was bombed and sunk by the Japanese on the . . . River:

Whangpoo — *Honan* — *Yangtze* — *Yuen*
Yum Yum — *Katt Gott Tung* — *Shensi*

6. If polygamy is the state of having more than one wife at a time, then . . . is the possession by a woman of more than one husband at a time:

poltroonery — *polygyny* — *polymorphy*
polypody — *polytheism* — *polyandry*

7. Among the contemporary American painters who receive the most publicity, one of these names doesn't belong:

John Steuart Curry — *Thomas Hart Benton*
Aaron Bohrod — *Joe Jones* — *Charles Boyer*

8. Prominent in the National Association of Manufacturers is Colby Mitchell Chester, who in business life is:

President of Socony-Vacuum
Chairman of General Foods
President of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

9. You've heard of the Dail Eireann and probably are just a little uncertain as to which one of these it is:

an ancient Irish rhymed legend
the old Welsh form of worship
the exalted head of the Lamist monks
the Irish State Chamber of Deputies

10. The painful and often fatal affliction which divers get by ascending to the surface too quickly is known as:

sinusitis — *the bends* — *love*
appendectomy — *the shakes* — *acidosis*

11. Thanks to hard work, the special session of Congress last fall managed to pass all but one of these bills:

wage, hour regulation
$12,000 for pages' wages
$225,000 for members' traveling expenses
extension of time limit for building bridge over Tennessee River

12. That knoblike protuberance on the front of a saddle is known as the:

stirrup — *girth* — *pommel* — *cantle*
cinch — *wither* — *jockey* — *skirt*

13. If you were goal tender on a hockey team, there would be . . . others besides you on the ice in a game:

six — *five* — *ten* — *eleven* — *nine*

14. One of these sentences describes the flag of Switzerland:

a white cross on a blue background
a white cross on a red background
three green, white, and yellow stripes
a bathing girl against a red background

15. Della Robbia was a Renaissance artist famed chiefly today for his:

nudes — *Holy Suppers* — *landscapes*
terra-cotta reliefs — *Holy Familys*

16. Our new ambassador to England, Joseph P. Kennedy, differs from most of his predecessors because he:

is a millionaire — *has nine children*
wears horn-rimmed spectacles — *can read*

17. The famous Mt. Hoevenberg bobsled run is located near:

St. Moritz, Switzerland — *Lake Placid, N. Y.*
Montreal, Quebec — *Sun Valley, Idaho*

18. Normally a machete is used for:

drilling tooth cavities for fillings
stirring an Old-fashioned cocktail
cutting trails in tropical jungles

19. If the equatorial circumference of the earth is approximately 25,000 miles, then the equatorial diameter is approximately . . . miles:

5000 — *10,000* — *8000* — *20,000* — *15,000*

20. The man who pulled that aching molar of the President's was:

Ex-President Hoover — *Admiral Yarnell*
Commander Yando — *Lieutenant Sellers*

21. Bourbon whiskey is so named because:

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it originally came from Bourbon County, Ky.
it came from the Bourbon region in France
it is made from a rye grain named that the Spanish royal family is wild about it

22. Federal prohibition in the U. S. lasted closest to one of these terms:
16 years *10 years* *12 years* *14 years*

23. An equerry is:
a small man-propelled ferry
a rare and delicious tropical fruit
an officer of a noble in charge of horses
an Australian marsupial with long ears

24. If you were introduced to the President of the United States, you would, to be correct, address him as:
"Pal" "Your Honor" "Mr. Roosevelt" "Mr. President" "Your Excellency" "Sir"

25. A best-selling book of recent months, entitled *You Have Seen Their Faces,* deals with:
the growth of the Fascist movement here
the plight of the Southern sharecropper
the world's dictators and their rise

26. A posthumous child is one which is:
adopted *born after the mother's death*
born after the father's death *anemic*

27. Catgut is usually made from:
broken-down cats *cowhide* *calfskin*
sheep intestines *violin strings*

28. If you were sleeping in the same room with Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, and he started talking in his sleep, it is likely he would say:
something about Japanese silk
something against big business
something for a return to Republicanism

29. A good synonym for the word *enervate* is:
invigorate *enfeeble* *strengthen*
stimulate *criticize* *postulate*

30. Charles Wakefield Cadman is:
a well-known U. S. poet *an Indian*
a famous U. S. music composer *a painter*

31. In U. S. air-line advertising, it is considered good ethics not to mention one of these subjects:
good-looking hostesses *comfort of seats*
speed of plane *power of motors*
safety of one route compared with another

32. One of these mountain ranges differs from other U. S. ranges because it runs east and west:
Rocky Mountains *Sierra Nevadas*
Appalachians *Uintas* *Green Mountains*

33. The U. S. entered the World War twenty-one years ago come:
October *April* *July* *August*

34. Handwriting or penmanship in general is known as:
campanology *cartography* *doodlegraphy*
ichnography *calligraphy* *odontology*

35. One of the lowest spots on the earth's surface is the Libyan Desert, and it is located in:
Arabia *northern Africa* *India*
Australia *China* *Persia* *Turkey*

36. The person chosen by the Republicans as chairman of a board to draft a new program for the party was:
John Hamilton *Dorothy Thompson*
Glenn Frank *Mrs. Roosevelt*
Herbert Hoover

37. It has been estimated that the Federal, State, and local taxes for 1938 will amount to $13,500,000,000 or . . . of the national income:
50% *10%* *80%* *20%* *5%*

38. The Rosetta Stone is the:
famous diamond in the English crown
ruby given Queen Victoria by Otto IX
piece of basalt which gave the first clue toward deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics

39. The author of *Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures* was:
Mary Baker Eddy *Joshua* *Dr. Buchman*
Aimee Semple McPherson *Father Divine*
George Bernard Shaw *Father Coughlin*

40. That company name which you have seen for years on mail chutes in hotels, apartments, and office buildings is:
Hammer *Farley* *Cutler* *Corning*
Budd *Park & Tilford* *H. W. Wilson*

41. Ford Frick is:
a new movie tenor
a promising new novelist
President of the National League
hockey star of the Detroit Red Wings

42. One of these regions is not British:
Hong Kong *Ceylon* *Gibraltar*
Trinidad *Madagascar* *Nigeria*

43. The Princeton Triangle Club is nationally famous for its:
drinking capacity *musical shows*
debating teams *charity work*

44. One of these isn't the name of a part of your eye:
cornea *iris* *cornucopia* *conjunctiva*

45. Everyone knows the *Normandie* and *Queen Mary* are the world's largest liners, but the third largest is the:
Rex *Berengaria* *Bremen* *Europa*
Leviathan *Conte di Savoia* *Roma*

46. If you were a Thompson Trophy winner you would be a:
leading U. S. speed skater *artist*
darn good archer *first-class aviator*

47. Please select the one you think is the correct pronunciation of ignominy:
igg-NOM-in-nee *IGG-no-mini*
ig-nom-i-NEE

48. John Steinbeck wrote a successful novel last year which also became a successful play, and its title was:
Amphitryon 38 *The Cradle Will Rock*
In Dubious Battle *Brother Rat*
Of Mice and Men *Susan and God*

49. You'd be disappointed if you bought one of these, expecting to get a picture magazine:
Life *Pic* *Foto* *Look* *Commentator*

50. Many Catholics feel that the United States deserves more, but as yet there are only . . . cardinals here:
two *four* *eight* *ten* *twelve*

H. ALLAN CLAY

II. How Well Do You Read?

This section of the Quiz tests your knowledge of words and people. If you understand the meaning of the words, of their meaning when modified or qualified by other words, you should have no trouble in selecting the correct answer. The answer is *not* what you would do in the situation described, or what you think the subject should do. It is what the person described *would* do.

SCORING: Deduct 10 points for each question you answer incorrectly. If you miss 3, your score will be 70, which is passing. (*Correct answers on page* 99)

EXAMPLE: Here is a sample question with the answer worked out. The same deductive method will solve the other questions.

Self-indulgent, unambitious John, social but shortsighted, inheriting two hundred dollars a month, likes most of all his ten hours' sleep. He is offered several jobs. Would John:

☐ *Accept Uncle John's one hundred a week with seven A.M. to seven P.M. office hours?* [*No. Self-indulgent and wants to sleep*]
☐ *Accept twenty dollars a week for work from seven to four with rapid promotion certain?* [*No. Shortsighted and wants to sleep*]
☐ *Take no job at all?* [*No. Social, can use more than two hundred a month*]
☐ *Accept work from six P.M. to midnight at fifty dollars a week?* [*No. Self-indulgent. Interferes with social interests*]
☐ *Accept Uncle Joe's twenty dollars a week for work in the afternoons?* [*Yes. Perfect for extra money*]

From here on, you are on your own.

1. During a small club banquet, Attorney Bellows, husky and dignified, is interrupted early in a truculent speech for his cause by a diminutive opponent whom he recognizes as a refractory, egregious heckler. An ardent, decisive, but intolerant crusader, would Attorney Bellows:

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- ☐ *Immediately rebuke the heckler?*
- ☐ *Subdue the tone of the balance of his speech?*
- ☐ *Forcefully eject the heckler?*
- ☑ *Ignore the interruption entirely?*
- ☐ *Ask the chairman to have the heckler removed for the balance of the speech?*

2. Socialite reporter Grace Laury, famous for spicily intimate notes, writes: "Miss Elaine Brale, our popular 'Lissome Lassie,' noticeably stoutening latterly, is resting at Sunrise Sanatorium preparatory to an anticipated effective weight-reducing (she hopes) son." Her paper prints it. Grace meant "soon," not "son." Elaine sues Grace for libel. Prosperous Attorney Dimberly, Grace's unimaginative fiancé, of the didactic school in which academic dogma alone rules life, handles the case. Would Dimberly:

- ☐ *Settle for as little as possible, personally pay the damages?*
- ☐ *Argue that the paper was at fault for careless proofreading?*
- ☐ *Argue that the error was obviously unintentional and a printed retraction sufficient cure?*
- ☐ *Try the case, hoping to win by eloquent argument?*
- ☐ *Bring countersuit for damaging Grace's professional reputation?*

3. Hiram Clanton and his four brothers are raised in an atmosphere of esthetic culture reflecting the taste of their adored, tactful mother. Hiram, studiously farming, independent and judicious, marries Lucy, the locally educated, beautiful daughter of a "dirt farmer." Lucy, thrilled at managing their budget, devotes every saving to filling their home, to her boundless delight, with hideous mail-order furnishings. Would Hiram:

- ☐ *Quarrel with Lucy by objecting to her taste?*
- ☐ *Make Lucy spend their savings in a correspondence course in interior decoration?*
- ☐ *Take over control of the budget himself?*
- ☐ *Have his mother visit him and Lucy for three months?*
- ☐ *Send Lucy to visit his mother for three months?*

4. To famous Dr. Blandell, golf by himself is the only relief from a research scientist's mental weariness, its attendant irascibility, his own unsocial, industrious nature. Moving to a suburb where there is only one golf course, he finds the locker room humming with risqué stories, the grill noisy with adolescent close harmonies, the terrace crowded with adulating women. He loathes anything risqué, hates close harmony, abhors adulation. Would Dr. Blandell:

- ☐ *File complaints with the complaisant board of governors?*
- ☐ *Move to another suburb?*
- ☐ *Initiate a movement for the nomination of older conservatives for the next board of governors?*
- ☐ *Give up golf?*
- ☐ *In desperation go through the motions of joining in the revelry, submit to the adulation of the women?*

5. Bent on social leadership, Mrs. Warpley constantly entertains with teas, bridge, and luncheons. Through shrewd ability for selfish scheming, she develops Jennie, unbelievably capable housemaid-cook, to a point where Mrs. Warpley has nothing to do but read sex novels, revert to inherent laziness. Mrs. Warpley, alarmed at a sudden deterioration in Jennie's work, attributes it to a serious love affair with the grocer's new deliveryman. Would Mrs. Warpley:

- ☐ *Pay no attention?*
- ☐ *Spend hours warning Jennie of the misery of marriage on a doubtful income?*
- ☐ *Order the grocer to change his deliveryman or lose her trade?*
- ☐ *Urge Jennie and the boy to marry, keep them both in her service?*
- ☐ *Hire and train another girl?*

6. Billy Gordon, fired by the *Daily Herald* for bungling, still craves a journalistic career. Slowly his one-track mind meticulously absorbs lessons in a standardized method of selling vacuum cleaners, pending another journalistic job. Stubbornly demonstrating cleaners in the hall of an infamous politician's home, he looks in the living room, by ritual his next objective, sees the politician running a roulette wheel for five customers. Would Billy:

- ☐ *Cut the demonstration short, rush the news to the Herald, seek reinstatement?*
- ☐ *Carry on as per schedule, proceeding doggedly to the living room?*
- ☐ *Keep on, but go into the dining room?*
- ☐ *Forget his mission as the politician's flirtatious wife finesses him out of the house?*
- ☐ *Apologize for intruding and make a date to call again?*

7. Editor Jones, after his hard-boiled search for good fiction has strained his fertile patience, finds relief in the prattle of his pretty, shallow wife—until she turns to writing fatuous novelettes. His frankly elucidated refusal to print them increases her insistence. Finally she hysterically asserts her conviction that her work is refused only to make room for stories by the magazine's dashing, headlined authoress. Would Editor Jones:

- ☐ *Threaten separation if his wife mentions her stories again?*
- ☐ *Surrender, publish the stories in his magazine?*
- ☐ *Tell his wife his magazine has purchased enough fiction for three years to come?*
- ☐ *With overwork, rewrite the stories himself, publish them, tell his wife the change is a regular editorial proceeding?*
- ☐ *Get his wife a literary agent, bribe him to string her along?*

8. Angus McClaen, rampant socialist by choice, obstreperous and ingenious by nature, is Class President Jim Tolley's only serious competitor for a scholarship in Luscrew University. Angus could use the scholarship; Jim actually needs it. Angus, the boisterous, revered leader, cannily weighs the situation. Tempted by altruism, unconsciously atavistic, would Angus:

- ☐ *Abandon the competition and let Jim win?*
- ☐ *Stay in the competition and win if possible?*
- ☐ *Drop down a class, count on winning next year?*
- ☐ *Foment a students' strike, in an effort to establish two scholarships?*
- ☐ *Organize a hazing of Jim calculated to break him down?*

9. Eleanor's cold beauty vindicates the past conquests she loves to dwell upon when, inordinately craving adulation, she deals out the advice on romance she is famous for offering to younger friends. A companionship with willful Jane develops on a cruise where they are both excitedly attracted by Roderick, a handsome cruise officer. Unaware of Eleanor's feelings, Jane asks her advice. Would Eleanor:

- ☐ *Give continued advice until Jane captures Roderick?*
- ☐ *Try to give bad advice, attempt to capture Roderick herself?*
- ☐ *Refuse advice to Jane?*
- ☐ *Pick a quarrel with Jane so as to be free to act as she chooses?*
- ☐ *Feign illness, incapability to advise or think, try to arouse Roderick's sympathetic attention?*

10. By long habit, muddling Tristram Poudex bursts forth, ponderously important, to take up the civic cause. His ruddy countenance turns apoplectic purple as he clutches his newspaper. The North Billings special committee—a ward heeler, the president of "The New Youth," and a young woman "realist"—have turned down two masterly designs in the competition for the courthouse mural and accepted a modernistic horror. Would Tristram:

- ☐ *Publish in the paper a scathing denunciation of the mayor who appointed the committee?*
- ☐ *Urge the local Rotary and kindred organizations to utter violent protests?*
- ☐ *Obtain a taxpayers' injunction restraining the committee on the grounds that it is incompetent to pass on art?*
- ☐ *Bustle about getting signatures to a warranted but insulting letter to the mayor?*
- ☐ *Arrange a series of meetings at which all can speak as experts on art?*

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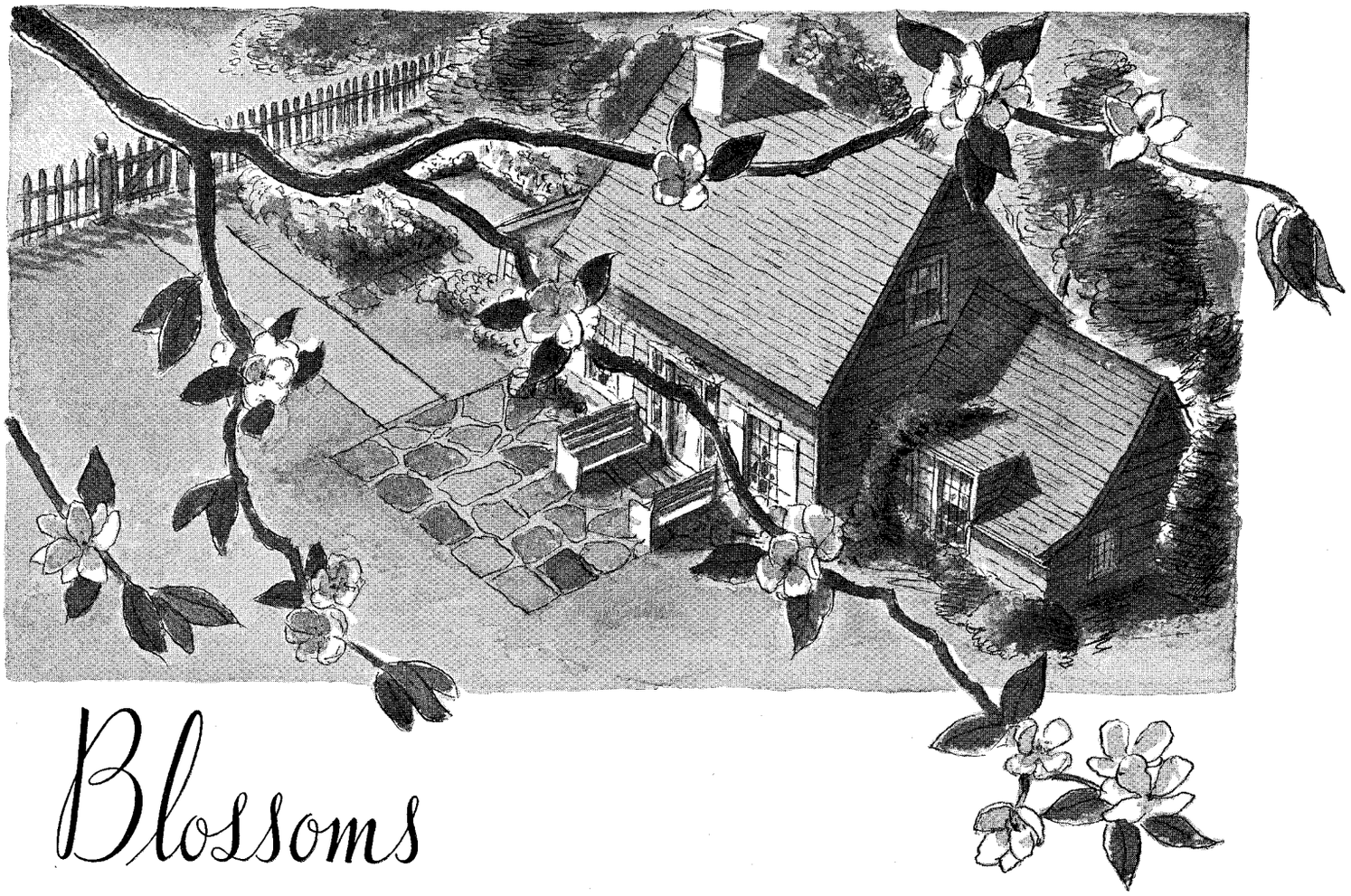

Blossoms For My Bride . . . BENEDICT THIELEN

As they turned off the main highway onto the narrow country road, he smiled at her and said, "Just about one minute and we'll be there."

"Is that it over there?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"It's much nicer than that one. It's really old. And there's something else, too: a special effect just for you." They came around a bend in the road. "There!"

She saw the high, blossom-covered apple tree and the old house beneath it. For a few moments she was silent, then she said, "I'd almost forgotten there were things like this in the world, Lewis."

"That was what we . . . that was the thing about the place that got me as soon as I saw it. I hardly noticed the house at first."

She looked down from the tree to the house.

"You should have seen it when we got it," he said. "It was a terrible wreck."

"It looks perfect now, though," she said.

"You'll make it perfect, darling." He stopped the car by the side of the house and took her hand in his. "And now we'll be together all the time and we'll be very happy, won't we?"

She nodded her head.

"It's been so long," he said. "But there was nothing to be done about it." He leaned forward to look into her face. "Was there?"

"No," she said slowly. "No, there wasn't."

"That's just it." He let go her hand and opened the door of the car for her. "You get out here, and I'll put the car up. I'll be right back."

She stood there alone, looking at the closed door of the house, then she walked away from it toward the blossoming apple tree and the flower garden just beyond. In the late spring sunlight each flower glowed as though lighted from within, and from time to time, a blossom drifted slowly down from the apple tree onto the fresh light green of the new grass. The warm evening air was unstirred by any breeze, and silent except for an occasional distant bird-note.

"Well," he said as he came back, "how's this? Peaceful?"

"It's so quiet, I can hardly get used to it."

"Oh, you'll get used to it after a while. At first it almost got on my nerves, it was so quiet, but now I can't stand the city any more."

"It must be hard when you go back to it from a place like this."

"We won't go back to it," he said. "Ever."

"Ever?" she said, smiling up at him.

"No. Why should we?"

She did not answer immediately, and he laughed and shook his head.

"I never liked working any more than you did. You didn't really like it, did you?"

"No," she said, "I don't suppose I really did. Most women don't. They pretend to, but what they really want is a home and . . ."

"Of course." He looked suddenly serious. "I felt badly about your working, Daisy. All that time while we couldn't be together."

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"Well, it filled up the time," she said.

"Yes, but I didn't like it. But then after I lost my job I didn't have anything, either." He paused, and shook his head. "It was a bad situation."

"Yes."

"But you know how impossible it was to find jobs then and . . . Of course I would have gone on hunting for a job, but with her ill all the time, why I was really more use to her here than I would have been with a job and being away all day. It wasn't the money I might earn that mattered."

She said nothing, looking out at the flowers and the low hills beyond.

"But everything's all right now, isn't it?" he said, touching her hand.

She nodded her head.

"Isn't it?" he repeated.

"Yes . . . certainly."

"You know that if she had been well I would have got a divorce, don't you?" He stopped and put both hands on her shoulders. "Come on, let's look at the house—our house."

"But show me the garden first," she said. "It's so lovely. I had no idea you had a garden like this."

"It's nice, isn't it?" he said, looking around at the flowers. "And you know it's really quite a proposition, even a small one. There's much more to it than you realize."

"I'm sure there must be."

"Yes, you have no idea of the amount of planning and thought that goes into a garden like this. First you make a plan for the layout, where you want the different flowers to go, and then you have to figure out which flowers will grow when, so you'll have the right colors together at the right time, and then . . ."

"I didn't realize it was as complicated as all that," she said.

"No, that's it. I didn't either."

"Did you do all that: planning it that way and everything?"

"No," he said, "I can't claim any credit for that part of it—the creative part. Where I came in was later on, with the unskilled labor."

She nodded her head and for a time they stood there, looking at the flowers, without speaking. Then he said, "You'll love working in it, I know. And it's fine exercise." He touched his waist with his hand. "Excellent for the mature figure."

He took her hand and they walked over to the edge of the first flower beds.

"I really don't know anything about flowers," she said.

"You'll learn. I'll teach you." He pointed down. "Now those are what are generally known as pansies."

They both laughed and she pointed farther over and said, "And those are tulips."

"Very rare. And this . . ." He pointed at her. "This is the rarest of all. This is a daisy."

"Oh, that name," she said, frowning.

"It's a lovely name. The sweetest flower of all the field. Isn't there something in Shakespeare about the sweetest flower of all the field?"

"Why . . ."

"It's in *Romeo and Juliet,* isn't it? How does it go again?"

"You mean: 'Death lies on her like an untimely frost . . .'"

"Oh, yes. Yes, that's it." He glanced around the garden, then gave a short laugh. "Not very cheerful . . . or appropriate. Well, shall we go in now? I'm really awfully anxious for you to see the house."

"Yes, I'm anxious to see it too," she said. "But first let's sit down over there on that bench, shall we? Just for a minute? I want to look up at the apple blossoms."

They went over and sat down on the bench by the apple tree and leaned back, looking up through the white, thick-clustered blossoms, broken here and there with fragments of glowing sky.

Presently he said, "I can still hardly believe that we're really together at last, that we can see each other whenever we want and . . . I never liked the sort of . . . well, secret way we used to have to meet."

"No." She turned and looked at him and then away. "Do you think she . . . she ever knew about it? About us?"

He shook his head.

"Once I thought perhaps she might, but . . ."

"When?"

"Well, just about when you and I had decided that I was to get a divorce. I had a kind of feeling that perhaps she knew about us. You know, the way you sometimes have a feeling like that, without any special reason for it. But I guess I must have been wrong because she never said a word about it, and then when I lost my job and she became ill, just around the same time, why . . ."

"I never felt right about it. I felt like such a . . . such a sort of liar, seeing you that way."

He leaned down and kissed her cheek.

"You're such a Puritan, Daisy."

She took out her handkerchief and blew her nose.

"Dearest, please," he said, drawing her closer to him. "Don't. I can't stand it."

"I'm not crying," she said.

"I didn't say you were," he said. "But now I know you are."

"If only we hadn't had to go on so long that way . . ."

"But we always agreed, didn't we, that we couldn't have done anything else with things as they were? I couldn't leave her when she was ill, and then besides I didn't have any money of my own. If it hadn't been for her . . ."

"And even now if it wasn't for her . . ."

"I feel the same way as you do, you know that," he said. "But what can we do about it? We can't just throw the money away, can we? Just because it used to be hers?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, and blew her nose again.

"After all, we deserve a little happiness together, don't we? We haven't had such a wonderful time, so far."

"No, but it's still her money and . . ."

"Listen, Daisy, she'd want me to be happy. She'd be glad if I was happy. I took care of her when she was ill and . . ."

"I know, I know." She put her arm through his and drew closer to him. "I'm such a fool, Lewis. I don't want to spoil everything. Make me shut up."

He got up and held out his hands and pulled her to her feet from the bench. They took a few steps toward the house. Then she stopped and bent down to look at some flowers that were growing at the foot of the tree. She asked him what they were.

"Those? Those are particularly fine specimens of *Solanum dulcamara.*"

"Dear me," she said, "how impressive! Do you know all the scientific names for flowers?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"Well, can't you explain in simple language?" she said.

"Generally known as Bittersweet."

"Bittersweet? I never saw bittersweet that looked like that."

"I know," he said. "You're thinking of those red and yellow berries that they hang up in a house, aren't you? Well, strictly speaking that's not bittersweet. That's false bittersweet."

"What's the Latin name for that?" she asked him, smiling.

"I don't remember. But it's a different family. This is a member of the nightshade family."

"My, that sounds sinister."

"It is. Very." He motioned toward the flowers. "They're poisonous. Or rather the berries will be, when they've grown."

"Goodness, imagine having poisonous flowers in your garden!"

"Well, we didn't plant them ourselves. They were growing there when we got the place. Anyway, I think they're pretty, don't you?"

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"Oh, yes, they're very pretty."

"Besides," he said, "the assumption is that people don't go around lunching off their flower gardens."

She laughed, looking down at the flowers.

"But there you are," he said. "We furnish all modern conveniences. If living with me gets to be too much for you, you can always End-It-All by coming out here and eating some of those."

She put her arm through his again, and they continued across the grass toward the house. When they came to the terrace they stopped.

"Isn't that a beautifully proportioned door?" he said. "We were awfully lucky about that. As I said, the place was a wreck when we bought it, but the door was practically perfect."

She nodded her head, looking at the closed door of the house.

"It's the real thing, isn't it?" he said. "But wait till you see the paneling inside."

She looked from the house to him, inquiringly.

"You'll see," he said. "But the thing we got such a kick out of was finding it there after scraping off layers and layers of plaster and wallpaper and paint and everything else you could imagine. We never suspected that there was anything like that underneath."

They stood looking at the house together for a few moments longer, then she said, "The terrace wasn't there, was it, when you bought it?"

"No." He tapped his foot on the stone and laughed. "I had an awful time with this. I laid the whole thing myself, but I didn't have a concrete foundation and the first time there was a frost all the stones heaved up and I had to do it over again the next spring."

"Did you do it all yourself?" she asked.

"Well, I did most of it."

She nodded her head, looking down at the stones.

"It must have been quite a job," she said.

"Yes, but it was fun."

"And all that paneling, too?"

"Yes, that took us almost a whole year." He grasped her hand. "Come and have a look at it. You'll love it."

He drew her with him toward the door, unlocked it, and pushed it partly open. He leaned forward a little, into the room.

"It's funny how cold a house gets when it's been shut up even just a short time like this," he said. "But it'll warm up as soon as we open the windows and let in some of this spring air."

He took her arm and started to step into the house, then suddenly stopped.

"I'm a hell of a groom," he said. "I almost forgot."

"Forgot what?"

"Why, forgot to carry you over the threshold. That's what's usually done, isn't it?"

He looked at her, smiling.

"Oh," she said. "Oh, that. Goodness!"

"Come on," he said, holding out his arms and bending down.

"Oh, I don't think . . ." she began.

"Why, of course," he said. "It's bad luck not to—or something. Isn't it?"

"I don't know," she said. "But you see . . . well, this isn't really my house. Is it?"

"Why, of course it's your house, Daisy," he said, straightening up again. "What do you think? It's as much yours as mine."

"Yes, it's yours, but . . ."

"Well, if it's mine then it's yours. Because I'm you and you're me. That's what we always used to say, wasn't it? 'I'm you and you're me,' we said."

"Yes, I know, but . . ."

He leaned down and picked her up in his arms. As he carried her across the threshold he kissed her. He stood there for a moment, holding her in his arms, then he put her down.

For a few seconds they said nothing, then he motioned toward the room and said, "Well, what do you think of it?"

She raised her eyes and looked slowly around her.

"It's so dark," she said. "I can't see much yet."

"How stupid of me! Just because I know the place so well I can practically see it in the dark is no reason why you should be able to."

He left her and began pulling aside the curtains and opening the windows, until finally the whole room was lighted, clear and definite before her. He came back and put his arm around her, while she continued looking slowly around the unfamiliar room.

"It's . . . it's beautiful," she said, finally.

"And it's yours, darling," he said, holding her closer to him. "All yours."

DRAWINGS BY NORMAN REEVES

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Confessions of an All-around Man

PARKE CUMMINGS

A FEW YEARS ago, if anybody had said to me: "You're one of the most remarkable men I ever saw—so amazingly versatile," I would have retorted: "Nonsense! Name a single thing that I can do well."

When I was in college, no howling mobs rose to their feet as I wove through the entire Yale-Princeton-Dartmouth team for the winning touchdown—because the only weaving I ever did was through the crowds and into my seat (usually behind the goal line). The best anybody ever conceded me was that I might make a good coxswain if I were forty pounds lighter, and had a better sense of direction.

It's all different now. It turns out that I have perfectly amazing natural ability, have been crammed full of it all my life, and never realized the fact. Neither, apparently, did my college coaches—who were on straight salary.

Take golf. A few years ago I joined our local club. I simply felt, of course, that I had to. All the people in our community play the game, and so do most of my business friends. In justice to myself, I must say I like the game.

Well, I'm going to be the club champion, or pretty close to it, anyhow. That's what Jock Ferguson says, and Jock is a mighty keen judge of golfers. It all happened when he saw me out on the course. I had scored sixty-two for eight holes and then picked up in disgust, but it is a lucky thing for me that Jock had been watching. When I returned, fuming, to the clubhouse, he cornered me and told me that if ever he saw a promising golfer, I was the person.

"The only trouble with you," he said, "is that you haven't been taught properly. I've seen golfers for over thirty years, and there aren't a dozen who have the natural swing that you have. Of course, I'll admit that your swing isn't sound in its present form, but it's so darn natural—so free and easy. And you've got a good eye." I remarked that, as for my eye, I could see the ball when it was teed up in front of me, but seldom after I had hit it.

"Come, come," he chided, "don't be running yourself down. Now tell me this: Have you ever taken any lessons?"

"A few when I was a youngster," I admitted. "An instructor would take a few of us out, and——"

"Ah!" he interrupted, "a group! You mean you never had *personal* instruction?"

"No," I said. "Do you think that makes so much difference?"

"Think it!" cut in Jock, "I know it!"

The upshot was that I started taking lessons the following week, and Jock was right on both counts. There's nothing like personal instruction, and I'm a natural golfer if there ever was one.

Of course, I don't mean that I can actually break a hundred *yet,* but, after all, I had time to take only three dozen lessons before winter set in. It's the way I responded to instruction that encourages me so much—always getting a little better each time I went out. A fellow who improves too fast is apt to burn himself out. No, if it weren't for Jock and his lessons—and they cost only five dollars apiece—I'd never have got anywhere at the game. As it is, with two or three more years of instruction, I'll be right up there with the top-notchers. Naturally, I am mightily encouraged. And Jock is too. Last fall he bought a new car—just to celebrate the progress I'm making.

But don't think that all this latent ability of mine is merely physical, that I'm just one of these natural athletes with nothing in the upper story. No, sir! I'm also a bridge player of surprising promise. Formerly I was the kind of player who usually got set three tricks after my partner put down his hand and remarked: "You can make it blindfolded."

That's all over. At least it *will* be over when Mrs. Manning finishes giving me her series of twenty-four lessons. She is the local bridge expert, and it was just by chance that I played with her one evening. That was the turning point in my bridge career. After playing two rubbers with me, Mrs. Manning revealed, to my great surprise, that I have an amazing card sense, an instinctive knack; of course, she admitted, my bidding wasn't any too sound, and I was ignorant of most of the common procedures in playing, but that was simply because I'd never had competent instruction.

Luckily, she pointed out, these defects can be remedied—*if* one has my latent ability—and so I am happy to report that I am taking lessons from her and making gigantic strides. Of course, I still seem to lose every time I play, but, after all, I've taken only fourteen lessons. One of these days, I'm going to be pointed out as one of the crack bridge players in this community. The satisfaction that I'll derive from this will more than compensate for the very reasonable seventy-five-dollar fee that Mrs. Manning is asking.

I have musical ability too.

Larry Fingal, our local accordion wizard, made the discovery. It was just by chance that Larry happened to get hold of me—I mean that I happened to get hold of him. He was playing at one of the club dances, and I just happened idly to pick up his accordion. I poked the keyboard a few times with one finger. Larry heard me, and was astonished. "Why, I didn't know you could play!" he exclaimed.

"Of course I can't," I told him.

"Ridiculous!" he interrupted. "You're just too modest. I wish I weren't so busy; I could do wonders with you."

"You think I could learn?" I asked.

"You've got the ear for it," he said.

The upshot is that Larry, at considerable inconvenience to himself, has managed to give me three lessons a week, and was also kind enough to sell me one of his old accordions. I started these lessons a year ago, and already I can play with two fingers.

I could continue, and tell you how I came to discover that I also have hitherto unsuspected natural talents for doing the rumba, skiing, sculpturing, and badminton, but I feel it might seem too much like boasting. Besides, I have to stop now because I am due to take a rumba lesson in an hour. In the meantime, I have to go down to the bank and see about their giving me that loan.

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LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

In spite of the photographic exhibitions held throughout the country, the Editors feel that there are still many fine prints which the public never sees. For every example of the photographer's art that finds its way into the camera shows there must be several prints that he, personally, considers to be better than those chosen for exhibition. With this idea in mind, this new department of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE should develop into the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. The work of both amateur and professional photographers will be represented. The pictures will be of interest to the general reader and of special interest to the able amateur. Although we intend to restrict ourselves to the American scene, we have no other editorial requirements. For technical facts about these prints see page 96.

BLACK STAR

Fritz Goro

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William Rittase BLACK STAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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Victor de Palma

BLACK STA

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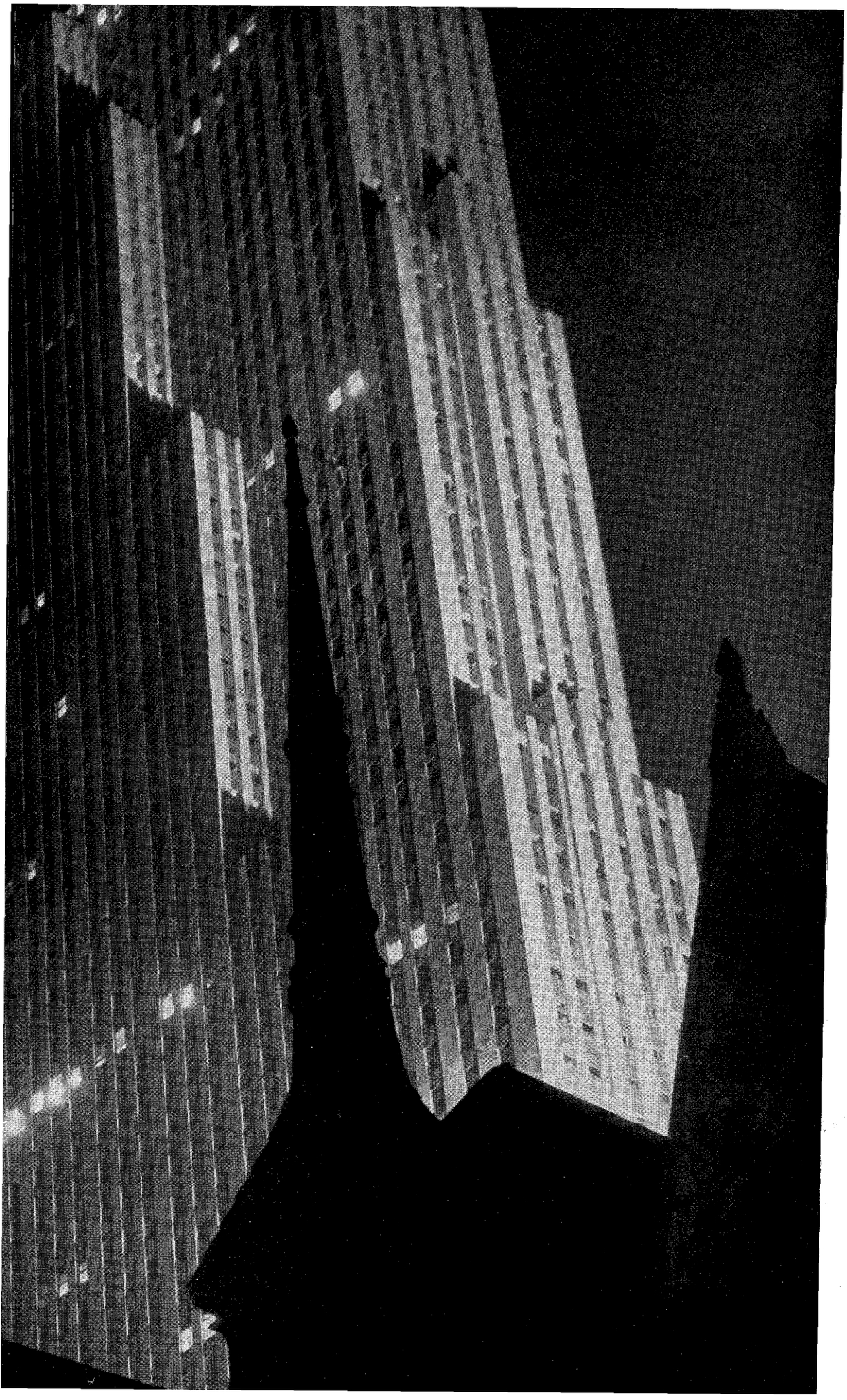

Paul J. Woolf

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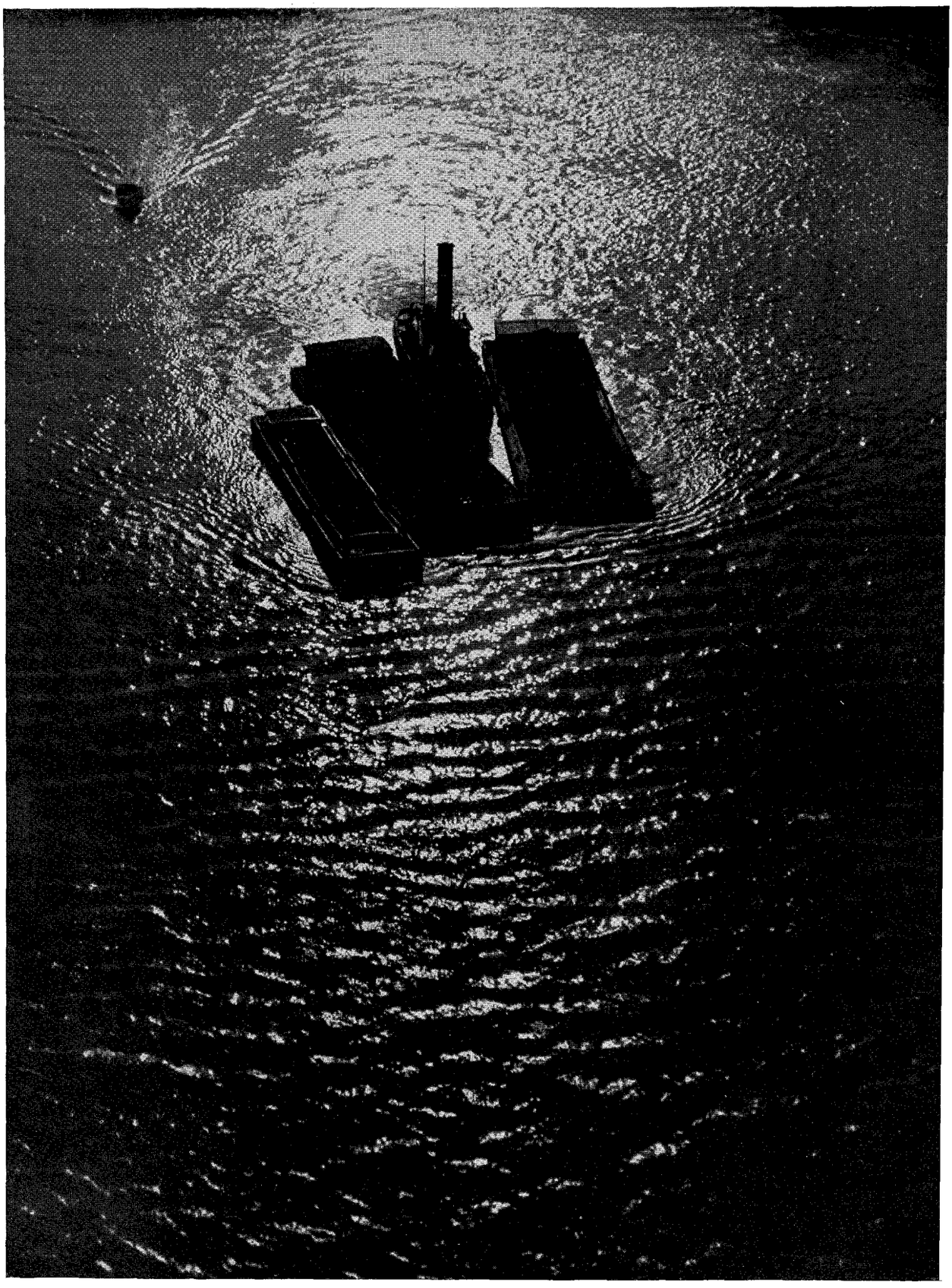

William Ward

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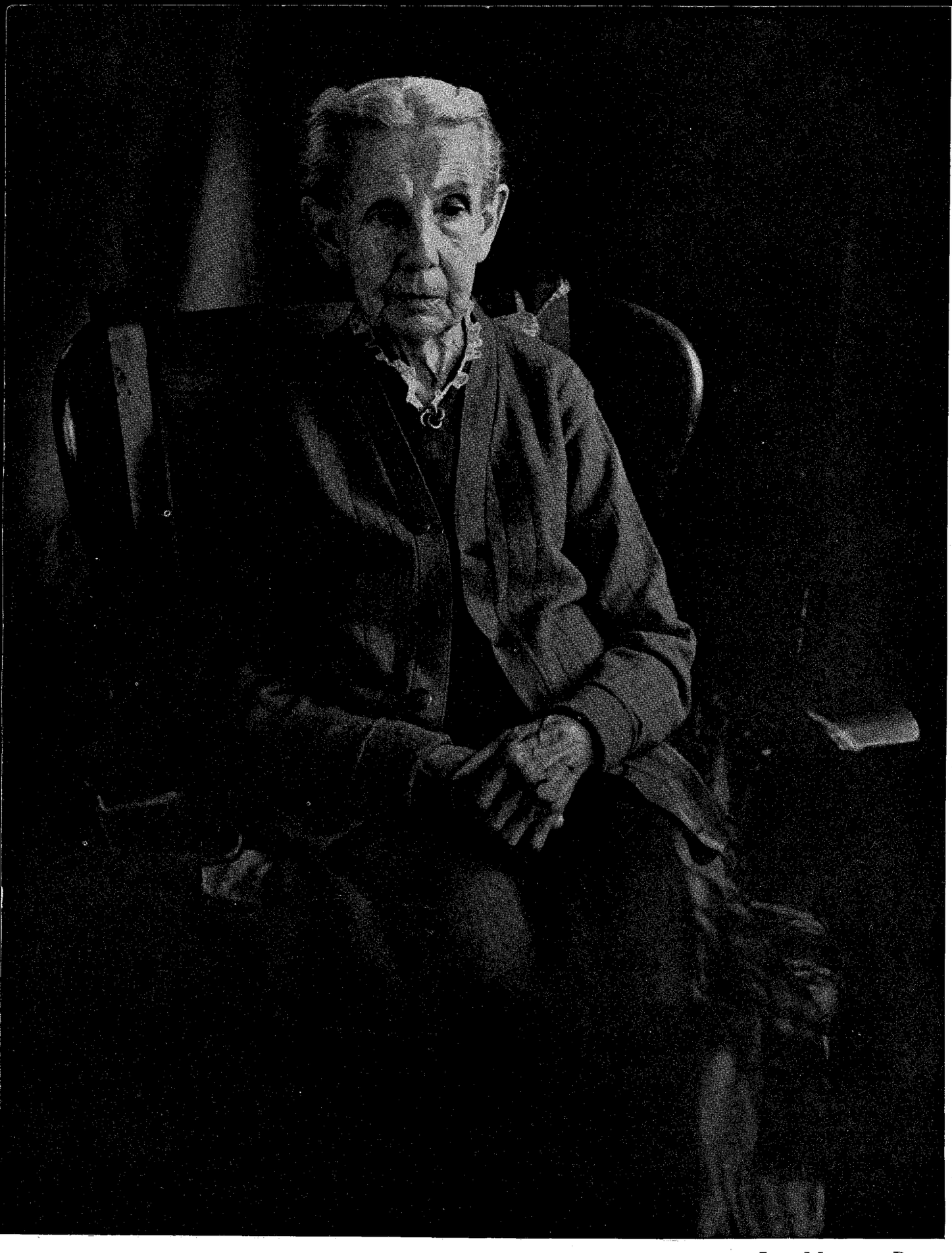

Jane Margaret Ream

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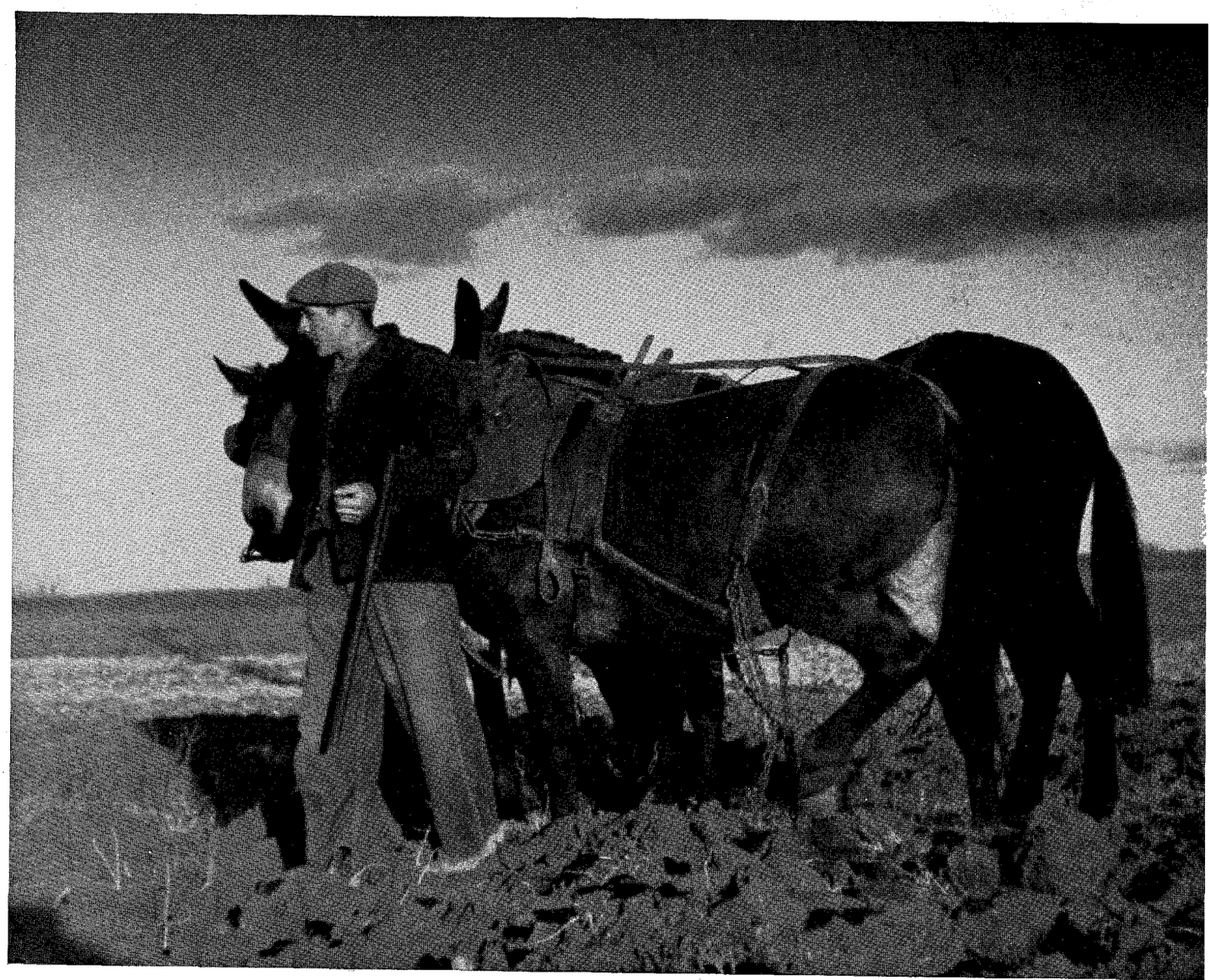

A. Molind

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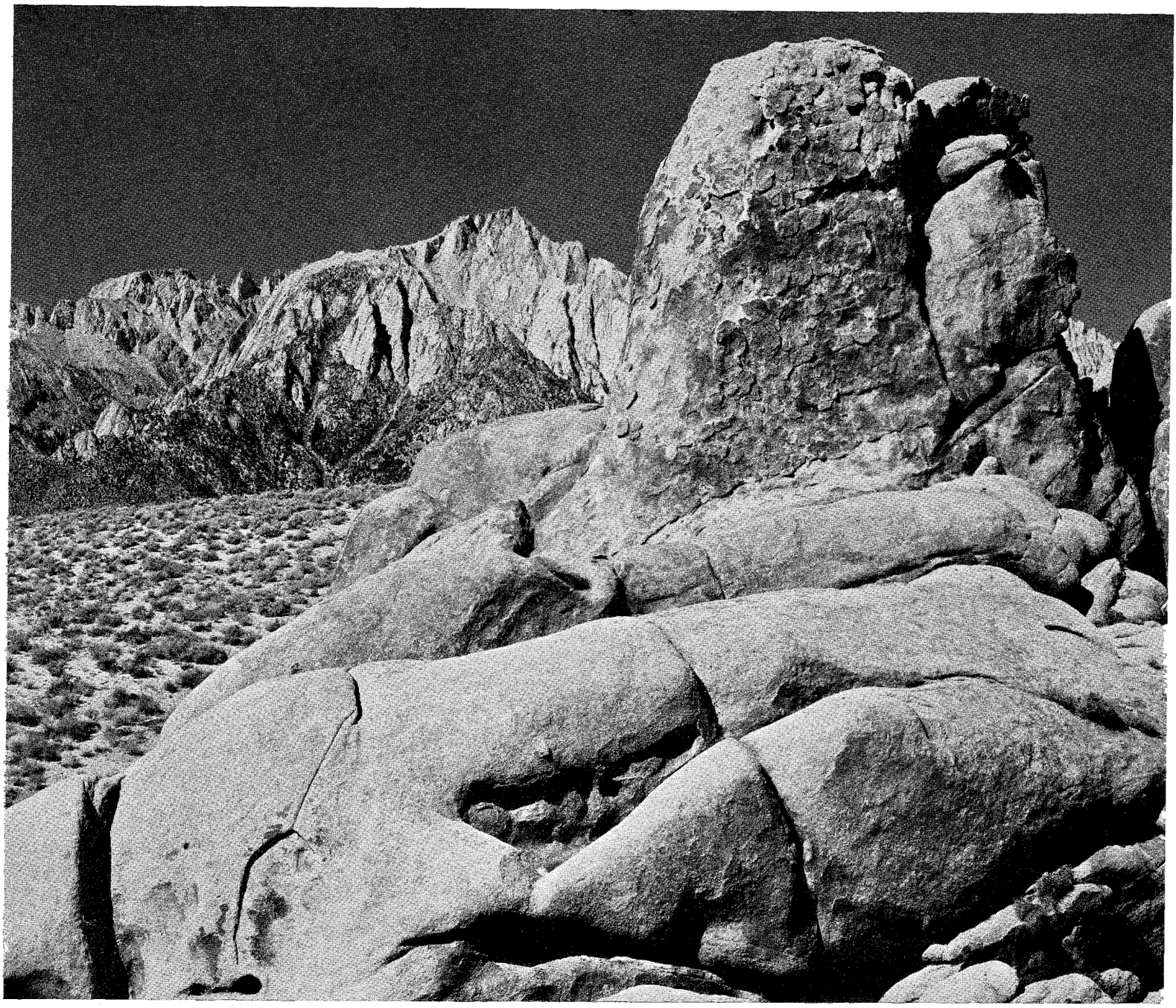

Edward Weston

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Group f 64

WILLARD VAN DYKE

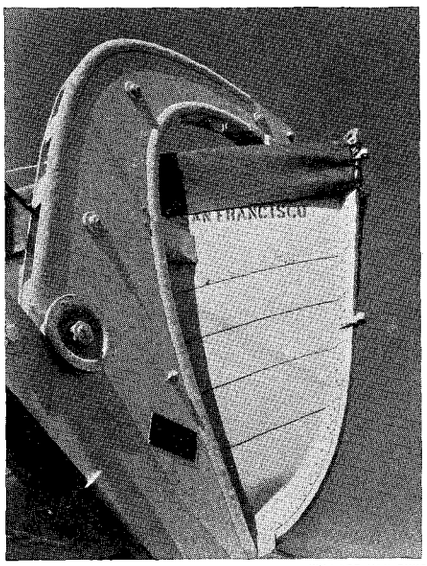
GROUP f 64 has become a name synonymous with a certain type of photography, but few people know how the group by that title came into existence, what its aims and purposes were, and who were its founders.

For several years prior to 1932, various people on the Pacific Coast were working in straight photography as individuals. Their work was for the most part unknown, their ideas unformulated. Among these photographers were Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, and Willard Van Dyke. Weston had been doing photography since 1906. His work was internationally known, and he had a long list of salon medals and honors to his credit. But with the rise of pictorial photography, he refused to send his sharp, clean photographs to exhibitions. The term "pictorial" meant to him all that great amorphous mass of photography, commonly exhibited as "art," which made use of soft-focus lenses, control processes, and manipulation of negative and print to ends that were far from photographic.

In 1932, photography in the San Francisco Bay region was stimulated by the policy of Lloyd Rollins, who was director of the two municipal museums. He held a series of one-man shows by most of the world-famous photographers. At the same time, a gallery known as "683 Brockhurst" was opened in Oakland by Mary Jeannette Edwards and Willard Van Dyke. Here photographers met, talked over their problems, and formed the organization known as "Group f 64." The name was chosen because it designates one of the smallest openings commonly used on photographic lenses, and because that meant clarity of image, depth of focus.

The Group was not started as a cult, nor did it function as one. Around the fireplace at 683, over coffee and food from the corner Mexican restaurant, they found they had certain things in common. All of them believed that photography must use its own peculiar powers, acknowledge its own limitations, and that it should never be influenced by painting, or any other graphic art. Just as a sculptor uses different tools in working granite and carving wood, because his medium imposes its own limitations, so must the photographer recognize what his tools can do best, and use them to their fullest capacity. But he must never use them for purposes beyond their capacity.

In order to achieve their ends through the most photographic means, members of the Group used large cameras, usually



WILLARD VAN DYKE

making prints on glossy papers, from negatives that were sharp in definition and brilliant in tonal gradation. Enlargements tend to lose tonal gradation, and rough papers obscure detail. They believed that everything in the picture should be in focus, and to achieve this they used small lens openings, with their cameras on tripods, because of the necessarily long exposures. There is a law of physics which makes it possible to have objects close to the camera, as well as distant objects, both in focus at the same time only when the lens opening is small.

Their subject material, at first, was unconventional — eroded earth, worn wood, sections of vegetables, details of rocks. They photographed anything that seemed to them suitably photogenic, emphasizing detail. There was an unconscious effort to convince the spectator that photography could stand on its own feet, and that the rendition of textural qualities was all-important. Gradually, as this field became exhausted and the photographs began to assume a repetitious quality, new fields were explored, and the limited approach began to broaden. Adams did a fine series of mountain pictures and wrote a book called *Making a Photograph* which defined the f 64 method of approach. Weston was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship, the first photographer so to be honored, and began making a photographic record of California. One of these pictures may be seen on the opposite page.

Group f 64 no longer exists as a unit of photographers exhibiting together with a common point of view, but their influence is being felt in all fields of photography. Commercial photographers, with their emphasis on detail, influenced the Group at first, but recently there has been a re-influence on the commercial and illustrative field as shown by the extensive use of the extreme close-up. Amateurs have improved their technique, having seen the technical excellence it is possible to attain, and which is attained by these men. Peter Stackpole, who was associated with the Group, has shown that it is possible to make fine prints from miniature negatives, and his high standards have raised the level of work in the picture magazines. The great tradition of photography, started by such men as Matthew Brady, who photographed the Civil War, Atget, who photographed Paris, and Alfred Stieglitz, the father of American photography, is being carried on. When one sees the large percentage of bad, derivative, unphotographic prints that still forms the bulk of photographic shows in this country, it is evident that photography has not yet come of age. But the way has been indicated.

From time to time SCRIBNER'S will reproduce the work of the members of Group f 64. Readers may judge for themselves how well the photographers have succeeded in their aims.

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H. C. Haskell

FROM "THE MONOGRAPH SERIES"

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First Monday in March

S. L. DICKINSON

I SEE by the history books, which are backed up in their statements by treatises on political phenomena, that that peculiar New England institution, the Town Meeting, is a solemn and weighty matter. They refer to it reverently as the perfect manifestation of true democracy, and dignify it by such terms as "the freeman's last stronghold," and "the ultimate example of self-government." Perhaps they are right, but they do the occasion less than justice. Intentionally or not, they convey the idea that the citizenry prepare for the occasion with fasting and prayer, and approach it clad in the garments sacred to Sunday wear —I have in mind for some reason the painting of the Pilgrims at Plymouth en route to church—with that high sense of consecration to civic duty which purges the human heart of the grosser emotions. They certainly manage to make it sound deadly dull. If there be towns in New England where this spirit prevails, my own is not among them. "Town Meetin' Day" here is a gala occasion, combining all the better features of Old Home Week, a session of the Lower House, a barbecue, and an encounter between the Turners and the McCoys. This year's proceedings offer a very fair sample of what takes place on the first Monday in March from Long Island Sound to the Canadian border.

Everyone in the township who was able to stand on his feet was present in the big, bare, wind-beleaguered town hall half an hour before the meeting began. The village idiot, a man of forty-odd, stood at the door, a broad smile on his vacant moonface. He had constituted himself the welcoming committee, and he pumped the hand of each newcomer. The village drunkard sat on the step, singing softly to himself, already well on the road to what looked like a big day. The noise within the hall was deafening. School had been dismissed for the day, and the children, giddy with freedom, ran and shrieked about the room. Around the red-hot stove at one end, the women had congregated in a triple phalanx, and were making the most of this

$100 PRIZE

unequaled annual opportunity to exchange gossip, recipes, and symptoms. At the other end, about the speaker's table, stood the white-collar class—white-collar in name only, as, like the rest of us, they wore sheepskins, flannel shirts, and corduroys—the minister, the hotel proprietor, the schoolteacher, and the storekeeper-postmaster. In the middle of the floor, a group of respectable farmers exchanged views on politics, prices, and crops, while over in one corner a dozen lumberjacks in colorful plaid jackets and high boots had their heads together, alternating rapt attention to the mumbled repetition of the latest smutty story with uproarious appreciation. The game warden, trim in his blue uniform, stood near the door, exchanging amiable back-chat with our leading poacher. The fact that the one had been instrumental in having the other incarcerated the preceding fall seemed no hindrance to social amenity. The town's oldest citizen, in whom we all take a personal pride, was holding court down one side of the room. He had failed considerably was the general verdict. Last year, on his eighty-seventh birthday, he had leaped into the air and clicked his heels three times. If he could manage twice this year, it would be a wonder.

At nine o'clock the meeting was called to order, and a hush fell over the room. The men tiptoed to seats near the speaker's table, and the children were sent out to play. The women about the stove continued their parley, but in subdued tones. Several took out their knitting. In theory, they have a hand in our town government, but in practice, they prefer to sacrifice the franchise for the privilege of exchanging with their peers views on the "carryin's on" of the oldest Barney girl.

"I nominate Jake Chadwick for moderator," came from the front row. This is routine procedure. Jake, the storekeeper-postmaster, is our perennial moderator. But this year he dealt precedent a blow.

"Nope, I can't do it," he said, turning a perspiring face from the stove which he was stoking. "I'd like to, but I ain't got the time. Y'all know my woman's mother's sick, and she's got to stay with her, so there ain't no one to tend store. I got to be back an' forth 'twixt here an' there all day. Ye'll have to git someone else."

"But gosh, Jake, there ain't anyone else knows this parliamentary procedure!"

"Wal," conceded Jake, "I'll be in an' out. If ye git stuck, I'll try to help out."

A flurry of nominations, all declined with panicky haste, succeeded this announcement. Finally the hotel proprietor allowed himself to be persuaded, for as he observed, "If someone don't, we'll

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never git started." He added as he climbed onto the platform, "I don't know how this is going ter go, but I guess we'll weasel through some way."

Once again the cloak of comparative formality was donned, and the town officers were elected with suitable decorum. It is largely a matter of re-electing the present incumbents, as the most suitable candidate for each office has been determined long since, and only death can dislodge one. In that event the office in question is apt to be subject to some rotation for a few years, until its foreordained occupant is found, when it again becomes stabilized. It is true that the three selectmen, having the most to do, are most liable to censure, but we have a pretty system to take care of that. To fill the three positions, we have four likely men. Each year the one in greatest disfavor is deposed, and the spare elected to his place. By the following March, his crime has been eclipsed by time and the black deeds of one of the trio in office, so he ascends again to power and the doghouse has a new tenant for twelve months. It works out very well.

Article 10 of the warrant was the big bone of contention at this year's meeting. We always manage to have one issue over which men fight, bleed, and die, figuratively speaking. Once it was whether interest should be charged on overdue taxes. Once it was whether the constable should receive a salary of three dollars a year, or should, instead, be furnished with a star at the town's expense, rather than buy his own. And once, oh lovely year of which fables still are told, and Rabelaisian *bons mots* quoted, it was whether or not the renting of a bull by the town for the convenience of its cattle-owning citizens would be advisable. This year the Article read: "To see what sum of money the town will grant and raise to purchase or repair snow-removal equipment." Snow is our one sure crop, and "breakin' out the roads" costs us annually more than educating our young.

"Mr. Moderator."

"Mr. Hart."

"I been runnin' that danged plow for seven years, ever since we bought her, an' she was secondhand then, an' I'm here to say she won't go through another winter. She's all tied together with haywire, an' every time I take her out, somethin' else falls off her. I'm pretty durn sick of the whole rig."

"I don't see 's Bill's got no kick comin'," announced a truculent voice from the rear. "He gits paid by the hour, whether he's plowin' or sittin' tinkerin'. Far's that goes, 'twas in the agreement that he keep her in good shape, an' if he ain't done it, why it ain't no skin off our noses."

"God A'mighty, man, they's limits to what a feller can do with a bunch of junk. If you, or any of the rest of the shif'less Gorham tribe can do better, yer——"

"Shif'less, are we?" roared the Gorham. "Why you—you—." Words failed him. "I won't take that kind er talk from any squirt that lets his wife buy store bread 'stead er bakin' her own. Shif-less! What about that——"

"Address the chair! Address the chair!" shrieked the moderator. "You fellers is way out of order!"

"We need a new snow plow," shouted Bill Hart at the top of his lungs.

"We don't neither! We can send that one back to the factory an' have 'em undo the damage Bill done."

"I ain't done no damage. I—" There's no telling what might not have taken place, had not a din of such volume as to drown the voices of the two broken out beneath the window. Those nearest stampeded for the door.

"Hey, Bill," reported a tall lanky farmer, "yer heifer's out here, stuck in a drift, bellerin' her fool head off, an' doin' her durnedest ter break a leg."

"Now how'n tarnation'd she git out?" and the harassed Mr. Hart vanished. He was gone for several moments, during which a stream of mingled profanity and bovine protest penetrated the double windows, augmented by a chorus which seemed to indicate that the juvenile population had turned to, to help, as one man. To continue the meeting was impossible, until he returned, his temper somewhat cooled.

"Now 'bout that plow. Honest, folks, why don't we buy a new one? We'd be money in pocket in the long run. Fixin' this one up is jest pourin' good hard cash down a rathole."

"Couldn't we appropriate some money an' leave it up to the selectmen what ter do?" suggested a mild-mannered little farmer. "They could study into the situation an' spend it however 'twould do the most good."

"NO!" from one of the town fathers. "That's what was done fifteen years ago when we put in the new cement bridge. I happened to be selectman then, too, an' we built the best bridge we could fer the money. Good sound bridge, 'tis, too. But there was a lot of talk at the time, an' to this day"—he scowled darkly around—"some there be who still ain't satisfied. So it's up to you folks. Tell us what ter do, an' us selectmen'll do it."

"Wal then," stated Bill Hart, before the opposition had a chance to advance further arguments damaging to his cause, "I move we appropriate three thousand dollars an' buy a new plow." His motion was seconded by his wife's sister's husband's brother, with a promptitude which suggested prearrangement, and the vote was called for by one of the Hart uncles-by-marriage.

A buzz arose as the votes were written on slips of paper brought from home (no sense in wasting the taxpayers' money on printed ballots), and a straggling procession started for the ballot box, an excanned-beef crate, over which the moderator and clerk stood guard to insure an honest vote. The town idiot voted with the rest, and as soon as his back was turned, the clerk fished his ballot out and pocketed it, a flagrantly illegal proceeding condoned tacitly by all present on the grounds that there "warn't no need ter hurt his feelin's." It was a close matter, but the new plow won.

A nondescript man who had been figuring feverishly on an old envelope rose to his feet. "Mr. Moderator, we hadn't ought ter do this. We can't afford to. It'll raise taxes 'most sixty per cent. I got the figures right here, case anyone wants ter see 'em. We ought ter do a little more considerin' 'fore we act."

Consternation reigned. Touch a Yankee's pocketbook and you touch the very core of his being. All over the hall voices were raised in recrimination of the entire sly Hart outfit. The moderator pounded the table until his gavel broke, and then cut loose with a stentorian bellow.

"There's no use losin' our tempers now," he said, demonstrating the why and wherefore of his title. "We voted the money, an' it's too late to change our minds now."

"Why is it, if we want to?" demanded a lawless spirit.

"Wal, I don't rightly know, but seems as if I heard somewhere it's agin parliamentary law."

"Where's Jake at? Git Jake!"

Jake had gone across to his store, but answered the voice of duty on the hotfoot.

"I don't rec'lect anything 'bout that in the rules," he said when the problem had been put to him, "but I don't see why we can't fix it up. How many want to backwater?" The walls bulged. "Wal, then, if someone'll put it in the form of a motion, jest so's it'll be legal——"

The matter was put through with almost indecent haste, the clerk's notes on the previous appropriation destroyed, and the sum of two hundred dollars voted to repair the old plow, an amount much smaller than would normally have been named, since a resentful citizenry

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felt the need of retaliating for almost having one slipped over on them. Let Bill sweat, come next February, to get his plow over Mill Hill.

The women had withdrawn some time before, and now one spoke from the door.

"Les, if you've come ter a good stoppin' place, dinner's on the table downstairs." No other motion to adjourn was needed.

The long trestle tables in the basement were loaded with more food than I would have believed existed in the state —ham and chicken, salad and hot rolls, pies cut in quarters, layer cakes laced with jam and topped with yellow whipped cream, and urns of strong, clear, steaming coffee, all donated by the women of the town. As soon as the sharp edges of appetite had been dulled, the talk broke out.

—"ain't layin' so very good now. Guess I'll have ter hire me a dozen or so Rhode Island Reds ter git me through 'til spring."

"—that's what I'd er done if the Soopreme Court had upheld pertato control. Seems like the Gov'nment can't keep their noses outer nothin' nowadays."

A woman's shrill voice soared in a sudden hush. "Extravagant! My land, you'd ought ter take one look in her swill bucket!"

And a man's nasal Yankee twang sawed the air. "—Don't blame them none. When them crazy Democrats comes 'round, shovin' money at us, y' can't expect us ter put our hands behind our backs, can yer? But that don't mean——"

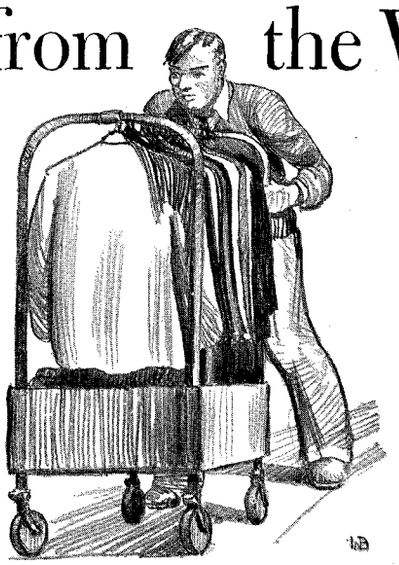
The afternoon session proved rather an anticlimax to the fireworks of the morning. Routine matters were quickly disposed of, although the final Article, "To see what sum of money the town will grant and raise for the support of the poor," occasioned a little discussion probably unique in this day. The customary amount to be appropriated is five hundred dollars, which is never wholly expended, so that now the Poor Account shows an accumulated balance of almost eight hundred dollars. It was suggested that this year no money be set apart, necessary funds to be drawn from this balance.

"Wal, I dunno," said one of the selectmen. " 'Course, we never do use it all, but ye never can tell. 'Twon't do no hurt ter have a backlog. We could, mebbe, cut it down ter four hundred this year."

This compromise was effected, and the meeting was adjourned. Farmers went back to the stables to hitch up, or drive out the Model T's, while their women bundled up the children and bustled down into the kitchen to reclaim pie plates and cake tins. Word was passed around that Bill Hart and Si Gorham were having it out down behind the cemetery, and the sporting element departed in all haste in that direction. Town Meeting, a town meeting not in the tradition of our historians, was over for another year.

The View from the Warehouse

DANIEL SAFIER



DRAWINGS BY WALTON BLODGETT

FRANK and I know the inside story of American industry. The executives mapped its course through seas of red and black ink; the newspaper men reported its program through pages of screaming type. We were it.

I was the stock boy for the men's clothing section in the basement of the department store, and Frank ran the warehouse elevator. I brought the merchandise from receiving room to stock room, from stock room to selling floor. Frank drove me down with pants and suits and overalls stacked high in canvas trucks, drove me up with the trucks empty. We worked between the warehouse and the store—between the vast system of receiving products from all the world and the vast system of selling products to all the world. Between the two of us, you see, we fed the main stream of commerce, and we kept the stream rolling clear to its outlet.

But I don't think Frank ever looked at it in that way. He just drove his elevator, day after day, up and down, letting the same people in and out at the same floors.

"Boy," he said to me, the first time I ever wheeled a load of clothing into the big iron cage that was his elevator, "you'll learn."

He shifted the pants, restacked the overalls, adjusted the top-heavy load so that it wheeled solidly, without swaying. And I learned. I got so that I could stack one of those little trucks roof-high and not have to worry about the bundle on top. I could wheel the load through the crowds that jammed the bargain basement, traveling at a good speed, threading between showcases, rolling around babies and between haggling customers, and reach my own section of the floor, without grazing a single customer, in twenty-five seconds flat.

Whether I made the run in twenty-five or in thirty-five seconds, the flow of commerce didn't seem to be affected much one way or another. I began to feel that this trundling of merchandise back and forth was just something I did every day, day after day. But I took a certain pride in being the fastest pusher of trucks among the basement stock boys.

In the morning, we wheeled the empty trucks from the selling floor back to the warehouse. I would race with Howard, the carrot-topped stock boy in the shirt section. If I timed in late, of course, I wouldn't go directly to the selling floor for the trucks. First I went up to the stock room and carried down an odd size in overalls, or something like that, so that the boss couldn't tell whether I had come in late or early.

But if both Howard and I were on time, we started our trucks across together, taking different aisles. We pushed with hurried nonchalance, trying to conceal our competition from the patrolling floorman. Down the aisles, around corners, along the elevator bank we went,

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eyeing one another over counters of lingerie and tables of hats. The finish line was the doorway into the tunnel that led to the warehouse. In a close race, we both shoved our trucks ahead in a home-stretch scramble to see whose would hit the wall first. Generally, I won.

"Tell your girl to send you home earlier nights," I would say.

"Well," Howard would say, as we started the trucks up the tunnel to Frank's elevator, "you're just a truck pusher. When it comes to handling stock——"

Sometimes we would stop in the tunnel washroom for a cigarette, and sometimes we would go right on up to Frank's elevator. The tunnel ran under the street, connecting the store and the warehouse. Overhead, the city's business traffic of autos and buses and streetcars was rolling. Down the tunnel rolled the trucks of all the departments, carrying the marketable desires of the American buying public—trucks laden with bathing suits and baseball bats; trucks with evening gowns and tuxedos; trucks with sofas and easy chairs; cookbooks and can openers and Bibles and dice; green plants and gleaming silverware and scarlet canoes and fantastic purple kimonos; scentless wax flowers and fragrant coffee and spiced cinnamon apples and heavy, exotic perfumes; made in China, made in Japan, Russia, Germany, Springfield; grown in California, Mexico, South America, Africa; herded in Argentina, Australia, Texas, Siberia. More colorful and more varied than the wares of any Oriental bazaar was the cargo of merchandise that daily rolled down from the warehouse in the stock boys' caravan.

Howard and I pushed our trucks up the tunnel. I belittled his speed. He praised his stockmanship. He liked to complain about the complexity of the shirt stock. There were several different brands, and you had to keep all the brands apart, with the shirts in each brand arranged, not only by pattern and collar size, but by sleeve lengths in each size and pattern. When a salesgirl with a pesky customer telephoned his stock room for a special order, Howard could walk to the right bin and pick out the right shirt—brand, pattern, collar, sleeve—without reading the label on the box. I don't think he ever thrilled to his part in the daily caravan assembled from the ends of the earth, but he liked to brag about the system he had worked out for his stock.

At the end of the tunnel were Frank and his elevator. Frank always found room somewhere for the extra trucks. He took us up to our stock rooms, yelled, "Now don't go to sleep back there!", clanged the door, and went on up or down.

If things were rushed, we hurried back and forth, nobody saying anything. If things were slow, Myer, who handled the ladies' stuff, would be sitting by the window, waiting to see who came out of the elevator. Then we all stood in front of our stock-room doors, like rabbits at their holes, and discussed the ball games and the bosses. Every time the elevator stopped, we all fumbled with our door locks, waiting to see whose boss was getting out.

During the dog days of summer, Myer

THIRD PRIZE

built a checkerboard out of a step-in box and a lot of red and black labels. He and I sat in the back aisle of his place and played. Sometimes the elevator door would clang open, and Frank would call out, "So long, Mr. Jones."

Jones was my boss. Then I would lift the loose board in the partition that separated my stock room from Myer's and step back into my own place before the boss got in through the door. The board had been specially loosened by Myer. And he had built the checkerboard inside the box; in a pinch, he could just swing the cover closed, with all the pieces inside.

Myer took great pride in his inventions. He had hooked up a switch that shut off the lights for him, or turned them on, when he went through the door with his hands full.

"I got more stock to handle than all you guys together," he would say, "but I get it done in less time."

If it wasn't my boss coming in to break up the checker game, it would be the assistant buyer phoning to bother me.

"Catalogue check," he would say.

He made me keep a record of everything we had in the stock room, so that he could thumb through and see what had to be ordered when the buyer asked. He liked to feel that he had his fingers on everything and that he knew just what was going on.

"How many size 48 in the $2.95 slacks?" he would say.

I would swear and go count them. I would wonder, too, how many in size 48 my catalogue down there said we had. I always intended to make a duplicate copy of that catalogue to keep in the stock room. That would have saved me the trouble of counting, but I never got around to it. So I would have to count and go back to the phone and tell him,

"Seventy-six."

If that agreed with my record, he would say "I'll be damned!" as if surprised at my accuracy. If it didn't agree, he would give me a lecture and something else to count. When we came to something that checked, he felt reassured. Most of the time, the catalogue was right, because I enjoyed sitting down at the boss's desk and keeping it up to date. I don't think the assistant buyer cared so much that the buyer would know just what we needed back in the store for our customers when he went to New York. The assistant was just pleased to feel that this thing he had to do was so well and thoroughly done, and that the buyer just couldn't get along without him. When the boss said, "How are those Dollar Day overalls going?", the assistant would never answer, "Moving pretty fast," or anything like that. He would step back to the catalogue, riffle through it, and announce, "Eight left in 36, sixteen in 38, twenty in 40," and so on all the way through.

Well, it was pretty much the same thing every day. You seemed to be going through the same day over and over again, pushing the same trucks with the same kinds of merchandise, almost wearing your own line in the tunnel cement. Once in a while some little event would occur to alter some important little detail of the same familiar day you had been through yesterday.

The man who shipped back the damaged merchandise would have a new helper, and you would listen to him reeling off the names and addresses of manufacturers to the bewildered neophyte, wondering how the man carried so much in his head. Or a familiar face would be missing, and the rumor would go around that so-and-so had been caught stealing ties from the new boxes. Or the saleswoman whose husband had run away would bring her little girl to the store and you would stand around talking to the kid. Or you would go up to the receiving room for the new shipment on Monday and find that, over the week end, the chap who ripped open the boxes with one swift movement of his hammer had married the girl who ran the price tickets out of the machine. While you ordered tickets from her, you would stand back, out of the way, so as not to interrupt the glance—almost a caress—that passed between them as they worked.

Somewhere, Commerce was being directed. On the Olympian heights of de-

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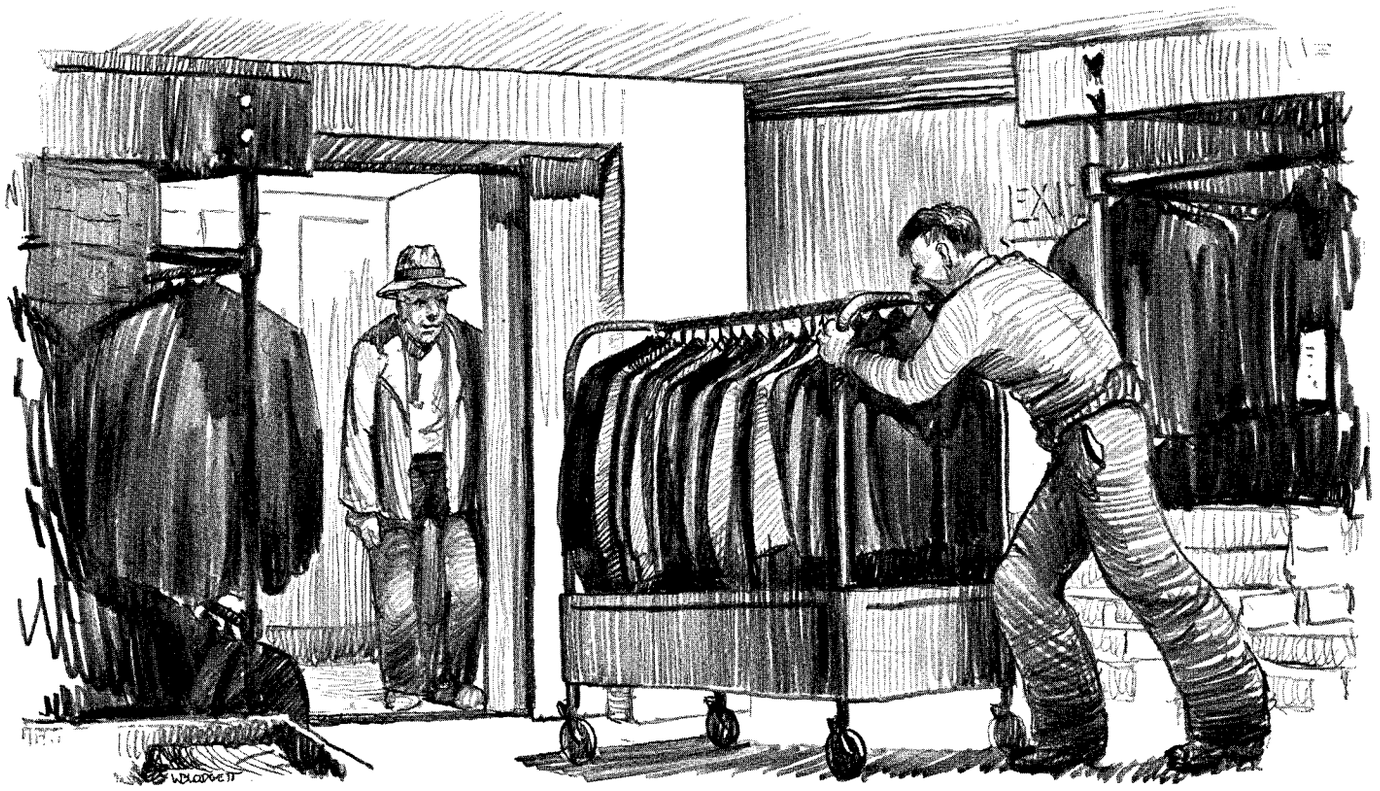

partment-store organization, the gods and demigods were planning the Big Deals. Below them, partly of Olympus and partly of earth, the general manager was Running Things. Below him was the Merchandise Manager who ran the first three floors, and below him the Basement Manager who ran your own floor, and below him your boss, the Buyer, who managed your little section of the vast machinery. By the time what the Buyer had to do was parceled out through the Assistant Buyer to the salespeople, the management of industry was pretty well taken care of, and the flat wheel on your canvas truck was a problem the reverberations of which did not carry up to Olympus to influence the Big Deals. Somewhere, you felt, Life was being lived; you worked.

But one morning Frank, who seemed a part of the warehouse elevator, was missing. The next morning, he was still missing when I came up the tunnel with Howard. When I came back from lunch, the elevator door clanged open and Frank came out of his iron cage.

He was wearing the same old dark-green hat, the same torn jacket, the same overall pants. Once in a while a new rip appeared in the pants, and once in a while a new patch. His face had formed its wrinkles years back and was always going to look just as it always did now. He was a part of the place. He knew just where everyone was going, and you never called out your floor. If you had a truck, he let you out at your stock room; if you carried a shipping bill, he let you out at the receiving platform; if you carried a ticket order, he let you out at the marking room, where the girl who had married the warehouse man ran your tickets out of the machine. If you happened to come in empty-handed, he would glare and say, half in accusation, half in apology, "Where you goin'?"

He took you up and down, took the others up and down, took the bales of wastepaper and the truckloads of merchandise, the stock boys and the buyers, the carpenters and salesmen and marking girls, up and down. That was all he did, and he did it all day.

When I saw him back in his cage again, I was glad.

"Where you been?" I asked.

He shoved my truck into a corner.

"Just stopped upstairs and looked at my time record."

He dragged the garbage cans from the restaurant into the elevator.

"I mean yesterday. Where were you?" I asked.

He banged the door, and we started up. The first floor was the loading platform. He stopped the car, opened the door, dragged out the cans.

"You know," he said, "I just looked at my cards."

He closed the door and we went on up.

"I been punchin' my time here for fourteen years now," he said.

He stopped at the second floor and dragged in a truckload of wastepaper for the fifth-floor baling machines. He closed the door and we started up.

"I punched in my time," he said, "between six-fifty and seven every mornin' for the last fourteen years."

He opened the door on the third to let me out.

"Every mornin' for fourteen years. Only yesterday mornin' we went to my daughter's funeral."

He banged the door, and the elevator went on up. Fourteen years! Something in the calm, slow way that he said it carried more force than any screaming newspaper headline.

Fourteen years . . . the postwar boom! the triumph of peace! the perfection of airplane and radio! the triumph of science! the sky-rocketing stock market! the triumph of industry! the crime wave! the flood of commerce! the tidal wave of pseudo-Freudianism and the era of neurasthenia! the tinsel twenties! the crash! depression! the collapse of industry and the cry for bread and the hysterical era of isms! the collapse of capitalism! the threat of fascism! the red menace! the hope of the League! the partition of China and the rape of Ethiopia and the splitting of Spain! the collapse of the League! the triumph of fascism! the triumph of communism! the Constitution! the triumphant drum-thunders of war, and the rise or decline, the collapse or the triumph, the dayburst or nightfall of civilization!

Fourteen years . . . "I punched in my time between six-fifty and seven every mornin' for the last fourteen years. . . . Only yesterday mornin' we went to my daughter's funeral."

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The Barometer Is Falling!

HELEN COWLES HARRISON

"But do you stay in Miami in the summer?" the winter visitors ask. "Aren't you afraid of those terrible hurricanes?"

"No," I answer truthfully, "I'm not afraid of them, but they certainly are a nuisance." And the winter visitors smile politely at my little whimsey and wonder if I am quite bright.

But right on, the average hurricane is a nuisance. The big ones, of course, command respect and horror, but they are few and far between. Usually we get a seventy- or eighty-mile wind which tears things up to a certain extent but really isn't dangerous, if we have enough sense to stay in the house. However, no storm ever issues a written guarantee that it will refrain from undue violence, so we prepare for the worst.

It all begins with a little paragraph, tucked away in the corner of the front page of the daily paper, which reads about like this: "A tropical storm of small area but considerable intensity is reported twelve hundred miles southeast of Florida, moving slowly to the northwest." This provides us with a slight chill along the spine, but we soon forget about it till we meet it again the next day, again on the front page and in bigger print. The area, we learn, is still small, but the intensity is increasing and apparently it is headed this way.

By the second day the local radio stations take up the story and the tropical storm becomes, in our minds at least, a full-fledged hurricane. It lurks in stores and on the streets and has first place in most conversations. We become conscious of jitters in the air before the wind is even noticeable and we hang (with bated breath) on the words of the weather man. The third morning we learn that storm warnings are flying from Palm Beach to Key West, that boats are to be kept at the docks or taken up the river, that all planes are grounded, and that citizens are urged to board up property and to take all possible precautions.

And then we, as citizens, leap into action! There is a strange exhilaration abroad as well as a cold fear and an amazing display of nervous energy. The suburban grocery store seethes with excitement as we lay in supplies that would last a hungry army through weeks of siege. Stores are seldom if ever known to be closed longer than twenty-four hours, but we take no chances with starvation. At the meat counter the beef-loaf school wars with the baked-ham contingent.

"I always say if I have a baked ham on hand we can't starve," and "If I can get this meat loaf baked before the power goes off—" and "Don't forget your canned soups. You can heat them in no time even on Sterno."

$200 PRIZE

The supply of candles runs out, and the clerks begin to have a harried look. Lamps, kerosene, and Sterno are precious beyond frankincense and myrrh and she who has a two-burner oil stove cached away in the garage is blessed indeed.

Home again with the car bursting its sides, we find a scene of feverish activity. Gentlemen of color are taking the storm shutters out of the garage and lifting them into place over the windows and doors, where they are held by steel pins. Awnings are taken down or reefed with heavy ropes. Hammers and nails are put into convenient places where they can never be found when the porch door blows open. Pioneers who lived through the '26 storm sneak silently up to the bathroom and run a tub full of water—"just in case the water is turned off." And then, for further safety, they fill several wash tubs to be stumbled over on the back porch, and clutter up the kitchen with a dozen kettles full to overflowing.

All this time the voice of radio goes relentlessly on: "The intensity of the storm is reported increasing as it nears the Florida coast. At present rate of travel it should reach Miami at approximately four o'clock this afternoon. Citizens are urged to take all possible precautions. Red Cross stations are being set up at the following addresses . . ."

At about this point Willie May in the kitchen, almost white with fear, stages a mild fit of hysteria. She does not, I gather, like hurricanes, nor view their approach with calm, and she yearns for the haven and comfort of her eight-by-ten shack in colored town. She feels that no storm could reach her there, or perhaps she is planning to swallow some hurricane pills which sell over there for a dollar a bottle and are guaranteed to render her immune to all atmospheric disturbances. I point out that it isn't safe for her to go anywhere now and that she will be high and dry in our concrete-block house, and I try to divert her with the puzzling charms of the oil stove. But she doesn't divert a dime's worth, so I give up and go hunting around for more precautions to take, thus living up to our announcer's hopes for me.

The house is very dark now, as all the shutters are in place, and it is about as cheerful and airy as a mausoleum. The porch furniture is piled at all angles in the living room, and I drop down for a minute on the under side of a wicker couch with my feet on the piano.

"Latest report from the weather bureau," announces the radio in rich tones of restrained regret. "The wind velocity at the center of the storm is estimated to be over one hundred miles an hour. The direct center will pass over the Florida coast a few miles north of Miami. The barometer is falling rapidly and now reads 29.2. Keep tuned to this station for further reports."

Willie May and I are quite alone. As soon as the warnings get really serious, all the members of my family get wandering fits and depart in various directions. The boys must go to the bay or must go to Bob's or must just go! My husband has something to do with disaster relief, so he must save the county while I perish unselfishly and alone. I turn on all the lights and try not to notice the wind, which is howling down into the fireplace like a soul in eternal torment. After ten minutes of futile teeth-gritting I decide to do a little tele-

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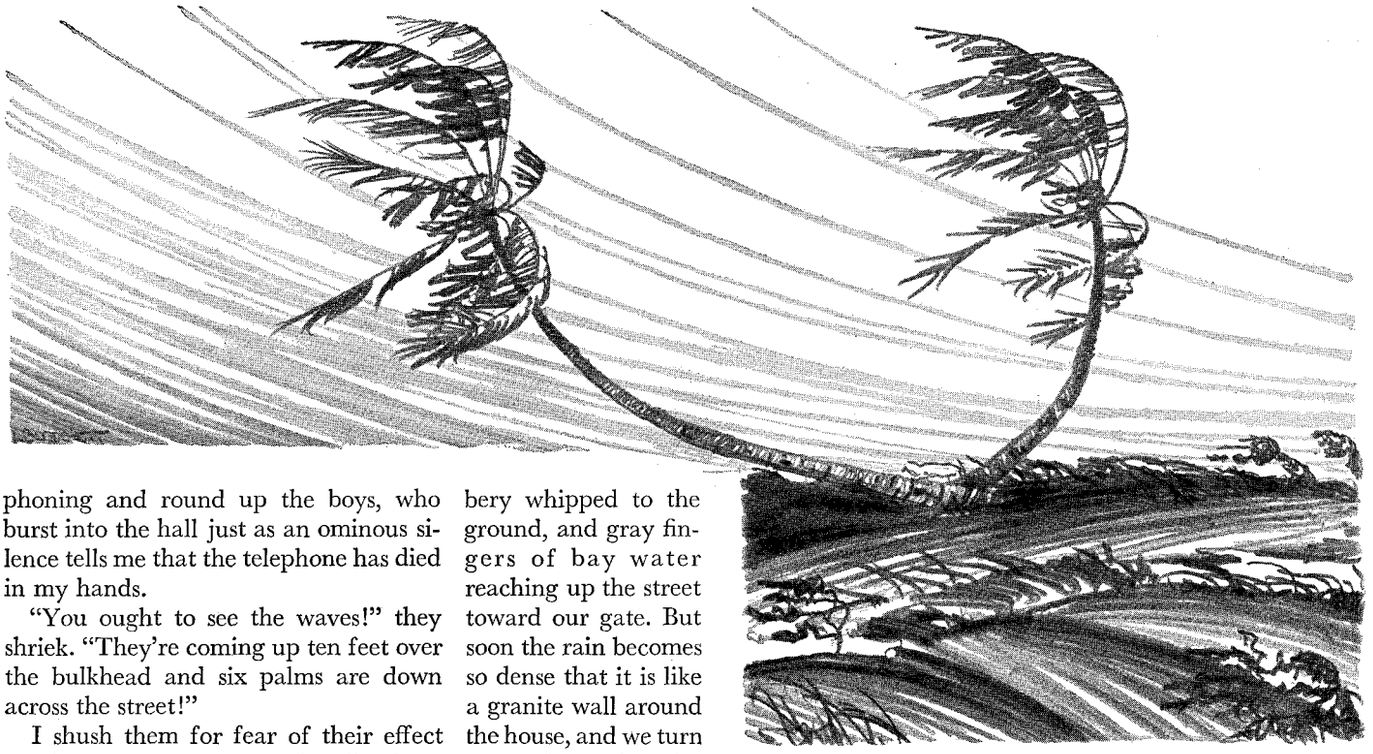

phoning and round up the boys, who burst into the hall just as an ominous silence tells me that the telephone has died in my hands.

"You ought to see the waves!" they shriek. "They're coming up ten feet over the bulkhead and six palms are down across the street!"

I shush them for fear of their effect on the shattered nerves of Willie May and tell them that if they as much as poke their heads out the door again I will beat them to a pulp. "Go and look at the barometer," I urge. "It's falling almost through the floor. You may never see it again."

While they are doing that, Catherine, the cat, creeps stealthily through the hall with one of her kittens in her mouth. She senses impending disaster and chooses the bookcase for her refuge. After five trips from the kitchen, she and her quintuplets ride out the storm behind a set of Dickens.

The radio, apparently trying to be Pollyanna or a silver lining or something, is giving us a merry little selection of swing music when the music suddenly stops and the lights flicker once and then again. We rush for lamps, candles, our one handsome lantern, and the Boy Scout flashlights, and almost miss the farewell message from WIOD.

"The wind velocity is rapidly increasing. Barometric pressure is now 28.8. Citizens are urged to stay indoors and exercise all possible caution. Measures are being taken to meet all emergencies. Headquarters for relief . . ." and then our boy friend with the comforting, melodious voice is gone and we are left alone, veritable orphans of the storm.

In the shadowy semidarkness the noise outside is much worse. The wind shrieks and tears at the shutters till they rattle like forty skeletons. An occasional thud means that a tree or a gate or some other little item has hit the house. We congregate upstairs, where one shutter has been left off, and for a while we can see the trees twisting and writhing, the shrubbery whipped to the ground, and gray fingers of bay water reaching up the street toward our gate. But soon the rain becomes so dense that it is like a granite wall around the house, and we turn away from the window just as Willie May appears on the stairs with the pleasing announcement that "the water is acomin' in the dinin' room like a ocean." The next two hours are spent in mopping and in wringing out Turkish towels, for the shutter has come loose on the south window. Eventually we put down two blankets and let them sop up the ocean without help.

Dinner is a weird affair, with a smoky lantern in the center of the table flanked by green candles in silver candlesticks. The meat loaf, raw in the middle, is served by Willie May with shaking hands. She moves about the table in a distinct aura of kerosene, and the boys sniff audibly as she goes by. Catherine emerges for a moment from behind *Bleak House* and is fed from the table, contrary to all rules, while the quins squall in lonely terror.

We have become almost used to the wind as an accompaniment of all we do when suddenly an unearthly howl from upstairs tells us that a new calamity threatens. We rush up to find that the balcony door in the boys' room has blown open and the water is already inches deep on the floor. By united efforts we get the door closed, and miraculously the lock holds. Again we go for the Turkish towels, and I begin to feel that the rest of my life is to be spent in mopping. I hadn't realized how easy it is to blister.

The evening ahead stretches on into an eternity. By rights, it should be midnight, but the clock, the one that doesn't depend on electricity, says seven-thirty. Reading is impossible, so we try some rummy, but the game dies a lingering death after the fourth hand. The room is hot and so airless that I feel sure that the candles will go out as they do in mines, and I can see us bogged down in a pool of melted wax.

The boys begin to throw spit balls at the candles and at each other, and I have all the less happy sensations of the head keeper in a zoo.

"After all, it isn't necessary for us to sit up and nurse this storm," I say with a forced brightness that deceives not even Catherine. "We might as well try to get some sleep. The wind will probably be down by morning and there will be plenty to do then."

My predictions prove correct. The sun shines as we crawl forth into a battered world some twelve hours later. Two palms are broken, and the shrubbery so beaten to the ground that nothing but past experience could make us believe that a few weeks will restore it to health. The walks and patio are covered with wet leaves and branches, and some dead fish add their peculiar fragrance to the rain-washed air. The porch screens, torn from their frames, flap dismally back and forth, and the electric wires hang from the poles in a dejected tangle. We will haul in ice and kerosene for days to come, and our radios, vacuum cleaners, fans, and percolators will be hollow mockeries.

But the bay is a heavenly blue once more, the breeze soft as silk, and with the shutters off and the windows open, life is pretty much on the up and up again. After all, it wasn't really much of a storm—not if you remember '26!

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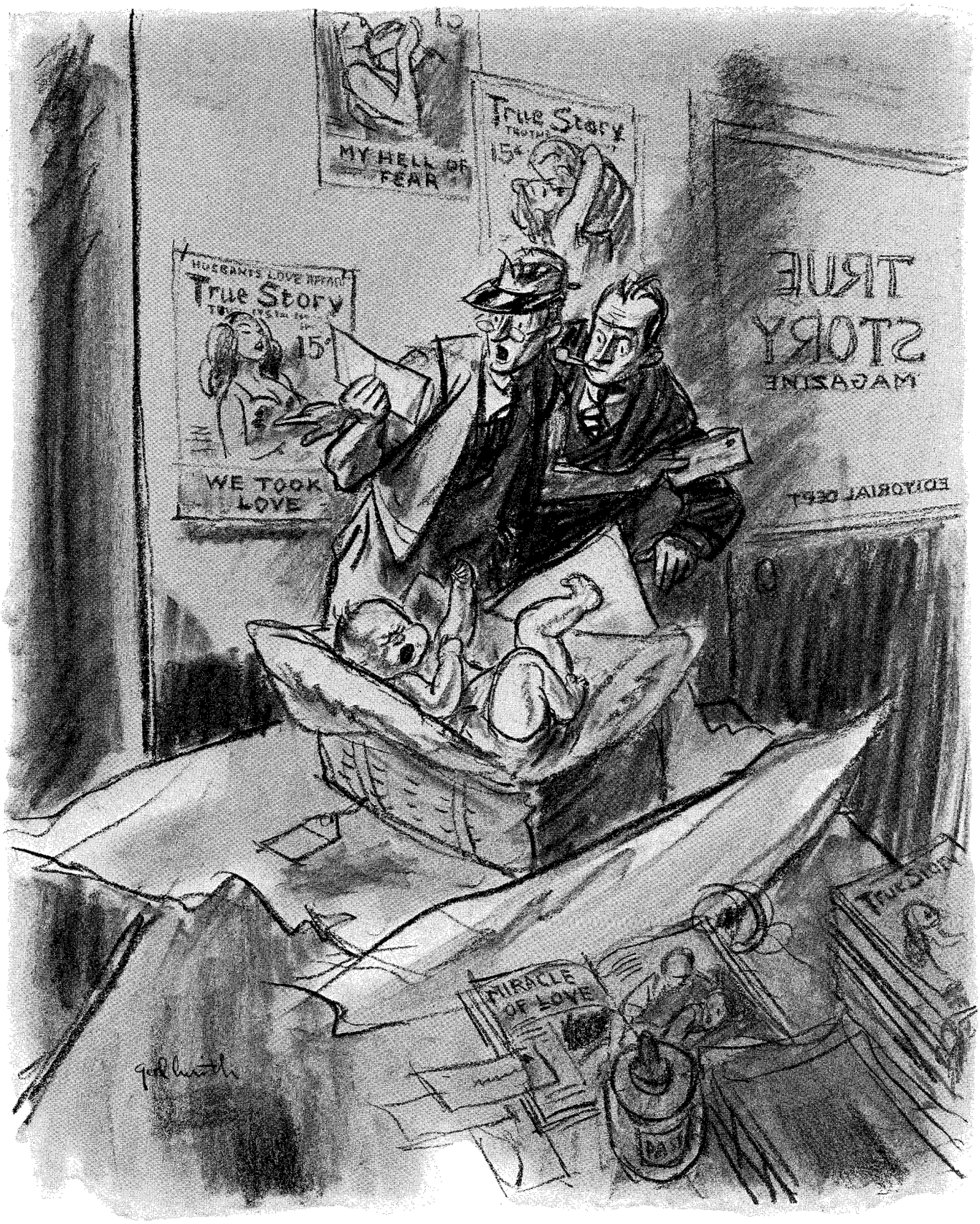

"It says: 'Dear Editor:—Your letter requesting proof of the authenticity of my manuscript has been received . . .'"

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Motion Pictures

GILBERT SELDES

If I were a Hollywood producer with a huge investment in sets and costumes and, above all, overpublicized stars, I think I would protect myself today by hiring a few gangsters to wreck the studios of Mr. Walt Disney. When the heads of the great studios are congratulating Mr. Disney on his first full-length picture, I think they are like the aristocrats of France who invited Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau into their salons and who thought that revolutionary ideas were quaint and charming without knowing that these men had laid a mine under their palaces. For it seems to me that Mr. Disney has dug deep under the foundations of the Hollywood feature-picture industry and successfully placed his dynamite, so that now it requires only the striking of a match to blow the whole thing up.

As I am not completely a visionary, I do not expect the great studios to collapse, but I think it would be wise for them to note that with *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* Mr. Disney has made a great deal of their labors unnecessary. Some forty years ago, when human beings became a little bit intractable in shops and factories, scientific management stepped in and "rationalized" industry by the simple process of substituting machines for men. The moment it became clear that machinery could do the work well, it was no longer necessary to make concessions to human beings. And any producer looking at *Snow White* might ask himself why he should pay five thousand dollars a week or thereabouts to the Crawfords and Temples and MacDonalds and Gables and Colmans, and then, having paid it, should still be suffering from their temperaments and their deficiencies, when he could hire people to make animated drawings, always obedient, perfectly under control, and doing the work better than the living players. So far there is only one answer: that the living players are more popular. That may not always be the case.

At the moment of writing, this picture has been running for several weeks on the West Coast, and many thousands have seen it in New York. We still do not know whether the whole country and the rest of the world will be enthusiastic enough to pay back the several million dollars which this picture cost, but all the signs are favorable. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* is an enchantment; it is the culmination so far of all Disney's talent and intelligence; it has all the surface charm and baffling magic of his early pictures; and in addition, the solid structure and the length itself of the picture make it impressive. All of these things might be true without for a moment disturbing the smug satisfaction of those producers in Hollywood who are so obsessed with their own formulas that they keep on repeating them year after year. But when you observe the methods by which Mr. Disney has arrived at this triumph, you can see that theoretically at least he has pulled the foundations from under studio production.

I note first that Mr. Disney in treating this fairy story has used half a dozen of the simple and basic elements of the moving picture as we knew it twenty years ago; he has transposed them to his own medium, but you can still recognize them. In Snow White's nightmare flight you have something recalling the *Perils of Pauline* with a touch of *Caligari;* when the dwarfs suspect that Snow White is in danger, you get the effect of the last-minute rescue as practiced by D. W. Griffith to which is added a sort of burlesque of the coming of the Marines; a great deal of the comedy recalls the grotesque fun of the Keystones; and the natural and constant use of magic goes back to the very early days when the tricks of the camera were a sheer delight to the producers. Moreover, the sharply defined characters express themselves completely in action; the dialogue is never intrusive, and I am quite convinced that the picture would be almost as satisfactory if we retained the music and dropped the words. This again means that Mr. Disney has gone back to the first and best principle of the moving picture which is that no matter how important speech may be, the essentials must still be expressed in movement.

These are the things which directors in Hollywood who get excited over a few bright turns of phrase are likely to forget. Yet that is not all. The unique thing about *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* is that although he has produced a fairy tale, Mr. Disney has also created human characters much more credible at times and frequently more moving than those portrayed on the screen by living players. Actual words have, of course, been spoken in animated cartoons for many years, not always successfully. In this picture, for the first time, a running dialogue is realistically presented, and again, for the first time, a human being is the center of dramatic action. With a positively dazzling skill Mr. Disney has made Snow White move and think and feel as we know human beings move and think and feel. In the first third of the picture at least the enchantment works on the spectator so much that he jumps the intervening step of making comparisons with ordinary feature pictures and thinks only of such a stage production as *The Blue Bird* or a Christmas pantomime in a London theater. Although there is a falling off in charm toward the end of the picture, there is a positive increase in emotion which brings home the essential point that the animation of drawn figures is capable of producing precisely the same effect that ordinary pictures try, not always with success, to achieve.

The change in tone in the later reels is one of the few defects in the picture. Once he has launched his story and put Snow White under the protection of the birds and the beasts of the forest, Mr. Disney provides about fifteen minutes of complete enchantment; even he who has created a whole mythology about ani-

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mals has never before come so far; the mind goes back to a hapless tortoise, to fawns, to little balls of fur; and perhaps the happiest moment of all is when two bluebirds listen with doting pride to a song of their fledgling and wince when a high note goes sour. These sequences apart from being most amusing are the lightest and most delicate in the picture. The animals virtually disappear after the dwarfs come on, and Mr. Disney, having become infatuated with the seven little characters, seemed to lose control over them so that they advance and retreat across the screen too many times before they discover that the monster who cleaned their kitchen is only a little girl asleep in one of their beds. There is a little too much exploitation of the special characteristic of each dwarf—the sleepiness of one, the bashfulness of another, the drowsiness of a third; to establish seven simple ruling passions and then to repeat them at stated intervals becomes a little tiresome. I suspect that little children and more simple-minded spectators will not feel this; it is a defect nonetheless, because in making his first long picture Mr. Disney was proving that his system of animation could carry a sustained plot with definite characters, and the slowing up of the picture for some of the episodes of the dwarfs defeated that purpose to a degree. Perhaps it is more just to say that at moments the picture falls away from its own perfection, and you begin to worry; and then Mr. Disney's genius surges up with some miracle of design and color, with some invention or transformation, with some supremely right adaptation of sound to sight, and you know that you are safe.

I confess to a deep personal satisfaction in the success of this picture. In 1931 I wrote to a producer, famous then for his experimentation and aggressiveness, suggesting that a full-length animated picture should be made on a subject which I still think is at least as attractive as the one Mr. Disney chose—*Alice in Wonderland*. This was in the days before color, and the Tenniel drawings were available as the master models upon which a staff of animators could work. He did not reply.

A picture like this makes you think about the whole business of movie production. It makes you wonder what has kept the ordinary fictional movie from working steadily at such a high level. There have been men of extraordinary ingenuity in Hollywood and some with imagination; they have had at their finger tips the technical training, and under their hands miracles of equipment; yet after twenty years of the silent picture and ten years of the talking picture, they can give you such a sense of deep satisfaction only once in twenty tries. You begin to suspect that perhaps they have not been trying to do the right things. Right or wrong, most of the tries of the current month have been only mildly interesting.

But this is not too discouraging; nor is an estimate that of five hundred pictures produced in a year only ten or fifteen at the most will be notable creations. The serious believer in the movies is never too much upset by a run of bad pictures; he is like a prospector for gold, undeterred by any number of failures. Because he knows that the movies are an industry and an art, whenever a good or great picture is made, it is proof that the movies, as an art, are pure gold; the rest of the pictures merely prove that the industry is not organized to mine gold, and is merely making money, instead. Our happiest moments come when excellent pictures make more money than poor ones—and this happens more often than the enemies of the people will ever believe.

"He has some advertising campaigns planned, but he can't get any sponsors"

I am afraid that we will all have to reconcile ourselves to the commercial movie and do what we can to teach the industry that we appreciate its efforts to make good pictures. For the movies are the universal art of today, and it is a new thing to have an art for all the people under the control of a small handful. I have been reading Curt Sachs's *World History of the Dance,* which warns us to suspect all reports of "danceless races," and traces dancing through all its phases, from age to age, culture to culture, and continent to continent. Here you have the universal art of the past; it is an art which seems to be as natural to mankind as running, so that it emanates from the common man and very slowly, as Dr. Sachs shows, proceeds to the place at which it is taken over by the specialist, the expert, and the amateur, and becomes a pleasure for the few. Incidentally, I recommend the discussion of modern "society dances," not as the most significant part of this massive work, but as an example of sound sense. The dancing of the nineteenth century, says Dr. Sachs, was stale; ragtime and its successors brought flexibility, drama, variety, an erotic element; "these dances . . . preserved . . . that original state in which the dance rose out of an inner physical and spiritual need." The dances quickly deteriorate in the atmosphere of the hall or night club; but "the twentieth century has re-discovered the body." It has taken dancing away from the specialists, or has brought the specialists back to the fundamentals of the dance.

The commerce surrounding the dance is not balanced, organized, or efficient. As you read Dr. Sachs (who reminds you at times of *The Golden Bough* and, at others, of a psychologist or a social critic) you discover reasons why community dances are as difficult to manage as troupes of ballet girls; you may wonder whether our dancing, which is neither ritualistic nor spontaneous, but is still formalized, can be descended from "the mother of the arts." But go back to Mr. Disney's work and you will start a more cheerful train of thought. In the universal appeal of the film, the dance has not lost its power; those movements across the screen are often dances of exquisite beauty and great meaning. I do not think the film can restore to us our

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natural impulse to dance, but it may keep that impulse alive in human beings until the conditions of society make it as natural for a man to dance as it is for him to run—not from a policeman with tear gas or an aviator dropping bombs.

In the Works

The following is a list of moving pictures which are being completed in the studios and will probably be on view shortly after this issue of SCRIBNER'S appears. This is not a list of recommended or best pictures, but it includes those which will probably be more rewarding to the intelligent spectator than most of the others. The guessing is based on certain tangible facts: the interest of the original story, the merit of the stars, or the intelligence of the director; also intangibles such as studio rumors, advance gossip, and general atmosphere. It must also be remembered that in addition to seeing pictures for their quality, we sometimes go to see them in self-defense—merely because everyone else has seen them. Only a few such pictures are included in this list:

PENITENTIARY: Walter Connolly in a movie version of *The Criminal Code.*

EVERYBODY SING: Fannie Brice, Reginald Owen, Henry Armetta.

BENEFITS FORGOT: Directed by Clarence Brown; with Walter Huston.

PARADISE FOR THREE: Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, Edna May Oliver, and a comic story.

BIG BROADCAST OF 1938: W. C. Fields. Possibly too many others, but still W. C. Fields.

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME: Production by Pandro S. Berman of Arthur Kober's engaging play, with Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER: If it is not a good picture, the nation should sue David O. Selznick.

GOLDWYN FOLLIES: George Balanchine's American Ballet, Charlie McCarthy, Phil Baker—but the Ritz Brothers.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER: Play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, with Edward G. Robinson.

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE: Original story by Stephen Vincent Benét.

MARCO POLO: With Gary Cooper; THE BUCCANEER, a Cecil DeMille production; and Sonja Henie's HAPPY LANDING are all scheduled for release too late for review and will probably bear looking into.

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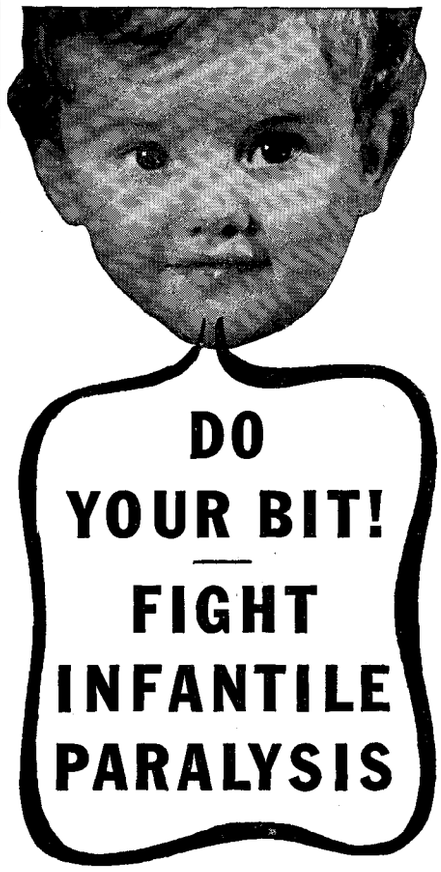

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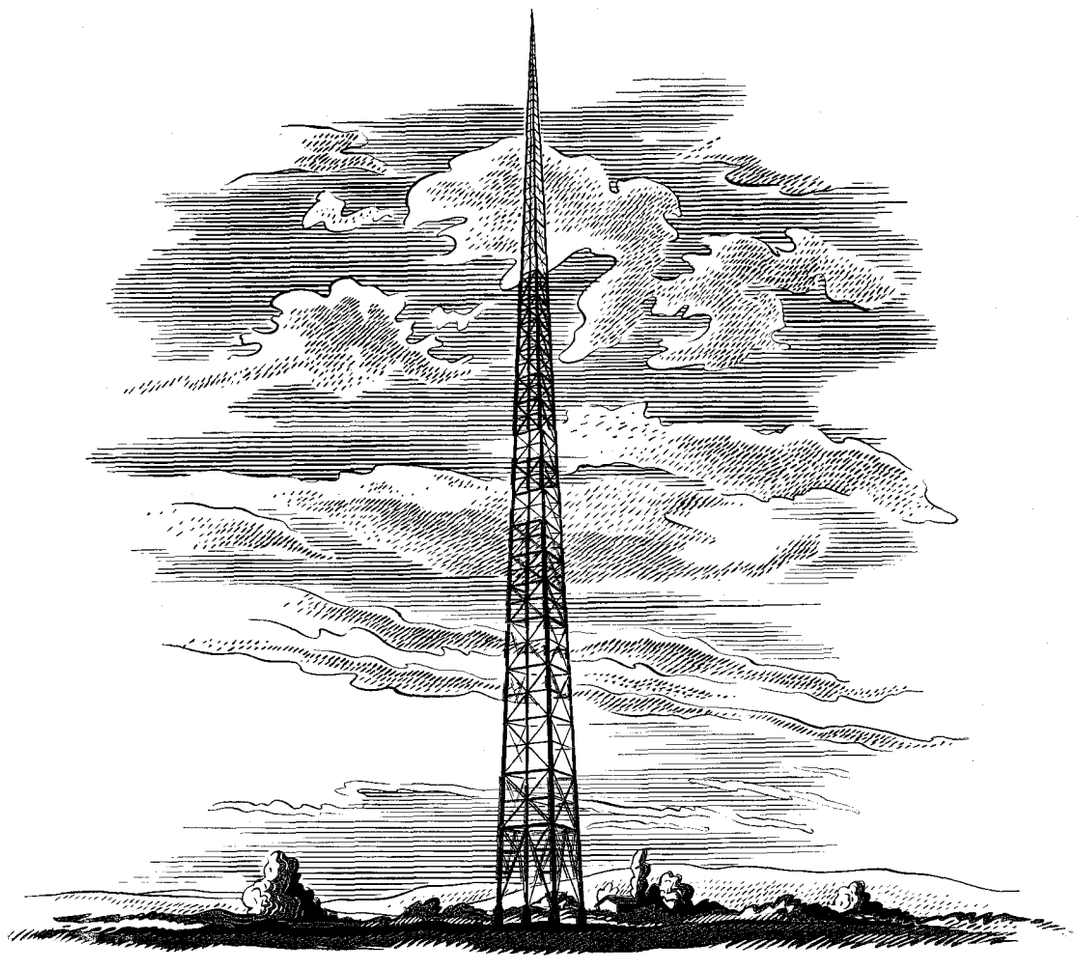

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Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

In an English popular drama currently as idealess and devoid of imagination as Los Angeles journalism, Irish stew, and Verdi's *Aïda,* J. B. Priestley stands out with the eminence of John Stuart Mill's breadbasket. His ideas and imagination, true enough, are frequently borrowed from others, but he at least borrows them from men of the stature of Ouspensky, Dunne, Blake, Wordsworth, and Proust rather than—as with many of his London contemporaries—from Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, Henry Guy Carleton, and Noel Coward.

This discrimination in the matter of selection is what marks him as a playwright. His intelligence and culture are sufficient to have imbued him with the critical wisdom which appreciates that when the drama on rare occasions ventures a relatively original philosophical or scientific idea, it most often makes a laughing-stock of itself, inasmuch as in the theater the aforesaid philosophical nugget must be reduced to the mouth of an actor who usually looks as if he never had an idea of any kind in his life and as if he hadn't the faintest notion of what the playwright was driving at and as all scientific profundities must, further, be reduced either to childish stage props with blinking purple lights in them and which explode with a shower of electric sparks at the big metaphysical moment, to a gauze cut-out in the backdrop which when illuminated purveys the life on Mars, or to a laboratory consisting entirely of phials resembling Pilsner glasses and in a constant and inscrutable state of Bromo Seltzer eruption.

Priestley recognizes all this. And he recognizes, as well, that, except perhaps for Shaw in his earlier days and Pirandello in his later, the drama has astutely refrained from even the simulacra of original ideas, preferring—because of the theater's constricted two hours which allow insufficient time for the average audience to assimilate any save the very oldest and most familiar ideas—simply and effectively to relate the more accepted ideas in a new and fresh emotional manner. It is thus that, when nitwits speak of new ideas in the drama, what they really mean are not ideas associated with the mind but with the nervous system, not cerebral ideas so much as anatomical. If Einstein had been a dramatist and had sought to incorporate his original theory of relativity into a play, the show, however great its merits, would doubtless not have run longer than a few nights, even if all the dramatic critics in Christendom, none of whom would have understood it, lauded it to the skies and even if, to boot, John Gielgud, Maurice Evans, the Lunts, and Butterfly McQueen played the leading rôles.

To persuade and convince an audience, and to succeed in the theater, a scientific idea, however sound, must either be deprecated and ridiculed by every character in the play except the leading man or woman, who—if the play is to be a big success—must also shake his or her head skeptically at least six times during the evening, or it must be presented in the guise of fantasy and must argue its truth in terms of the highly improbable. As for genuine philosophical ideas, their sole small hope in the theater, presuming their adventitious epiphany in that strange quarter, lies in the shrewdness of a dramatist who will appreciate that he must bequeath them to that male character whom the leading lady will contemptuously jilt in favor of the handsome bonehead polo player and so satisfy all save the customers in the balcony that they are not only rather foolish but slightly objectionable and offensive.

In *Time and the Conways,* which has recently been shown here, as in *I Have Been Here Before,* Priestley goes principally to the time twins, Dunne and Ouspensky, for his ideas. But, very wisely, as I have hinted, he abstains from the dramatic danger of too direct restatement and contents himself with the merest implication and suggestion. He skillfully translates scientific inquiry into emotional answer and thus contrives a brace of plays which, for all their overtone of scientific importance, are essentially no more scientific than *Berkeley Square* or *Charley's Aunt,* but which, like the lights in far farmhouse windows on winter nights, romantically emotionalize the cynicism of the beholder into dismissing the unquestionably sparse and rickety aspect of their interiors.

In his own England, Priestley is regarded by the critics as a very original and profound fellow. In my own America, I prefer to regard him as an uncommonly provocative playwright. As for his dramatic originality, when one of the English critics demands, "Is it not, for example, new to say that feelings, imagination and will are the only realities?," I fear that I shall have to answer impolitely, "No—unless you have never heard of Pirandello." And as for his profundity—I refer to *Time and the Conways*—profundity seems to me to consist in something more than a mere quoting of Blake to the effect that joy and woe are woven fine in the woof of life, an emotional paraphrase of the Dunne theory of time, and the dropping of a final curtain on an unresolved scientific chord, with his mouthpiece meeting the avid scientific curiosity of his heroine with the grease-paint, dash-strewn, hokum evasion: "There will be—something—I can tell you—one day. I'll try—I promise."

*

Following its successful Rogers Peet version of *Julius Cæsar,* the enterprising Mercury Theater sponsored Marc Blitzstein's opera in déshabillé, *The Cradle Will Rock.* As in the former instance, emphasis was laid by the reviewers on its "excitement." Defects, they here and there freely allowed it had. But, they proclaimed, what matter when, first and foremost, it instilled in its audience so great a degree of this excitement? Now, no one likes excitement in the theater more than the man hired to conduct this critical department. But it still seems to him that there are different kinds of dramatic excitement and that the species engendered by Mr. Blitzstein is hardly to be distinguished, either critically or

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artistically, from a theater cry of "Fire!"

That the exhibit, with its minstrel-show technique adapted to pseudo-opera, is novel, we may agree. But novelty purely as novelty is exciting only to cub criticism. That its defiant shout of labor propaganda from a stage apron slam-bang against an audience's ears is aurally jouncing, we may also agree. But excessive noise, whatever its quotient of meaning, is exciting only to admirers of melodrama, jazz, Negro revival meetings, aviation movies, and the novels of Zane Grey. That it dismisses all the conventional accoutrements of the musical-show stage, that it abandons scenery and costumes, and that it confines itself to a single piano played by its composer, we may further agree. But so did the celebrated *London Follies,* which, when shown at Weber's theater some years ago, got such a blast of ridicule from both press and public that it was overnight driven in humiliation back to England. Surely, these things could not account in the reviewers' minds for its exciting quality. That its lyrics are in one or two instances amusing, we may still further agree. But Lorenz Hart's and Ira Gershwin's lyrics are generally amusing in four or five instances, and I have yet to hear them called exciting.

We come to the singing and acting. It is, the reviewers agreed, eminently bad. We come to the score. It is, the one or two reviewers who know the slightest thing about music agreed, of no distinction; in point of fact, it is for the major part wholly obvious and alternately shoot-'em-in-the-ear and grease-'em-in-the-ear stuff. We come to the staging. It is, the reviewers agreed, of a charade cut and manner. We come to the words. They rely for their eloquence and punch solely upon their obstreperous articulation. We come, finally, to the theme: a battle cry of organized labor, familiar enough from a dozen or more recent plays. But, still insist the reviewers, it is all immensely exciting. You make that out; I can't. That is, I can't unless, as I have observed, a loud cry of "Fire!" constitutes a more critically and artistically exciting event in the theater than something, quietly calm, like *Der Rosenkavalier* or—if you want the greatest dramatic plea for labor ever written—Hauptmann's *The Weavers.* So far as *The Cradle Will Rock* goes, it strikes me as being little more than the kind of thing Cole Porter might have written if, God forbid, he had gone to Columbia instead of Yale.

*

Certainly, one who like myself has impertinently amused himself revaluing and modernizing the classics and who even now is fooling with the job of editing Ibsen's *Ghosts* in the light of the later-day findings on syphilis should be the last to complain when others indulge in a similar diversion. Nor, equally certainly, do I complain. In point of fact, I rejoice. That is, I rejoice when a Hauptmann rewrites *Hamlet,* when a Shaw rewrites *Cymbeline,* when a St. John Ervine writes a sequel to *The Merchant of Venice,* when a clever Russian reconstructs *Antony and Cleopatra,* or when anyone else with humor, wit, and dexterity brings a sound critical prankishness to the business. What I lament, however, is the periodic and very foolish attempt to lay hold of some classic drama that has become thematically sterile and to seek to give it a bogus life on the modern stage by leaving its theme unaltered and intact but by bring-

Mr. Nathan is intrigued by J. B. Priestley's preoccupation with time (*in* Time and the Conways)

ing the dramaturgy and dialogue somewhat closer to the present-day theatrical idiom. That is what Thornton Wilder has recently done with *A Doll's House* and what results, as might have been expected, is simply a whimsical hybrid, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red Louis K. Anspacher.

The only way in which *A Doll's House* might be modernized would be to make Helmer so disgustedly irritated with his silly wife's presumption to a plane of masculine equality that it was he who did the final door-slamming. To bid an audience today to be sympathetically exercised on behalf of a female squint-sconce who has forged a note and then loftily deserts her children and her husband merely because the latter, who is head of a bank, doesn't heroically accept the ruin it might readily have brought upon him, is asking a little too much. And any such effort as Mr. Wilder's externally to doll up Ibsen's telling of the tale contrives only further to make things ridiculous. You can't make an antique seat less an antique seat by putting a flapper on it. And you can't make a modern play out of a rococo one simply by having Helmer call Nora "darling" instead of "little bird" and "squirrel" and by here and there changing the Ibsen dramaturgic technique to Clemence Dane's. It is much better to leave such things be. One can no more successfully modernize *A Doll's House* without revising it internally from head to heel than one can modernize *Pride and Prejudice, Uncle Tom's Cabin,* or Herbert Hoover.

Revised or unrevised, however, *A Doll's House* must depend largely in the theater upon the actress who plays Nora, and Miss Ruth Gordon who is the present Nora drops the play under her. Like a stage magician who has spent his life assiduously perfecting himself in the palming and passing of coins and who can no longer put a dime into his pocket without first flicking it up his sleeve, Miss Gordon has apparently got to the point where her overelaborated acting technique prevents her from doing anything simply, forthrightly, and naturally. As a consequence, she is given to so many tricks that one momentarily expects her Nora to step to the footlights and sustain the illusion by requesting someone to lend her a silk hat and thereupon pulling out of it a rabbit, a chromo of Elisabeth Bergner, and a good notice from a London dramatic critic.

*

The conventional critical objection to such Broadway musical exhibits as *Three Waltzes* and *Between the Devil* is that the books, or librettos, are not only woefully inferior to the scores but that they are at the same time old-fashioned, stale, and dull. Although a great deal of the criticism holds water and I fully concur in it, it nevertheless strikes me that there is something to be said for the other side. It would, true enough, be pretty hard to find a book duller than that of Mr. Dietz's *Between the Devil,* and certainly the three-generation love story of *Three Waltzes* has already served enough time to be paroled, but even so I speculate why criticism should be so harsh with exhibits of this kind when it allows itself to be so lenient in other more or less analogous directions.

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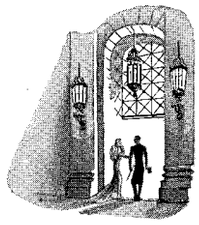

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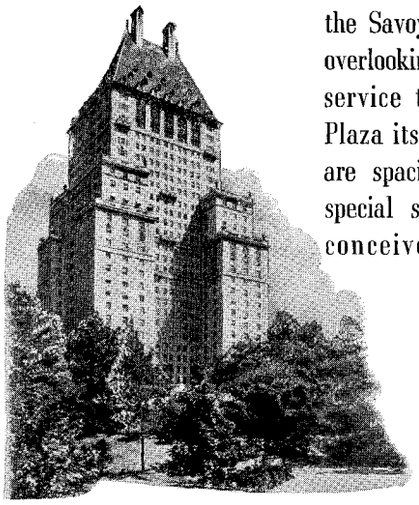

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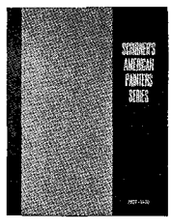

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I allude, obviously, to the opera. If the book of *Three Waltzes* is old-fashioned, stale, and dull, what of the libretto of *La Sonnambula,* or *Lakmé,* or *La Favorita,* or *Cavalleria Rusticana,* or *L'Africaine,* or *Manru,* or *La Traviata,* or *Der Freischütz,* or some of the other operas? If any such librettos were to be merchanted on Broadway today, the yell of derision would be audible for miles around, yet no one complains when, year after year, one is asked to listen to their endless repetition at the opera. Any such comparison is nonsensical? Why? Well, for one thing, you say, it is a matter of music. But the music of *Three Waltzes* is by and after Johann Strauss, Sr., Johann Strauss, Jr., and Oscar Straus, and so surely is not to be dismissed as contemptible. Well, for another thing, you say, the opera librettos mentioned were originally deserving and are now agreeably accepted as pleasant mementos. But the *Three Waltzes* story was also originally and relatively deserving and might now also be agreeably accepted as a pleasant memento. And were the opera librettos mentioned really as originally deserving as you say? One, after a vaudeville by Scribe, was old-fashioned and dull even in 1831; another was derived by a couple of hacks from a play already stale in 1840; still another from a play also already more than stale; another still by the same worn-out Scribe whose librettos have done so much to depress opera.

Nevertheless, you say, the lyrics of these operas are infinitely superior to those of some such exhibit as *Three Waltzes.* You are, I have the honor of telling you, a snob and a faker. The "My Heart Controls My Head" lyric in the latter is just as good, if not better, than the "Tutto è gioja" in the Bellini opera, the "To Live Is to Love" every bit as good as the "Fior di giaggolo" in the Mascagni, the "Our Last Waltz Together," the "Springtime," and the "Do You Recall?" fully as good, indeed considerably better than such lyrical exercises as the sailors' chorus in the Meyerbeer opera, the villagers' jingle in *Manru,* and the "Ah, fors è lui" in the *Camille* extraction. Well, well, well, you say, but the singing voices make a difference. Kitty Carlisle's voice in *Three Waltzes* is of operatic quality and, besides, unlike the majority of female opera singers, she is very good-looking and can act. Michael Bartlett, in the same operetta, who has sung in grand opera in Italy and elsewhere, hasn't as good a voice, but it is at least a sufficiently serviceable one. So many people—and that includes critics—are such damned hypocrites.

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Jack Benny

(*continued from page* 15)

it's funny, in it goes, worked up as a bit of carefully rehearsed spontaneity.

He applies the same intentness to all his activities. Some of his best comedy devices are the result. Here's one. You haven't heard it yet, but you probably will. It centers around a horse—Buck Benny by name. This, as yet, unrun, unproved nag is owned by Benny. He plans to start racing him at the gold-crusted Santa Anita track this spring. Benny hopes to make money out of his four-legged gag. But if the horse isn't a winner on the track, it can still be a gold mine, for Benny plans to use Buck as the starting point of a whole sequence of comedy situations.

These gags will follow the sure-fire Benny formula. First, he will build a picture of himself as an accomplished judge of horseflesh, the man who never fails to pick a winner. Then the other members of the cast will proceed to tear this picture to shreds. They will ask him about such horse-wise terms as "hocks," "withers," "pacing," and all the rest of the jargon which is the mother tongue of the racing fraternity. Jack will know even less about it than you or we, but you can depend on it that as Brother Benny embroils himself further and further, his fans will laugh themselves crazy at his antics.

This situation could be sprung now, but Benny is saving it. He is shepherding his resources. The Maxwell is hitting on all fours. When it starts to sputter, he'll shift to his horse.

There are few comedians astute enough to exercise that control. Most of them find a promising new routine irresistible. They shoot the works. But Benny holds his fire till a salvo of new ammunition is a necessity, not a luxury. It's one of the fundamental reasons for his amazing durability.

And here's another reason—and a very potent one—why you'll probably continue to hear Mr. Benny dish out his drolleries for many a moon to come. For Jack, being a "businessman of humor," knows that it's not enough just to make his audience laugh. He must make them laugh—and *buy*. So he doesn't look on the commercial announcements in his show as necessary evils. He looks on them as the opportunity to cinch contract renewals, to make his employers realize his worth.

Jack stages his commercials so that they are a part of his show—not an afterthought. They are written by the agency. Specifically, they're written by a young woman, not quite five feet high, who tips the scales at something less than a hundred. Her name is Ruth Aikman, and her pals call her "Pixie."

Jack and the agency take these commercial announcements and place them in the show so you can't escape them. There is no dead stop in a Benny show while the announcer hits you over the head with a sales message. The selling and laughs are one big happy family.

And Jack goes further than that. He was the first comic to work mention of the product all the way through the show, in such a way as to get *sympathetic* laughs from *selling* patter. He's made a comedy situation out of Don Wilson's back-breaking attempt to ring mention of Jell-O's "six delicious flavors" in on any conceivable pretext. The result is that Jell-O is mentioned as many as fifty times in a single half-hour show, and the listener finds it a bit difficult to miss the idea that the show is sponsored by a product called Jell-O.

There's a very practical pay-off to that trick. More people identify Jell-O as the product that brings them that half-hour of entertainment than identify the sponsor of almost any other radio show. The advertising experts solemnly check up on this, for don't forget that all this good humor is aimed at softening your sales resistance. Thousands of phone calls are made each week to find out *what* you're listening to, and how attentively you're listening.

"Good evening, would you mind telling me if you have your radio turned on?"

"Yes, it's on."

"What program are you listening to?"

"Jack Benny."

"What product is he advertising?"

"Product? Let's see—er—a . . . I don't know. Some cigarette or something."

Only they don't flub often on Benny's show. As many as 90.2 per cent of the audience have quickly responded, "Jell-O." Some good shows are lucky if 50 per cent of the listeners can identify the sponsor. There was interesting proof of that in the recent Affair West—when Mae West shocked a lot of people by being Mae West in her now-famous Garden of Eden seduction scene. This incident came on the Charlie McCarthy show, which, as every one who has done his radio homework should know, is sponsored by Chase & Sanborn Coffee. Yet, in the evening furore, General Foods received hundreds of indignant letters saying, in effect:

"After your disgraceful broadcast on Sunday, I will never again buy a can of your Maxwell House Coffee."

That's no reflection on the Charlie McCarthy show. As a matter of fact, it's now top show in the Crossley Report—the more or less official bimonthly rating of all radio shows. That kind of confusion would happen on *any* show. But it's less likely to happen on Benny's. The records prove that. And as long as they continue to prove it, his sponsors will probably continue to consider Jack's $10,000 a week money well spent.

Off stage, Benny is a rather serious-minded fellow, more preoccupied than alert, more contemplative than effervescent. He isn't a playboy; he isn't the fun-loving Rover; he doesn't help keep the hot spots and gambling clubs prosperous. Maybe Jack's circumspect life is partly due to his being a two-drink man. He lives simply and contentedly with his wife, Mary Livingstone, who heckles him both on the air and off. They have one child—adopted. Their best friends are George Burns and Gracie Allen. Jack thinks George is the funniest man alive, and George never argues with him about it.

Jack isn't profligate with his $390,000 pittance. In fact he fills it out a bit by movie work that ought to cover most of his taxes. And that's another indication that he's smart. For there's no telling how long the gusher will continue to gush. Jack has been on the air for Jell-O for four years—a long time for a comic to be on for any one sponsor. His sponsors like him. Nevertheless, as soon as the Benny show ceases to sell a sufficient quantity of Jell-O, the Benny jokes will cease to be uproariously funny to the sponsors. When they hired Benny, Jell-O sales had reached what the boys in the trade call "a plateau." They had leveled off. "Something must be done," said the Masterminds. "We must reach an entirely new market." The upshot of it was that they hired Benny. And the upshot of *that* was that Jell-O sales started kiting.

One of these days, Jell-O sales will undoubtedly reach another plateau. Another meeting will be held. And then, over your radio, you'll hear something like, "You've just been listening to Arturo Toscanini conducting the four delicious movements of Beethoven's 'Pastorale,' through the courtesy of the six delicious flavors of Jell-O." Or, if it's after 1940, you'll possibly tune in on a vibrant, eminently familiar voice ringing out, "My friends, . . . Jell-O again."

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In a recent issue of *Newsweek* Sinclair Lewis took a swipe at Young Critics who work off bile and fortify their egos by undermining Elderly and Experienced Authors. I can understand Mr. Lewis's animus: too many contributors to *The Dial* and *The Little Review* had complained in days gone by that Mr. Lewis's *Main Street* was not Henry James's *The American,* and too many writers for *transition* had cracked the boy from Minnesota for not being the revolution-of-the-wordist from Dublin, Ireland. But I suspect there was more than the legitimate memory of old wounds behind the Lewisian taunts. The fact that Red Lewis chose to utter his bleat just a few weeks prior to the publication date of his new novel, *The Prodigal Parents* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), looks awfully suspicious to me. As an amateur psychoanalyst I should say: (1) that Red knew in his heart that he had written a bad novel and (2) that in crying down the critical priestcraft he was subconsciously trying to fortify his own ego against an expected rain of dead cats. Lest Red retort in some future issue of *Newsweek* that I am a young whippersnapper out to fortify my ego I want to say right here that *Main Street, Babbitt,* and *Arrowsmith* are swell books, that *Dodsworth* is okay in spite of the fact that John Willys and Alfred P. Sloan and Walter Chrysler aren't demonstrable models for Sam Dodsworth, that *It Can't Happen Here* is a fine blow for freedom, and that *Work of Art* and *Mantrap* aren't so hot. This deposition ought to establish my objectivity towards the phenomenon of Red Lewis.

"According to Kathleen Norris, we should be very, very happy"

Mr. Lewis goes by contraries and is quite an argufier. If you put a Rotarian who talks about the glories of Service in front of him he knows that he is listening to a conservative stuffed shirt. If you confront him with a young radical cub who was for pacifism and the Oxford Oath last year and for war and Collective Action this year, he knows that he is listening to an unstable character who will probably grow up to be a communist stuffed shirt. In both cases Mr. Lewis is right. But the ability to be litmus paper for any and all stuffed-shirt experiments does not necessarily lead to good novels.

In *The Prodigal Parents* Mr. Lewis grinds an ax and forgets to create human beings. Because the Younger Generation of the 1930's annoys him, he has created three monsters to typify the object of his dislike. One is a black-enamel-eyed communist agitator and organizer named Gene Silga, who practices duplicity as other men drink water. The second is Howard Cornplow, a dope with the face of a Greek god. The third is Sara Cornplow, a gray-eyed prig who leaps from Freud to communism to tennis to interior decoration to marriage with the nimbleness and amorality of a goat. These insufferable pups are contrasted with the older generation of the G-r-reat Middle Class—specifically, with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick William Cornplow. Frdk Wm (as Mr. Cornplow signs himself) sells Triumph cars and Duplex trailers in Sachem Falls, N. Y. He is unashamedly bourgeois, or "bourjoyce," and is a walking compendium of the homelier virtues. Long-suffering and kind, he treats his children well, and even gives jobs to his no-account country cousins. But

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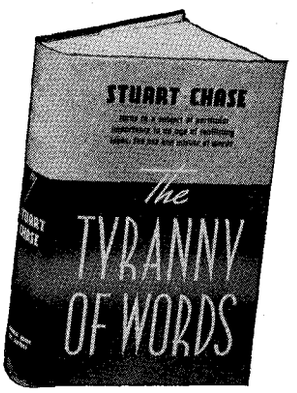

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—*United Press.*

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HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Frdk Wm eventually reaches a point where he won't be pushed around. His wife, Hazel, a plump and understanding creature, follows him more or less obediently. As a foil for Frdk Wm, Mr. Lewis has created Putnam Staybridge, a supercilious old bore whose daughter, Annabel, is unaccountably lively and a good sport. But lest he be accused of muddling a thesis, Mr. Lewis is careful to make Old Putnam an aristocrat and a coupon-clipper. Thus both Putnam and his daughter are *sui generis*. Mr. Lewis's theme song is limited after all to youth and age in the Middle Classes; it does not include people in what cartoonist Redfield calls the Upper Clawses.

With Mr. Lewis's schematization I have no real basic quarrel: it could have resulted in a good novel. I will agree with the outraged concocter of *The Prodigal Parents* that an awful lot of tosh is talked by young leftists, and that communists are not necessarily paragons of intellectual honesty. I will agree with him that many in the Middle Class are sober, industrious, long-suffering, and kind. But people can talk tosh and act crookedly and still represent a movement whose aspirations toward a less harried existence are understandable. And people can be sober, industrious, long-suffering, and kind and still be limited in imagination.

Mr. Lewis used to realize all this. Like Sara Cornplow, his Carol Milford of *Main Street* was shallow and priggish. But unlike Sara, Carol Milford had aspiration that made her human and appealing. Like Frederick William Cornplow, Doc Kennicott of *Main Street* was long-suffering and kind. But Mr. Lewis knew that Doc Kennicott was limited, provincial, and dull, whereas he can't see that Frdk Wm is also limited, provincial, and dull. In fact, Mr. Lewis is inclined to think Frdk Wm is basically right smart. You may object that an author ought to know his own characters. But a right smart man would not have Mr. Cornplow's ideas about the world of 1938. Mr. Lewis makes Mr. Cornplow wistful, and that is supposed to excuse him from everything. But a younger Mr. Lewis made Babbitt wistful without excusing him at all. The change from *Babbitt* to *The Prodigal Parents* is one from sympathetic understanding to outright sentimentality. Incidentally, Mr. Lewis implies that Howard Cornplow, the nitwitted son of Frdk Wm, can be regenerated by the love of Annabel Staybridge. This is so much nonsense: no person as harebrained as Howard could ever be saved.

It is with the communist agitator, Gene Silga, that Mr. Lewis's latter-day method of characterization is most patently false. I share Mr. Lewis's dislike of the international communist "line" and I share his disgust for the sort of intellectual who is willing to swallow a "line." But it is nonetheless true that many communists are honestly convinced that Jesuitical tactics are the only tactics that can overthrow ruling classes whose wealth and control are frequently founded on economic Jesuitry. Mr. Lewis portrays his organizer, Mr. Silga, as a cheap and cynical thief. But cynical thieves don't stand up and take blows and jail sentences for an ideal, no matter how perverted the ideal may be. Mr. Lewis makes Mr. Silga do things that can only be explained on grounds of religious zealotry. Yet the religious streak is quite unaccountably absent from Mr. Silga's character.

To sum things up, Mr. Lewis has followed a relatively good book (*It Can't Happen Here*) with a flop. This has happened before in his career. Let us hope that Mr. Lewis will follow the flop of *The Prodigal Parents* with a good novel, as *Dodsworth* followed *Mantrap*, or as *It Can't Happen Here* followed *Work of Art*. Mr. Lewis has never yet been counted out, and I am not counting him out in these columns, even though I do think he is at least down for the count of nine.

*

In Thurman W. Arnold's *The Folklore of Capitalism* (Yale University Press, $3) and Stuart Chase's *The Tyranny of Words* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), we have two books that are on the trail of something pretty good. In essence, that "something" is fairly simple: it is to evolve a test whereby language can be referred back to events and conditions in the real world to see whether or not sense is being spoken or written. Mr. Chase admires his yellow tomcat, Hobie Baker, because Hobie is never deluded by high-order abstractions or by word symbols for which there are no discoverable referents in the world of reality. Mr. Arnold, more resigned to human frailty, is satisfied to prove that men and women (the dopes) need comforting verbal illusions to shield them from the raw impact of social change. The upshot of each book is more or less the same. If you are a Machiavelli or even a Paul Josef Goebbels, you can learn a trick or two here about the art of manipulating the mind-content of the multitudes to your own advantage. If you are an individual who just can't stand sloganeering, you can discover a methodology for detecting any and all symbolic baloney, whether that baloney appears in the form of a red herring in a politician's speech or an extrapolated curve on an economist's graph. I sincerely hope the slogan haters beat the Machiavellians in the race to digest the Messrs. Arnold and Chase. But since we are living in an age whose politicians are making the most of the utility of slogans, I fear the opposite will happen.

Of the two men, Mr. Arnold has the more fun. Lacking any real hope that the human race can be saved from the consequences of myth and bad language, the burly, bumbling Yale Law School professor from the plains of Wyoming pokes about him with rueful good nature, telling stories on his colleagues and friends with an amused tolerance for their earnest mistakes. He remembers, for example, an evening spent with a group that was discussing the fortunes of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. The Interstate Commerce Commission has just ordered the New Haven road to lower its passenger rates. Horrible, said Mr. Arnold's friends; it will cause the New Haven to lose money, and it will hurt the stockholders. Moreover, it will undermine confidence, private initiative, and the due-process clause. But none of these dire things come to pass: by lowering its rates the New Haven road actually increased its earnings.

Such anecdotal stuff is the heartwood of Mr. Arnold's book. Mr. Chase is less circumstantial, more intent on formulating rules for what he calls the semantic discipline. Carrying on the work of Korzybski and Ogden and Richards, Mr. Chase subjects the philosophers, the economists, and the statesmen to a fearful drubbing. Whenever a "thinker" utters an abstraction, says Mr. Chase, force him to name his referents in the real world, or force him to subject his generality to what the physicists call the "operational" approach. If an Aristotelian tells you that "man is a rational animal," make him qualify his statement with the "when," the "where," and the "how frequently." The "truth" will turn out to be a qualified generality: Man is an animal who is sometimes rational, sometimes not, but at least man is capable of more rationality than an earthworm or a cat.

Mr. Chase makes fine reading when he is applying the semantic "blab" test to others. But sometimes he does a bit of blab-blab thinking himself. And he is not always careful to test his own statements by the operational approach. For instance, he infers that Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of

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Chicago, is a medievalist who would have college youth forget Galileo and Einstein and Darwin and Freud and go back to the broad bosom of Plato. This is nonsense. Hutchins's whole argument against modern education is that it forgets everyone, Galileo, Darwin, and Freud included. He is urging a return to the books of all seminal thinkers—to Newton's *Principia,* Darwin's *Origin of Species,* Marx's *Das Kapital,* and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations,* as well as Plato's *Republic.* He wants to produce a college graduate who has actually read the books of those who figure in economic, social, and philosophical disputation. As one who managed to go through a minor in economics at Yale without reading Adam Smith, Karl Marx, John Bates Clark, Thorstein Veblen, or Alfred Marshall, I sympathize with Hutchins's animus against the "textbook racket" that substitutes desiccated paraphrase for what the originals had to say. As a matter of fact, Hutchins beat Chase to Ogden and Richards on *The Meaning of Meaning* by ten years, if I am not mistaken. And he has applied the semantic "blab" test to books by Teachers College pedants with much the same results that you will find in Chase's own attack on the pedagogical blabbists. If I seem to be going out of my way to defend Hutchins here, let it be put down to an unwillingness to see two good anti-blabbers misunderstanding each other.

*

For those who want to get behind the blabs of the headlines and the statesmen in these days of undeclared wars, Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China* (Random House, $3) and Stephen and Joan Raushenbush's *The Final Choice: America Between Europe and Asia* (Reynal & Hitchcock—a John Day Book, $2.50) are required reading. The Raushenbushes have a bitter wisdom: they tend to think America will be dragged into the next war, but can see little but woe resulting from any desertion of neutrality. Mr. Snow's book is all about the mysterious Chinese Red Army and how it survived ten years of Chiang Kai Shek's animosity. If you want to know how Chiang Kai Shek happened to change his mind about the Chinese communists, and how the Reds and the Kuomintang decided to forget their differences and combine to resist Japanese encroachment, you can get it here in a book that is bursting with information and adventure. Mr. Snow is a more active Vincent Sheean, a straighter-thinking Walter Duranty.

Book Notes

On January 8, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. filed complaint in a suit against Ferdinand Lundberg and the Vanguard Press. They hope to recover $150,000 damages for alleged libel arising out of the publication of Lundberg's book *America's 60 Families,* reviewed in John Chamberlain's columns last month. The thesis of Mr. Lundberg's book, in brief, is that a few families tend to control more and more of America's wealth. . . . Shortly before that, in a radio address, Secretary Ickes made his uncompromising attack on monopoly, basing his talk on Mr. Lundberg's book, and referring to it specifically. At about the same time the *Herald Tribune* refused advertising for the book—a stand which has since been reversed.

In the meantime, orders began to descend upon Vanguard by telephone, telegraph, and mail, and about 2000 copies of the book were sold between the Thursday evening Secretary Ickes spoke and the following Monday morning.

On January 13, General Hugh Johnson offered Lundberg his radio time to answer the General's own criticisms of the book. Mr. Lundberg accepted. In other words hell has been popping in the Vanguard offices. . . . Mr. Lundberg is now at work on a pamphlet in which he will reply to his critics. Vanguard will print it and distribute it free of charge with the book. Not many authors get a free chance to review the reviewers. Copies of the pamphlet should be available early in March.

*

The Stephen Daye Press, in Brattleboro, Vermont, feel that they are offering for March a Vermont dish with national sauce, in the shape of Governor George D. Aiken's book *A Voice From Vermont,* with an introduction by Dorothy Thompson. "We have a rare person in Governor Aiken—a good writer, a lifelong horticulturist, a shrewd, kindly, liberal Yankee, and an astute politician in the national arena. So we expect this little book to please many and to irritate some—as good a reason as any for publishing a book." Anyone who read Governor Aiken's recent speech on what was needed to put new life into the Republican Party will know that what the Stephen Daye Press says is true. There'll be plenty of controversy.

*

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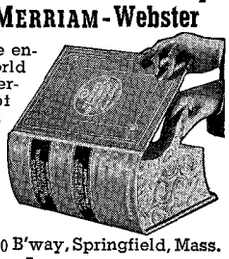

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on the March lists, by two eminent radio authorities. Oxford University Press is publishing *My Life,* by Vernon Bartlett, British broadcaster, diplomatic correspondent, and author. He was at the Peace Conference as one of Reuter's correspondents, has interviewed Hitler and Mussolini, and has never been far from the thick of things. In biographical form he writes a book that includes many outstanding world events. *Hello America,* by César Saerchinger, is being published by Houghton Mifflin and does a different kind of job. Mr. Saerchinger has been a pioneer in international broadcasting and has borne the brunt of getting many of the reluctant great before the microphone. The book contains inside stories of his difficulties in getting people like Wells, Chesterton, the Pope, and Haile Selassie to speak over world-wide hookups. It contains as well a description of the European organization of broadcasting and propaganda.

*

James M. Cain, whose *Serenade* jumps about two places a week up the best-seller lists, has left New York after more than a month's stay, and gone back to California where he lives. He's starting work on a new novel and a new departure for him. "Oh, it's a dumb story about a woman's life," he said over the telephone. Just a typical case of a woman left flat by her husband with a couple of kids to bring up and the compromises that she has to make and the trouble she has with men, trying to get along in the restaurant business. It's to be set in California, and he thinks it well worth telling because she's a woman who exists by the hundreds and whose problems are pretty well ignored in the American scene. . . . He's also going to work on two plays: one about West Virginia mountaineers moved to California, and the other about a man who gets caught in a hit-and-run accident. The last one is more like his stuff than the others, he thinks, but he hopes to pull them all off. Our guess is he will.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON.

We Recommend "The Top Ten"

February Books selected by thirty-six leading publishers of the United States and the Editors of Scribner's Magazine

1. The Unvanquished, by William Faulkner. . . . Faulkner, be it said, wrote *Sanctuary* and *Light in August.* This is a new novel with a Civil War background. Some chapters have appeared as short stories. Random House, $2.50.

2. The Realm of Truth, by George Santayana. . . . The third book in the development of Mr. Santayana's system of philosophy. *The Realm of Essence* and *The Realm of Matter* have already appeared. Scribners, $2.75.

3. Conqueror of the Seas, by Stefan Zweig. . . . Illustrated story of Magellan by a man who is past-master of popular biography. Viking, $3.50.

4. Man Against Himself, by Dr. Karl A. Menninger. . . . A study of suicide. Why. How. Ways to encourage the will-to-live. By an outstanding psychiatrist and author of *The Human Mind.* Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.

5. Bow Down to Wood and Stone, by Josephine Lawrence. . . . The failure and selfish futility of too much self-sacrifice is the thesis of this new and much-heralded novel by the author of *If I Have Four Apples* and *Years Are So Long.* Little, Brown, $2.50.

6. Hell on Ice, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. . . . Adventure and heroism. The story of the men ice-bound for two endless years in the unhappy *Jeannette.* Book-of-the-Month for February. Dodd, Mead, $2.75.

7. This Proud Heart, by Pearl Buck. . . . Career, husband, children? The extraordinarily vital woman in Mrs. Buck's new American novel has energy and ability at anything she tries, but no one loves her for it. Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50.

8. Louisa May Alcott, by Katharine Anthony. . . . A biographer of Catherine of Russia now writes the first complete life of the beloved author of *Little Women,* the daughter of Bronson Alcott, the girl who grew up among the famous in Concord, Mass. Knopf, $3.

9. A Prairie Grove, by Donald Culross Peattie. . . . The story of a patch of American land from the time of the French missionaries to the present. It was serialized in the *Atlantic.* Simon & Schuster, $2.50.

10. Hearken to the Voice, by Franz Werfel. . . . A 700-page action novel by the author of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.* Viking, $3.

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

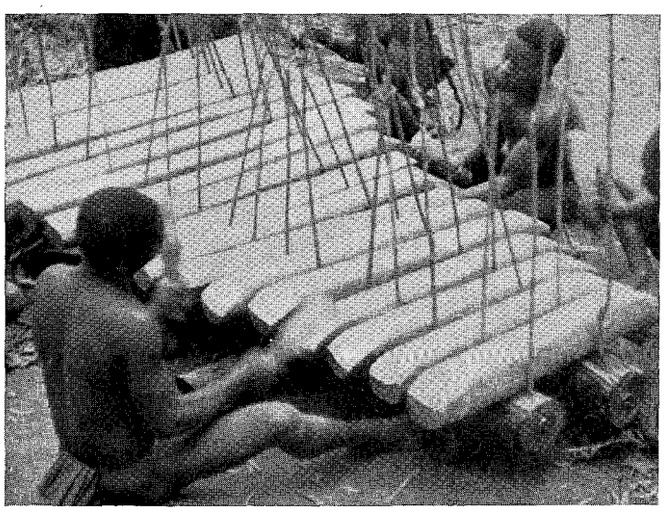
WITHOUT going into the disappointing details of Benny Goodman's swing concert in Carnegie Hall, may I suggest that that vociferously acclaimed event signified the second degeneration of hot jazz as Paul Whiteman's famous Æolian Hall concert of fourteen years ago marked the beginning of the first? This time there will be no hustling among the critics to cheer an "original contribution to music," or to perpetrate grand misconceptions. Annotators of the recent jazz epoch have been at pains to emphasize the improvisational nature of the art, and there has been no lack of material documenting the finest examples of hot style and arrangement in the old records of Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Duke Ellington, and many others. Judged by these standards, the hot exponents of today are producing surprisingly little jazz that is not stereotyped and stodgy.

Of course, there are shouts and stamps of approval for Benny's killer-dillers. Whenever his overblown brass section gets off on an explosive, reiterative chorus, or Gene Krupa prepares to demolish his battery of tom-toms, you may expect bedlam to break out among the ickies. Lionel Hampton's amazing virtuosity at the vibraphone is appreciated most when he is exploiting the percussive possibilities of that instrument. An excellent piano passage by Teddy Wilson or Jess Stacy will pass unnoticed if, indeed, it can be heard at all. The fact that the "Swing School" drew upon a group of ringers from the bands of Count Basie and Duke Ellington (to add an authentic touch to the latter's *Blue Reverie,* and reinforce the "Jam Session") indicates that the Professor has not succumbed completely to the banal preferences of an unimaginative public. What this public idolizes today it will disclaim tomorrow. Its indiscriminate applause of a favorite soloist during his execution of the same cliché he used in any number of previous "senders" demonstrates a kind of taste governed only by the latest craze.

There is nothing so repellent to a musical palate that savors the heady wine of inspired hot improvisation as a simulated *ad lib.* chorus. Soon the ickies, too, will become tired of the old saws—then jazz will need a more powerful shot in the arm than even "that ol' reeferman" can administer.

*

From Carnegie Hall swing to primitive jive in the deepest jungle can become a real and thrilling experience rather than an imaginary flight if you will investigate the six *Belgian Congo Records* dubbed from the sound films made by the Denis-Roosevelt African Expedition (Reeves Sound Studios, New York). Lionel Hampton, I am sure, could not listen unmoved to the lusty licks in the collective improvisations of six savages attacking the eighteen heavy hardwood bars of the giant xylophone at Lubero in the equatorial forest; nor could Gene Krupa ignore the crackling cross-rhythms of the stick orchestra of the Bapere tribe, or the syncopated figure of two contrary rhythmic patterns beaten out in a marvelous jam session by the Royal Watsui Drums. This absorbing collection contains choral songs of the Manbetu and Babiri people in Ringu and the Ituri forest; there are dances in the accompaniment to which are heard a variety of drums, small iron bells, reed horns, and an endless chanting; and there is the strange flute music of the shy Pygmies, interrupted by sharp cries of excitement and anticipation during an elephant skinning and the subsequent feast.



DENIS-ROOSEVELT

All of these moments in the religious and recreational life of a primitive people are vividly recorded, and bring forth prehistoric scenes from the depths of centuries.

In comparing the above records of African music with those of a similar origin selected from the Parlophone catalogue by Decca (Nos. 20140/5), I find the latter less rudimentary, more interesting from a strictly musical viewpoint, but lacking the functional associations and ceremonial validity which enhance the Denis-Roosevelt recordings. The Decca records are of Swahili male and female songs and Yoruba, Haussa, and Ibani dances, accompanied by drumming and chanting. Here are valuable examples of exotic music, some of the most striking and familiar rhythmic features of which have found their way to our shores via the slave ship.

*

Followers of the dance and other curious listeners will be interested in the records made by the musicians who accompany Uday Shan-Kar and his inimitable troupe of Hindu dancers. Under the direction of Vishnudass Shirali, these performers demonstrate their highly cultivated art and the strange sonorities of a large variety of flutes, string and percussion instruments in ten captivating compositions. As these unique records are accompanied by detailed annotations

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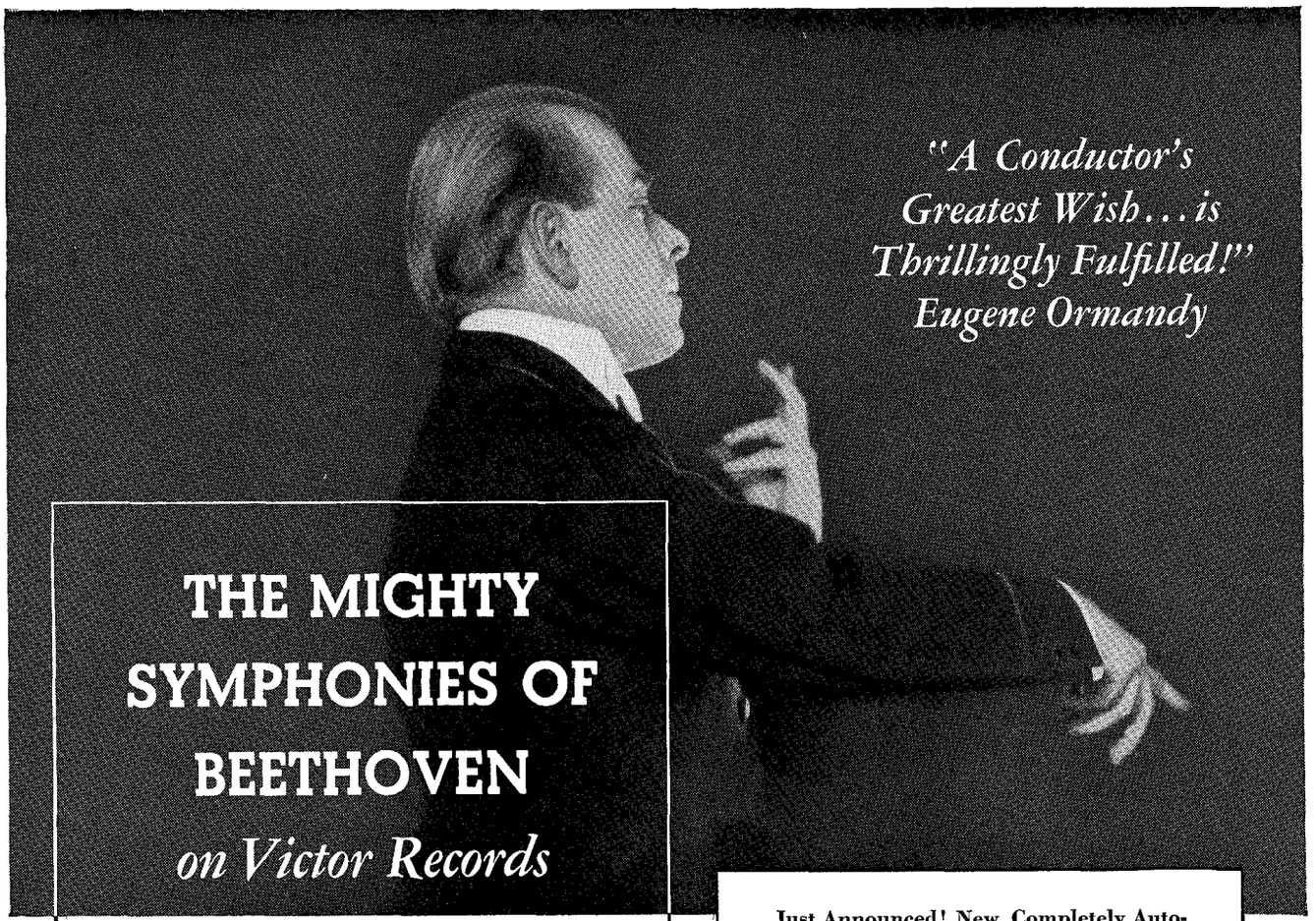

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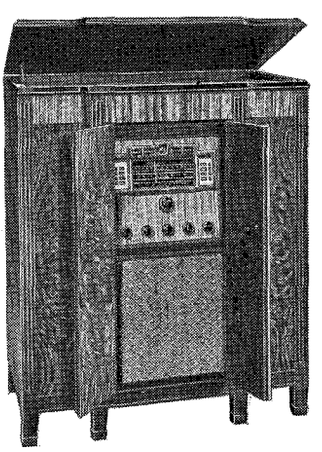

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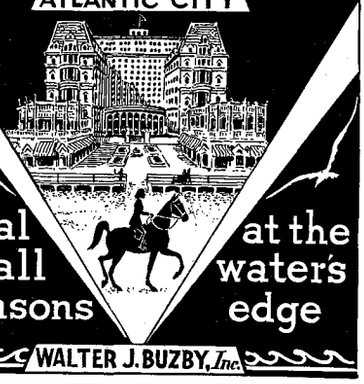

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of Basanta Koomar Roy, I will not undertake any superfluous comment except to indicate Shirali's dazzling performance of a *Raga* on twelve tuned drums as one of the set's highlights, and to add that Shirali *is* a favorite of Gene Krupa (Victor set No. M382).

*

Admirers of Jean Sibelius—and their number, apparently, has become legion—will be attracted by Karl Ekman's authoritative *Sibelius: His Life and Personality* (Knopf, $3). This intimate and revealing portrait of Finland's uncrowned king is the result of many conversations between the biographer and his subject in the latter's country home at Järvenpää. Emphasizing the man rather than his music, this volume makes an excellent companion for Cecil Gray's *Sibelius* (Oxford), concerned primarily with analyses of the seven symphonies, the violin concerto, string quartet, tone-poems, and other miscellaneous works.

Frequent concert and radio performances of Sibelius' music, as well as recordings of practically all of his most ambitious works, have failed to convince me that he is "the greatest composer of today," an eminence to which he has been exalted in England and America by fanatic followers. Granted that his fourth and seventh symphonies, violin concerto, one or two of the tone-poems, and, perhaps, the string quartet are creations of rare genius, what is there to be found among his other productions—when you consider that most of them date from the time of Debussy's *Pelléas, La Mer,* piano *Préludes;* Strauss' tone-poems and operas; and the early flowering of Ravel and Stravinsky—that justifies this estimate? Certainly, not the familiar sagas based on the Kalevala legends, the patriotic choral works, the first three symphonies, the incidental music to plays, the rather fusty songs, and the trivial piano miniatures. A great deal of this music, popular today, is more redolent of Tchaikovsky than the mighty master from Bonn with whom Sibelius, on the basis of too few really important compositions, is often recklessly compared.

Beethoven had his moments of uninspired writing, and he frequently condescended to produce plain potboilers. Sibelius' *Valse triste* (from *Kuolema*) and *Berceuse* (from *The Tempest*)—recently given a resplendent recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski (Victor No. 14726)—should not be held against him any more than a *Romance* or a *Triumphal March* should discredit the composer of the "Hammerclavier" sonata or the *Quartet in C-sharp minor.* But, in the case of Sibelius, the number of productions which are in no way superior to the work of his contemporaries overwhelmingly dominates the extent of his really great utterances. Hence, one looks askance at such sweeping declarations hymning his pre-eminence today as grace the dust jacket of Ekman's book and float from the loud-speaker every time a Sibelius work is broadcast.

*

The recorders haven't gotten around to perpetuating such dull orchestral works by Beethoven as the aforementioned march, but with the recording of a *Sonata in F, op. 17,* for French horn and piano, they have certainly resurrected one of the most boring of his early chamber pieces (Columbia set No. X86). This novelty—interesting only as a vehicle for the golden-toned horn—provides a big moment for Gottfried von Freiberg, more often relegated to the obscurity of the first-horn desk at the Vienna State Opera. Yella Pessl does the accompaniment. The recording is excellent.

The second of Beethoven's *Romances (op. 50)* may be heard in a recent recording by Albert Spalding, violin, and André Benoist, piano (Victor No. 14579) . . . Artur Schnabel's interpretation of the great *Sonata in B-flat* ("Hammerclavier"), *op. 106* (Victor set No. M403) is not as satisfactory in some respects as that of Wilhelm Kempff (Brunswick-Polydor set No. 4), but as part of Schnabel's tremendous achievement of recording the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven, now completed, it represents an important stone in an imposing phonographic monument. . . . The *Quartet in C-sharp minor, op. 131,* considered the greatest of Beethoven's quartets, if not of all his works, is given a superbly virile performance by the Busch Quartet (Victor set No. M369).

*

The task of dusting off scores left by the major recording companies to languish in museums is apparently a profitable one. In the future, Musicraft and Gamut will have to share some of the spoils of hidden musical treasure with Timely Records, the latest studio to enter this field. Timely has already staked out some valuable claims, and in Max Goberman and the musicians of his New York Simfonietta, unusually skilled technicians have been secured to work them. The Simfonietta began by brushing off the *Eight Symphonies* of William Boyce, organist of St. Paul's and composer to His Majesty, George II; and three works by Locatelli, Stamitz, and Pergolesi—respectively, *Concerto Grosso, op. 1, No. 2;*

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Quartet in F; and *Concertino in F minor* —gathered together under the title of *Eighteenth Century Symphonies.*

Why chamber-music groups should have overlooked Constant Lambert's edition of Boyce's bright little pieces—they are really miniature *concerti grossi* —is hard to understand once you have heard their gracious melodies and jaunty dance rhythms. Dr. Boyce's secular music was extremely popular in the theaters of his day; thanks to the infectious lilt of Goberman's reading, music such as might have delighted Garrick and Goldsmith emerges with a peculiar charm for modern ears (set No. 1).

Timely's second album upholds the high standards set by the first. The so-called *Eighteenth Century Symphonies* are communicated with the same irresistible verve and technical sureness that distinguish the Boyce interpretations and which might well be the envy of many better-known ensembles (set No. 2).

That there can be no mistaking Timely's eclectic policy, there are two single discs containing music as far removed as *Two Pieces for String Octet* (*Prelude* and *Scherzo*) by the pride of the USSR, Dmitri Shostakovich, played by the Simfonietta (No. 1300), and seven *Pavans, Galiards and Almands,* by the composer of whom Shakespeare wrote, "Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch upon the lute doth ravish human sense." Whatever the Bard might think of Suzanne Bloch's lute playing with accompaniments by modern strings instead of traditional viols, this recording of John Dowland's grave and gentle dances is surely the shining gem in Timely's embryonic catalogue (No. 1301).

Scribner's Recommends:

The following records, selected from various musical classifications, as outstanding among recent and current publications (those marked * have not been heard as we go to press, but are recommended on the strength of the music and past performances by the recording artists):

Chorus and Orchestra

BACH: *Passion of Our Lord According to St. Matthew,* Volumes I & II. Boston Symphony Orchestra (Koussevitzky); Harvard Glee Club; Radcliffe Choral Society; Soloists. Victor sets Nos. M411* & M412.* Volume III scheduled for April release.

Orchestra

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 in F, op.* 68. B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini. Victor set No. M417.*

Chamber Music

BLOCH: *Sonata for Violin and Piano* (*1922*). Harold and Marion Kahn Berkley. Gamut set No. 3.

Vocal

BRAHMS: *Zigeunerlieder, op. 103.* The Madrigal Singers conducted by Lehman Engel, with piano accompaniment. Columbia set No. X88.*

JOHANN STRAUSS, SR.; JOHANN STRAUSS, JR.; OSCAR STRAUS: *Les Trois Valses* (*Three Waltzes*). Yvonne Printemps, soprano, with orchestra. Victor set No. M416.

Opera

LUCREZIA BORI OPERATIC ARIA ALBUM

Falla: *La Vida Breve-Vivan los que rien!*

Massenet: *Manon-Adieu, notre petite table; Gavotte.*

Mozart: *Don Giovanni-Batti, batti; Vedrai, carino; Nozze di Figaro-Giunse alfin il momento.*

Puccini: *La Rondine-Ore dolci e divine.*

Wolf-Ferrari: *Il Segreto di Susanna-Oh, goia, la nubbe leggera.* With orchestra conducted by Frank Black. Victor set No. M405.

Piano

MOZART: *Sonata in E-flat* (*K282*); *Sonata in G* (*K283*). Kathleen Long. Musicraft set No. 13.

Hot Jazz

OLIVER–ARMSTRONG: *Dipper Mouth Blues.* Recorded in 1922 or 1923 by King Oliver's Jazz Band (Louis Armstrong, cornet). *Sugar Foot Stomp.* Recorded in 1932 by Connie's Inn Orchestra. Hot Record Society: Fourth release.

Motion Picture

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS: *With a Smile and a Song; Dig-a-dig-dig; Heigh Ho; I'm Wishing; One Song; Whistle While You Work; Dwarf's Yodel Song; Someday My Prince Will Come.* Recorded exactly as performed in the Walt Disney picture. Three Victor discs.

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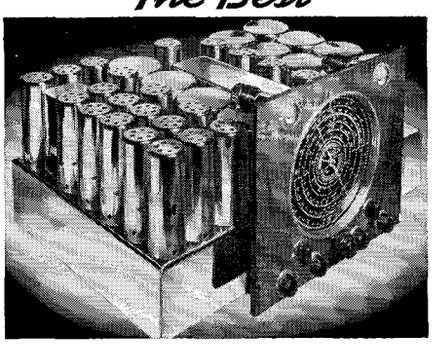

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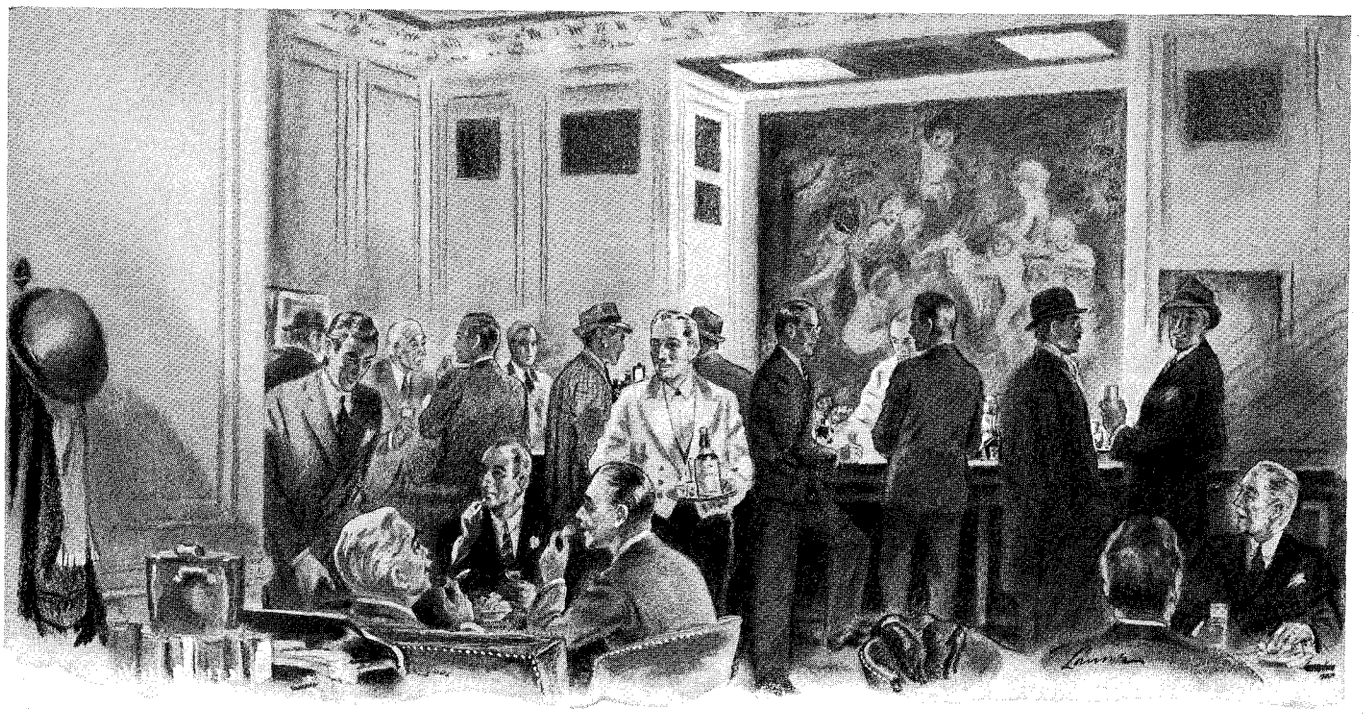

Men's Bar, Ritz Carlton, New York

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

A TYPICAL example of what a cocktail should not be was presented recently in New York at the première of the motion picture adapted from the French play *Tovarich*. And not even the pleasant personality of W. G. Van Schmus, managing director of the Radio City Music Hall, could induce this writer to say a good word in favor of the drink. It appeared to be a mixture of brandy, honey and lime; and if you can think of a more thorough appetite destroyer, this department will welcome the recipe and place it among the 2800 others born since repeal and doomed to early and utter oblivion.

Not even as a cocktail-party cocktail does the "Tovarich" merit attention. It may have been a good publicity stunt, but it was not a good drink. The real cocktail must be made of palatable ingredients and even more important, these ingredients must mix well.

In last month's issue we listed some of the drinks which fill these cocktail requirements. This month we complete the honor roll. All of the drinks are obtainable anywhere; they are known to the average bartender from Singapore to Paris. And you may order them confidently from Dick O'Brien at the Ritz Carlton in New York and from Jimmy Craddock at the Savoy Bar in London; from Bob Card at Harry's New York Bar in Paris, John Carey at the Adlon in Berlin, and Guido at the Café de Paris in Monte Carlo.

One splendid drink which may well find its place near the top of the cocktail-party cocktails is what is known as the "Ward 8." Although a warm-weather drink, it is good all year round. The basis is a whiskey sour, the idea of the "Ward 8" being to eliminate certain objectionable features of that drink. The recipe: Juice of one lemon, one barspoonful of powdered sugar, a large whiskey glass three-quarters full of Bourbon. Dissolve the sugar in the juice and whiskey and pour this into a glass containing a large piece of ice, then add three to four dashes of orange bitters, three dashes of crème de menthe, one half-jigger of grenadine. Fill glass with either plain water or seltzer, add two half-slices of orange, a piece of pineapple, and one or two cherries.

When fresh mint is available, the crème de menthe is omitted, and a slightly bruised sprig of mint added with the slices of fruit. This is an improvement. Some people prefer the juice of half an orange instead of the orange bitters.

The amount of sugar should be regulated to taste, and likewise the grenadine. The important factors are good liquor and care in mixing. Properly made, the drink is very pleasant and highly potent.

Having thus written our final word—for the time being at least—on the subject of the cocktail, we come to those dainty tidbits known as canapés.

Several followers of this department have written inquiries regarding the Scandinavian *smörgåsbord*, which seems to be gaining in popularity everywhere. But the *smörgåsbord* can hardly be considered as something to be served with cocktails, inasmuch as it is a meal by itself, although in Sweden it is considered as merely the standard overture to a good-sized meal. On this subject, however, we claim no authoritative knowledge, and the following facts are borrowed from Holger Lundbergh, an expert on Scandinavian subjects.

Smörgåsbord, as it is served in smart modern hotels and in private homes, is an exceedingly elaborate affair. One sort of bread is not enough for the Scandinavians who want wheat, rye, wort, and hard "health" bread from which to choose. The same holds good with cheese. Here you will find Swiss and other im-

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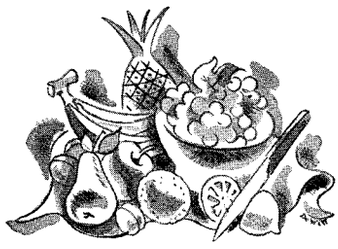

Cocktail-party Cocktails

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Two-fifths sherry
Two-fifths French vermouth
One-fifth orange juice
Dash angostura bitters per cocktail
Squeeze a piece of lemon peel on top

BUSTER BROWN

One pony of whiskey
Two dashes lemon juice
Two dashes orange bitters
Sugar to taste

COMMODORE

Four-fifths rye whiskey
One-fifth lime juice
Two dashes orange bitters
Sugar to taste

FUTURITY

A dash of angostura bitters
One-third French vermouth
Two-thirds sloe gin
Stir well and serve

HARVARD

One part brandy
One part Italian vermouth
Two dashes angostura bitters
Sugar to taste
Squeeze a piece of lemon peel on top

LEVIATHAN

One-fourth orange juice
One-fourth Italian vermouth
Half brandy
Shake well and serve

MAIDEN'S PRAYER

One-half dry gin
One-quarter Cointreau
One-eighth orange juice
One-eighth lemon juice

OHIO

One part Scotch whiskey
One part Italian vermouth
Three dashes orange bitters

OLD-FASHIONED

In a wine glass put a lump of sugar, soak it with angostura bitters, add a lump of ice, fill the glass with rye whiskey, and squeeze a piece of lemon peel on top. Serve in the same glass as mixed.

QUAKER

One-third brandy
One-third Jamaica rum
One-sixth lemon juice
One-sixth grenadine

RISING SUN

Six-eighths brandy
One-eighth pineapple juice
One-eighth curaçao
Two dashes grenadine
Three dashes angostura bitters
Squeeze a piece of lemon peel on top

ROYAL

One part cherry brandy
One part French vermouth
One part dry gin
Squeeze a piece of lemon peel on top
Serve with a cherry

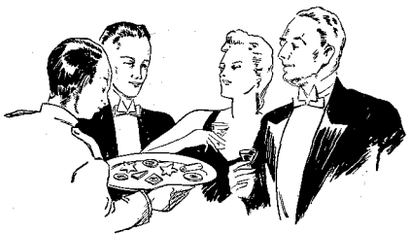
SARATOGA

One part whiskey
One part brandy
One part vermouth
Serve with a slice of lemon

STINGER

One-third white crème de menthe
Two-thirds brandy
Shake well and serve
(An after-dinner drink)

For Expert Advice



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Mr. Fougner, conductor of the department "Wines, Spirits and Good Living," is particularly interested in being of assistance to men who like to entertain and who take pride in their table. Recipes and dishes from all corners of the world are his specialty. If you would make your party or dinner an extraordinary occasion, drop a line to —

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ported cheeses, as well as many native varieties, spicy Vesterbotten, caraway cheese and prestost, and the delicious chocolate-colored mesost which is made from goat milk.

Surrounding the yellow pyramids of butter are plates with cold cuts, veal and tongue and beef and ham, and at least three varieties of herring, the ubiquitous national fish. Here is herring in oil, herring pickled with onions, black pepper, and Brazilian bay leaves, herring smothered in thick tomato sauce, or broiled fresh herring.

Grilled kidneys, an omelette made with those excellent terra-cotta-colored Swedish mushrooms called kantareller, or a gratin of stromming (a small salt-water fish of rare excellence), may also be in a chafing dish. Then of course there are eggs in every disguise, and also caviar, pâté de foie gras, cold game, tins of

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anchovies, cucumbers, radishes, and the best-tasting little scarlet shrimps.

With this colorful and palatable array, you take, not a cocktail, but a glass of aquavit, a water-clear and highly potent distillate made from grain and potatoes. Custom forbids you, however, to sip this chilled and delectable beverage before you have had a bit of *"smor, ost och sill"* (a sandwich, and some cheese and herring). Having built up a preliminary food foundation, you can go ahead with your *snapps,* as the drink is known, and if the weather is unusually cold, or you are tired, or can get away with some similar alibi, you may have a second glass. Later on, a very good light beer is served.

So much for the *smörgåsbord.* But the topic of the day is really the cocktail canapé or hors d'œuvre, as it is called even in America. And here is as fine a collection of recipes for this type of service as we have been able to gather over a long period of years.

Although some of these dainty dishes have foreign names, they are nevertheless of American origin. The demand for this type of tidbit has been so widespread during the past three years that at least one chain of important hotels has a special staff of cocktail-canapé chefs.

At the 1937 Culinary Show held under the sponsorship of the American Culinary Federation at the Grand Central Palace in New York, the jury (of which this writer was privileged to be a member) awarded first prize in this class to the Knott Hotels, and it is from the chefs of the Hotel Shelton, the New Weston, the Governor Clinton, and the Vanderbilt in New York that most of the recipes for the following delicacies have been obtained.

ANGEL ON HORSEBACK

Oyster breaded and rolled in a slice of bacon. Skewer with a toothpick and fry.

BAKED STUFFED MUSHROOMS

Select large mushrooms. Peel and remove the stalks so that the mushrooms will form a cup. Fill the inside with same mixture as D'Uxelle tartlet and bake.

BEEF TONGUE—HUNGARIAN STYLE

Chop finely some cooked smoked-beef tongue. Add just enough chicken force meat and a little cream to give it some consistency. Spread on small pieces of toast. Sprinkle liberally with paprika. Place on buttered pan and heat it for from eight to ten minutes.

BEEF-MARROW TARTLETS

Parboil the well-watered beef marrow. Cut in small slices and mix with a good seasoned Madeira sauce. Fill in tartlet pastry shells and sprinkle with freshly chopped parsley. The shells may be filled with a purée of either clams, oysters, mushrooms, chicken, turkey, or partridge.

CHEESE CROQUETTES

One pound grated Swiss cheese (one-fourth pound Swiss cheese cut in small dices), one-fourth pound American cheese, two egg yolks, one cup thick cream sauce, dash paprika, dash Worcestershire sauce. Have a thick cream sauce —add cheese, egg yolks, and seasoning. Mix well. Let cool off, form in small ovals, roll in flour, beaten eggs and fresh bread crumbs, and fry.

CHEESE SAVORIES

Mix half-pound grated American cheese, one-fourth cup cream sauce, and the yolks of two eggs to a very smooth paste. Add a little mustard, Worcestershire sauce, cayenne pepper, force through a pastry bag on square-cut pieces of puff paste or other fancy biscuits. Put under broiler.

CHEESE TIDBITS

Snappy cheese mixed with melted butter, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Make a paste. Spread this on thinly sliced bread, cover with slices of bacon, and roll. Keep in icebox overnight. Cut in slices and bake in hot oven until brown, and serve.

CRAB-MEAT REMICK

Small tartlet crust filled with crab-meat mixed with Remick sauce. Bake under salamander. (Remick Sauce: Mayonnaise mixed with chili sauce, paprika, celery salt, and a dash of Tabasco.)

CROUSTADE CARDINAL

Poached oyster on top of smothered tomato, cover with lobster sauce, bake in tartlet crusts.

CROUSTADE FORESTIÈRE

Prepare a thick paste of fresh mushrooms with chopped shallots, parsley, paprika, and cream. Have ready small tartlet crusts, fill up with the purée, and bake in hot oven.

D'UXELLE TARTLETS

Fry in two ounces of butter one finely chopped onion. When nearly done, add six chopped shallots and a small crushed clove of garlic. To this add two ounces

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of lean ham cut in small dices and eight ounces of fresh chopped mushrooms. When the juice of the mushrooms has evaporated, moisten with one gill of white wine and reduce to one quarter; add one gill of brown sauce and one-half gill of tomato sauce. Cook for a few minutes longer, adding a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and season to taste. Mixture must have some consistency. Fill up tartlet shells and bake.

CROUSTADE DE QUICHE LORRAINE

Cheese custard with diced fried bacon, chopped onions, chives, and parsley. Bake in crust.

CROUSTADE LATTARD

Place poached oyster in small tartlet crust, with a small slice of bacon on top of poached oyster, and cover with Remick sauce. Bake under flame.

DOMINICAN CROQUETTES

Thick cream sauce mixed with purée of onions and strained through a sieve, then mixed with chopped poached oysters and half the amount of fresh mushrooms. Let this cool off. Form into small cork shapes—roll in flour, eggs, and bread crumbs, and fry.

GALETTE LAUSANNOISE

Three ounces onion, three ounces Swiss cheese, one egg yolk, one pint light cream. Chop onion very fine and fry in butter until it is a light golden color. Put on side to cool off and then mix with some Swiss cheese which has been cut in narrow strips. Line the inside of small tartlet molds with pie dough rolled out thin. Add mixture of onions and Swiss cheese and spread evenly. Mix the yolks of eggs and the cream, adding salt and nutmeg to suit the taste, and pour over the onions and cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes.

SWISS CIGARETTES

One-half pound Swiss cheese, two ounces American cheese, one teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful mustard, one-fourth cup cream sauce, one egg yolk. Grate cheese, mix with cream sauce, egg yolk, and paprika. Spread on thin slices of bread, roll in cigarette shapes, and brown in oven or under salamander.

TOAST—INDIAN STYLE

Pound fine eight ounces of smoked haddock. Add a tablespoonful of white cream sauce, two egg yolks, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Season with salt and curry, and rub through a fine sieve. Spread some of this preparation on small round toasts and sprinkle with chopped hard-boiled eggs. Place on a buttered dish and cook in a moderate oven for from six to eight minutes.

VIRGINIA HAM DEVILS

Finely chopped Virginia ham, sweet mixed pickles (which may be omitted), French and English mustard, chili sauce —mix well to a smooth paste—spread on small biscuits or fancy-shaped toasted bread. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese on top and bake in hot oven to a golden brown.

[*Another list of cocktail canapés will be published here next month.*]

Sex, Esq.

(*continued from page* 39)

drawing had come to life: "He is a very shaky bet to endow any universities, or to leave monuments behind him in the shape of any such good and lasting works. He drinks too much. He drives too fast. And he swears upon no provocation at all. As his pal, we will stoutly maintain that his interest in sex is healthy, but we cannot deny that it is lively. And he hasn't been to church since the last time he ushered at a wedding. And try as we may, we have yet to find a subject which he considers sacred. And he's a sailor with his money—he sails for every new thing that comes into his ken and, more often than not, for no good reason.

"He's rather inclined to be vain and self-indulgent—apt to be a trifle overeager to be first with new things, from cocktail recipes to clothes and cars.

"There's an even chance that you would hesitate to accept him for some things. Quite possibly you would hesitate to take him into the bosom of your family, or even to propose him for membership in your club. But you couldn't possibly hesitate to accept his business, because the Grade-A spender is the prime prospect."

Hail, then, the American Male of 1937 as revealed by the ethnologists of Esquire-Coronet, Inc. He is a far cry from the devotee of the New Deal's New Leisure for whom, when it all began, the magazine was to be edited. He cares not a whit for better wages for the masses, better working conditions, or shorter hours. What he likes is the Old Leisure of 1929—and what he stands for is more mistresses and more champagne.

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UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Chase to the Steeple

CHARLES B. PARMER

IN the last week of this month, for exactly ten minutes, an English town, renowned for its marmalade, steps into the world's spotlight. It is Aintree, five miles from Liverpool, where press, radio, and newsreels will focus on the hundredth running of the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap—the world's sportiest race, the first in turf history to offer an alluring prize to *leppers*. At the inaugural in 1839, run over fields, fences, and plowed ground, the winner's share was £1200—the prize for leading home the field over the course of four miles, 856 yards, with its thirty hazardous jumps.

Here is a race filled with tradition and color, legend and glamour—a race won in 1908 by a hotel bus-horse, which had sold for only fifteen guineas when brought from the States, Rubio, the only American-bred horse ever to win the classic; a race in which an entry costing 10,000 pounds—the famed Continental racer, Silvio—failed miserably (that was in 1926); a race which has been run in snowstorm, fog, blizzard, cloudburst, and with the sun beaming down from a cloudless sky; a race won five times by one jockey, who took those murderous obstacles without scratch, then was killed on a country lane when his mount, shying as his hat blew off, tossed the master against a stone wall (that was George Stevens, who won his first National in 1856, his last in 1870, a few months before he took the fatal ride down the country lane).

Three American owners have won the National: Stephen Sanford in 1923 with Sgt. Murphy; A. C. Schwartz in 1926 with Jack Horner; and Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark in 1933 with Kellsboro Jack (bought for five dollars—from her husband). This year, American hopes will center on the entries from seven strong stables: those of Mrs. Clark, F. Ambrose Clark, Mrs. Marion Scott, Frank Gould, Robert Lehman, J. B. Snow, and Paul Mellon. While the American contingent will wager on these entries, thousands of Americans at home—who don't know a *lepper* from a cob—are now making blind bets by buying Irish Sweepstakes tickets on the event. What they really buy is dreams, for the odds against any ticket being drawn on the winner are 250,000 to 1—though a winning ticket pays only 60,000 to 1 . . . horse-wise stay-at-homes will patronize local bookmakers who lay odds on actual starters.

In Liverpool, racing crowds concentrate at the Adelphi Hotel—unofficial steeplechase headquarters – where the booted trainer with word of the favorite's latest workout is more popular than a cabinet member who has the ear of the premier. And more snooty, too. The phrase most frequently heard is, "I'll lay you . . .," for here is where gentlemen's wagers are made—man to man, my horse against your horse. And next, "Will the record be broken?" (Golden Miller's of 1934: 9 minutes, 20 2/5 seconds, carrying 170 pounds.) Here, too, in the Adel-

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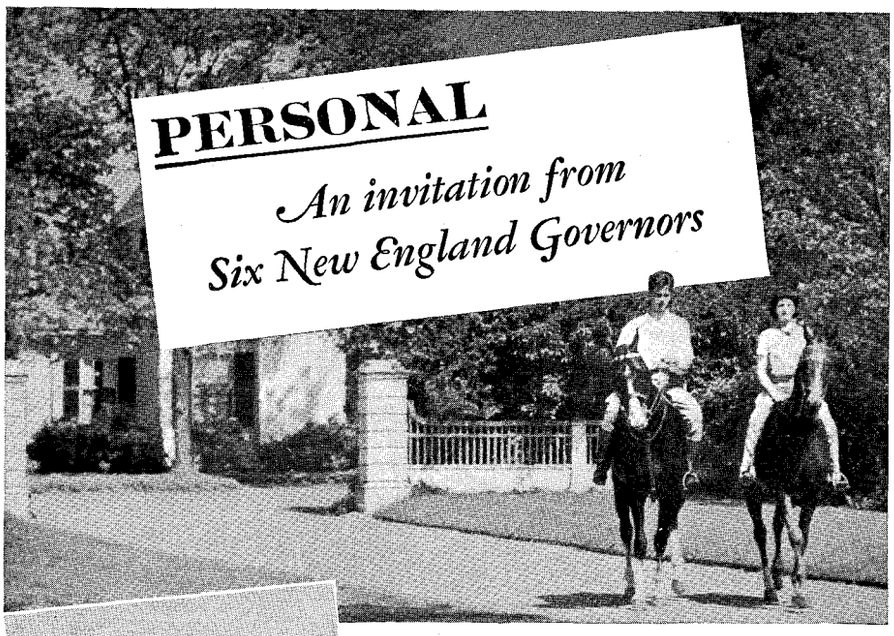
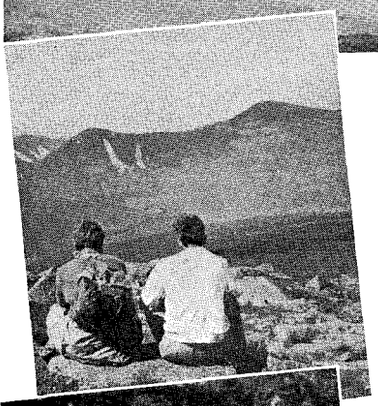


PERSONAL

An invitation from Six New England Governors



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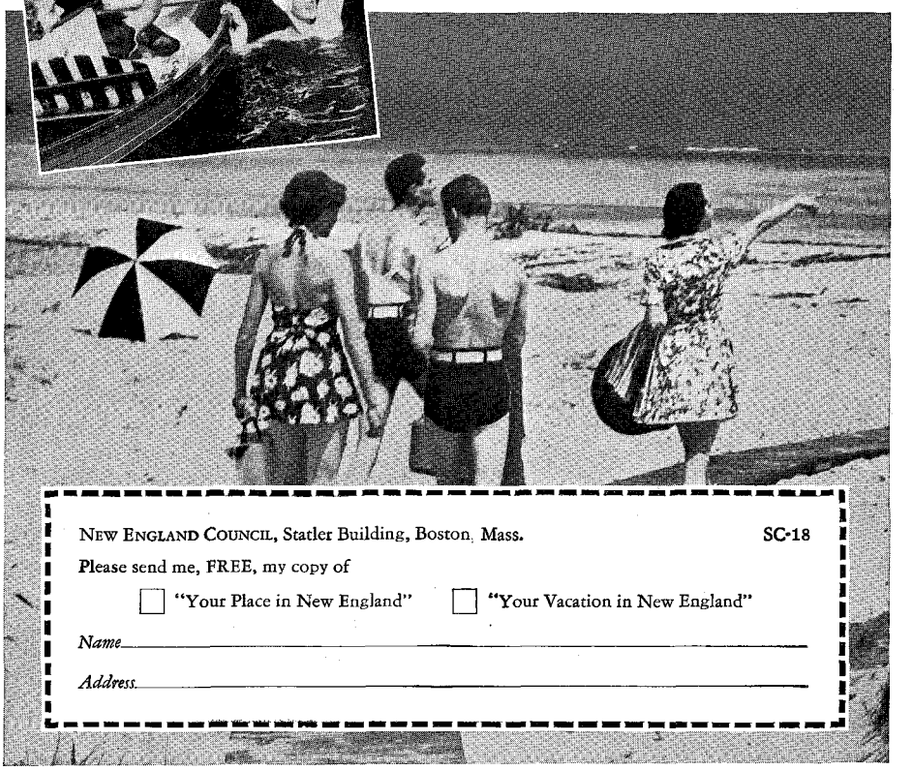

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phi's public rooms, may be heard the story concerning the origin of the coined word, *steeplechase:*

It was a warm night in the hunting lodge, after a hard day behind hounds. The broad-sterned squire tore off his stock with an oath, grasped his third bottle. "It's hot as a harem full o' wenches. You, Mowbray!" His man slithered from the pantry. "Off with these boots! Bring me a nightshirt. It's too hot for clothes."

Soon the group were in nightshirts, drinking and grumbling over the latest intelligence from the Colonies. *"Damn me!* We've got to turn 'em up and spank 'em! The idea of those Indians dumping our tea!"

The squire, bottle in hand, shambled out the open doorway. This heat was beastly! He turned the bottle up—what was that beyond Farmer Coolen's pigsty, reaching skyward in the moon's glow? It was the church steeple in Nachton Village. The squire was struck with an idea.

"Tallyho!" he called, though the kill had been made hours ago. The huntsmen tumbled out in nightshirts.

"Look—the steeple! I'll race you there for a cask of rum!"

Drowsy grooms were called—sleepy horses led from stables and saddled. Doughty old boys—well-oiled with rum—were hoisted into stirrups, despite protests of their sobering men.

"Let's go!" yelled the squire, and the riders were off, their nightshirts flapping in the moonlight as they took ditch and hedge. A few puffing horses and swearing men finally clattered into the Village. The winner reined in at the White Horse Tavern. He beat riding crop against oaken door with an oath. "Open for the gentry!"

So ended the first steeplechase. . . . A colored etching exists of that finish, drawn by H. Alken, engraved by J. Harris, published March 1, 1839 (year of the first Grand National).

Until the 1860's steeplechasing was the bawdy sister of flat racing in England. The latter demanded thoroughbreds; the Jockey Club supervised conduct of men and conditions of horses. In steeplechasing, however, any nag could be sent at a fence; any man could ride. On some courses it was charged that the winner was sometimes chosen the night before in a taproom. Even the Grand National received only back-hand support from the gentry; just as some sportsmen in the States patronize cockfights across the railroad tracks. In the race records today is a name, Ekard—and behind it a case in point. In 1860 a Midlands parson (he came from a sporting family) could not

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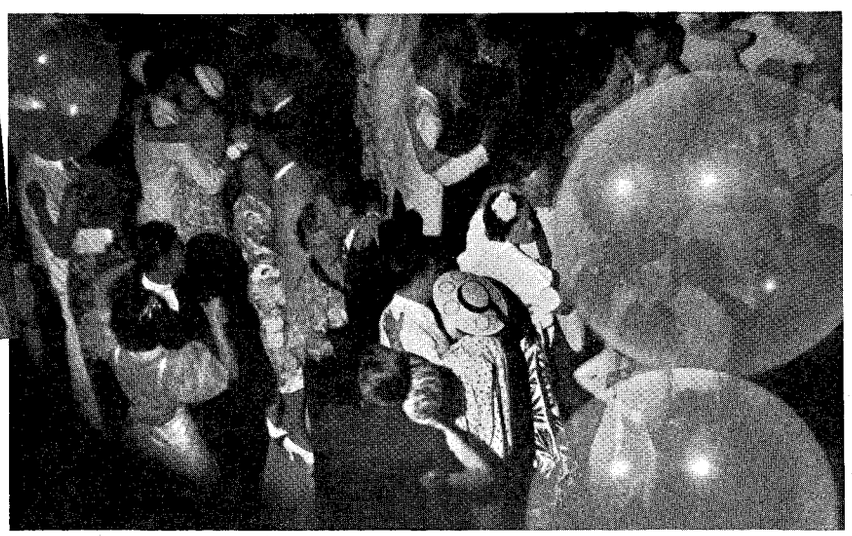

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resist the temptation to ride a friend's horse, called Bridegroom, in the National. The reverend turned his collar around, spelt his name backwards. After the race, a busybody, discovering the rider's identity, rushed with the news to His Lordship, Bishop of the diocese, adding that Bridegroom had lost. The Bishop shook his head. "My, my!" he said. "I am glad I did not know of this beforehand—I would have bet on him myself."

Today the Church gives the Grand

National an unofficial blessing, and you will see the King and Queen in the same private box from which King George V in 1924 watched an eleven-year-old Irish plow-horse win over twenty-nine other horses. That was Master Robert II. A failure on the flat, he had been harnessed to a plow and had earned his keep. Then Lord Airlie, seeing that his legs had strengthened, tried him over the sticks. Master Robert was so glad to get away from the trace-chains that he jumped with joy, and so went into the Grand National and history.

The day before the race, it is the time-hallowed custom to "walk the course." This was begun by riders themselves, years ago, to inspect each obstacle, look for low places to jump, for firm ground to take off from. You walk the course to choose a point to view the race from—no use trying to get into the stands (unless you have a box), for 750,000 race-mad people will be trampling your toes.

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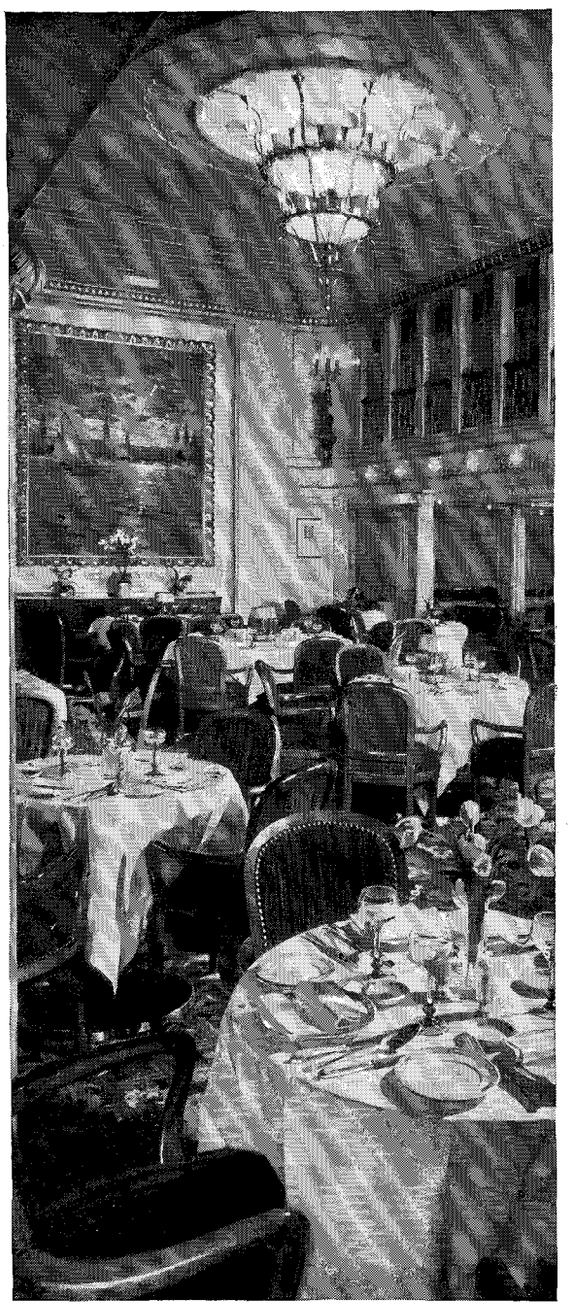

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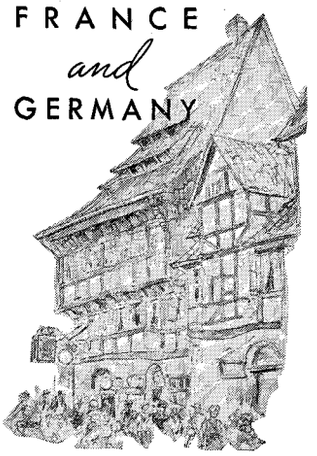

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by Captain Becher a century ago. In the inaugural running, Captain Becher's mount, Conrad, fell at the obstacle while leading the pack. Becher kicked his irons free, sailed over, landed on his feet. Turning, he saw the field rising over the fence—almost upon him. There was nothing else to do—he dove into the icy water of the brook, while the field leapt safely over him.

The early course was an exceedingly difficult one. (The one you are viewing today is still the toughest in the world—so say the men who ride it.) There was one stone wall at which many a horse fell, but one horse always leapt it beautifully—a horse named Valentine. So, when the high stone wall was torn down and a five-foot fence put in its place, the obstacle was named Valentine's—in honor of a horse that never won the stakes, but did fence superbly.

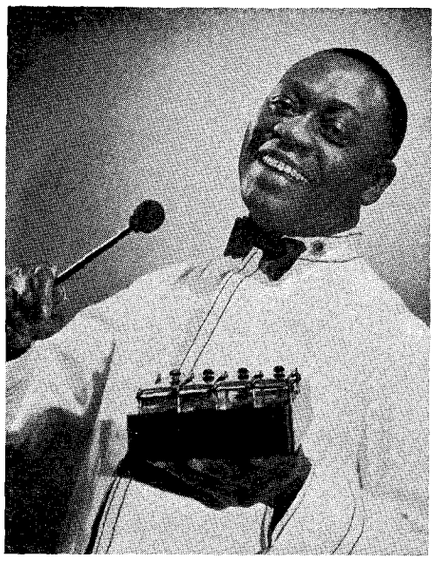
Just before Valentine's is the dreaded Canal Turn, a five-foot fir fence, then a sharp turn. Here the debacle of 1928 took place—on a misty, foggy afternoon when forty-two horses started, only two finished.

Several entries fell at the first jump, as the riders jockeyed for position. Then the field straightened out for the Canal Turn. Easter Hero, Tipperary Tim, and a Kentucky-bred horse, Billy Barton, surged ahead. Coming to the fir fence, Easter Hero struck the hurdle's top, spraddled it—remained there. Tipperary Tim, Billy Barton, and seven others took the obstacle. Easter Hero began to neigh excited warnings—and the remainder of the field refused the jump.

The fog dropped down as twenty-one swearing riders beat twenty-one frightened mounts which would not tackle the obstacle. A disgusted official finally waved them off the course.

Billy Barton, now leading, swept around the course the second time, followed closely by Tipperary Tim and Great Span. The other front runners had fallen.

Two jumps from the finish, Great Span's girth broke, dumping saddle and jockey; the horse galloped on, reins dangling dangerously. At the last fence Billy Barton fell, sprawling Cullinan, his Irish rider, on the ground. At that instant the fog lifted, and the crowded stand saw Cullinan scramble to his feet, catch his mount, leap into the saddle, and begin a driving finish after Tipperary Tim, the only other horse in the race. And Tipperary Tim began to falter a hundred yards from the finish line. Billy Barton swept forward with second wind, his great speed carrying him alongside the other horse. They crossed the



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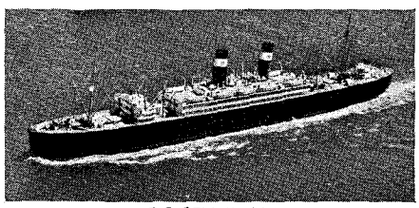

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finish line. Tipperary Tim had just lasted to win—and paid 100 to 1.

The same astounding price was paid the next year when Gregalach won against the largest field in the race's history—sixty-six starters, of which only ten finished. Easter Hero was again sent to the post (Jock Whitney had bought him in the meanwhile) and might have won, if—but there's always an *if*. . . .

Luck plays an unusually strong rôle in this race. There was a day in 1872 when three horses—Harvester, Schiedam, and Scarrington—cleared the last jump together and dashed toward the wire, hundreds of yards ahead of the field. Suddenly all three horses went down; Schiedam was bumped and fell; Scarrington twisted a plate and cut a leg—and fell; Harvester stumbled and fell from sudden lameness. Casa Tete, a 20-to-1 shot, came from behind and won.

Horses from four continents are sent to Aintree each year, but none has had the adventurous journey that befell Moifaa in 1904. While en route from New Zealand, his ship sank off the Irish Coast—legend says all hands were lost. A week later, a fisherman saw a strange horse on a rock, heard him neigh excitedly. The animal was identified as Moifaa; and if it wasn't Moifaa, the horse certainly jumped like a champion when he won the Grand National a few weeks later.

Someone may ask, "What is the fate of the winners?" A few mares and stallions are used in breeding—in the hope of getting another Grand National winner. Though early records are vague, apparently no winner has gotten a winner. The majority slip into oblivion, though a few are started again and again, until their muscles wither. There was old Manifesto, idol of the British turf in the nineties. He first ran in 1895, fell at the first fence, was remounted by his jockey, and finished fourth. He won in 1897, won the race a second time in 1899, and finished third in 1900, 1902, 1903. Score: six times at the barrier—two wins, three thirds, one fourth over the world's toughest steeplechase course. And they started him again in 1904—when sixteen years old! The old fellow ran a good race, too, with all England cheering him. He came in seventh—Moifaa winning.

You've heard of trapeze artists stumbling on carpets and breaking necks. Poor Manifesto fell while ambling around a paddock, broke a leg, and had to be destroyed.

Voluptuary, who won in 1884, was bought by Leonard Boyle, the actor-manager, and forced to leap a water jump nightly in Boyle's Drury Lane production of *The Prodigal Daughter*. Boyle

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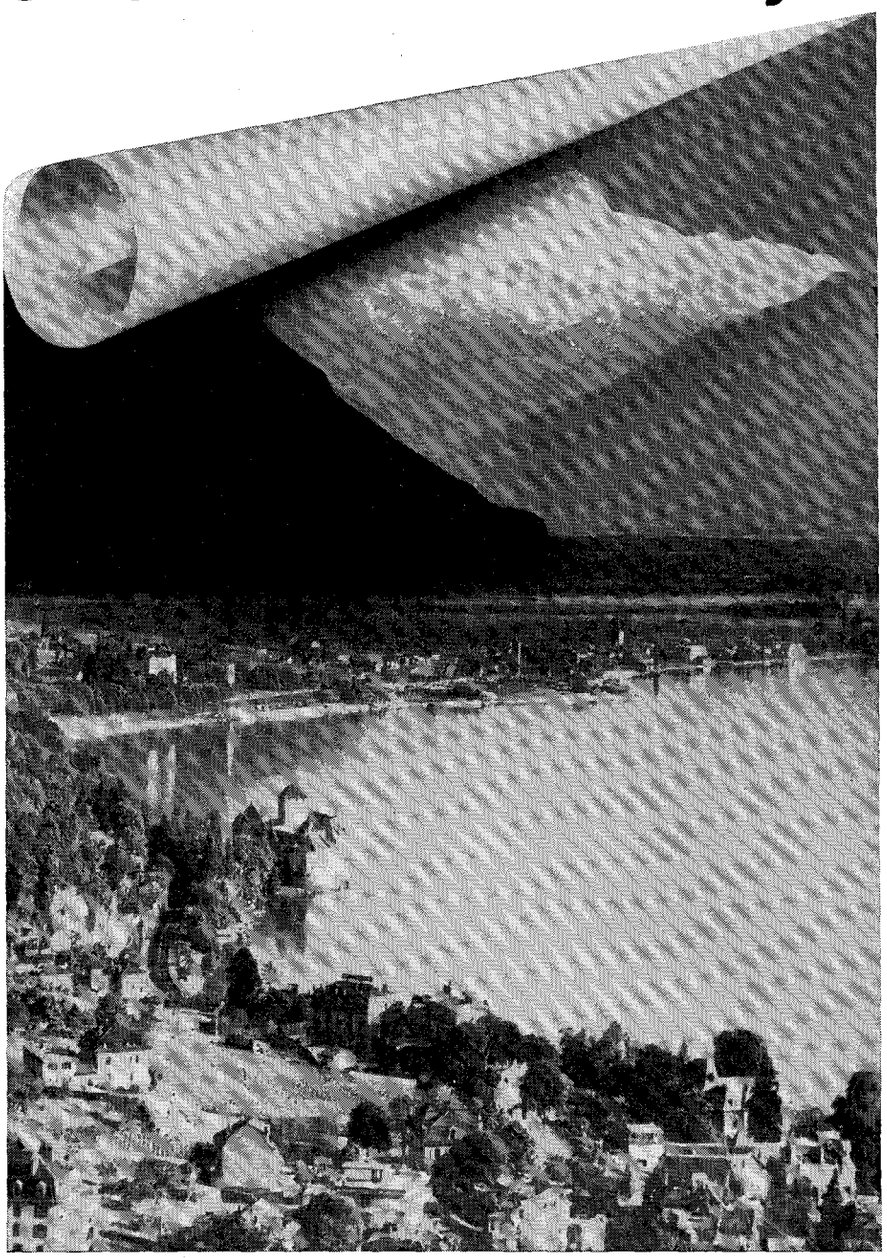

Seekers of beauty find it in Switzerland. The rising beauty of the mountains, the sparkling beauty of the lakes, the picturesque beauty of the countryside bring solace to the weary and joy to the jaded. The natural charm of Switzerland invigorates the soul as well as the body. It banishes humdrum existence.

LAUSANNE-OUCHY, international center for education and travel; picturesque old BERNE, capital of Switzerland; THUN, portal to the BERNESE OBERLAND with INTERLAKEN; the JUNGFRAUJOCH (11,340 feet a/s); the spectacular LOETSCHBERG LINE to the FURKA-OBFRALP and ZERMATT-GORNERGRAT regions with the Matterhorn, so grandiose and unique; LUGANO and LOCARNO, floral paradise of the sunny Swiss-Italian lake region; LUCERNE, Switzerland's holiday metropolis with its lovely lake and mountain districts (Central Switzerland).

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For further particulars and latest literature consult your travel agent or write us for portfolio Sc. 2

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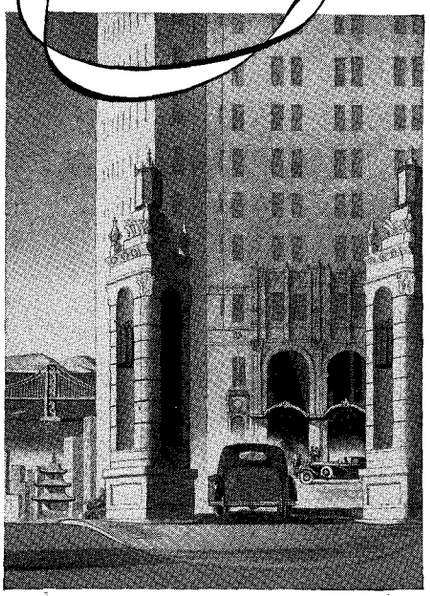

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acquired the next year's winner, too, Roquefort, and sent him on a theatrical tour of the States.

Today it is considered good form to give a winner (even if he is a gelding) a pension of grass and oats, with a specially prepared bran mash on a certain day in March, a day when, at 3:15 P.M., Greenwich Time, the radios of the world crackle, and the crisp accents of an English voice come through:

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Life in the U.S... Photographic

(*see page* 47)

1. FRITZ GORO, 17 West 92nd Street, New York, N. Y. These motorcycle cops were caught in action in front of the Hotel Biltmore by a Leica camera, 50mm. Elmar lens. The exposure was 1/60 sec. at f.6.3. Dupont Super Panchromatic film.

2. WILLIAM RITTASE, 247 South 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Rittase photographed this diver at a pool near Springfield in the suburbs of Philadelphia, on a bright midsummer day. His camera was equipped with a Zeiss Tessar f.2.8 lens. Exposure 1/500 sec. at f.11; no filter.

3. VICTOR DE PALMA, 54 Grove Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. These two boys were photographed at the Children's Village, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. Mr. De Palma used a Rolleiflex camera and Agfa film. With two photofloods the exposure was 1/5 sec. at f.8.

4. PAUL J. WOOLF, 14 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y. This print was enlarged from a small section of a much larger picture taken with an Eastman 5x7 view camera. Exposure five min. Aperture f.11. Eastman Portrait Pan.

5. WILLIAM WARD, 1504 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. From Queensborough Bridge Mr. Ward took this picture against the sun with a Rolleiflex camera, f.22, 1/75 sec. Eastman S. S. Pan.

6. JANE MARGARET REAM, Madison, N. J. Miss Ream made this picture in a sunny room using a Corone 4x5 view camera. Exposure 1/5 sec. at f.8.

7. A. MOLIND, 4420 Paul Street, Philadelphia, Pa. This picture was taken with a Contax Camera, Zeiss Tessar f.3.5 lens, exposed at 1/50 sec. Aperture f.4.5. Eastman Super X Pan.

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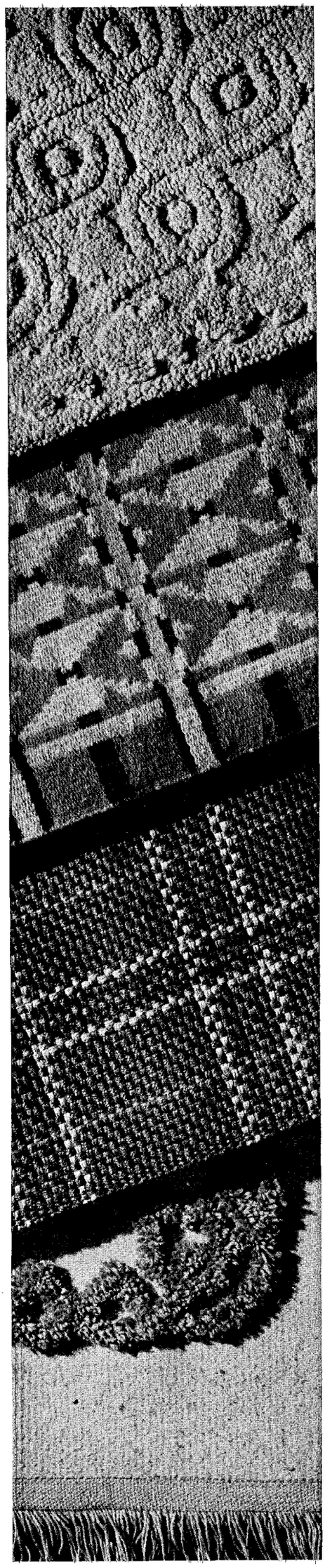

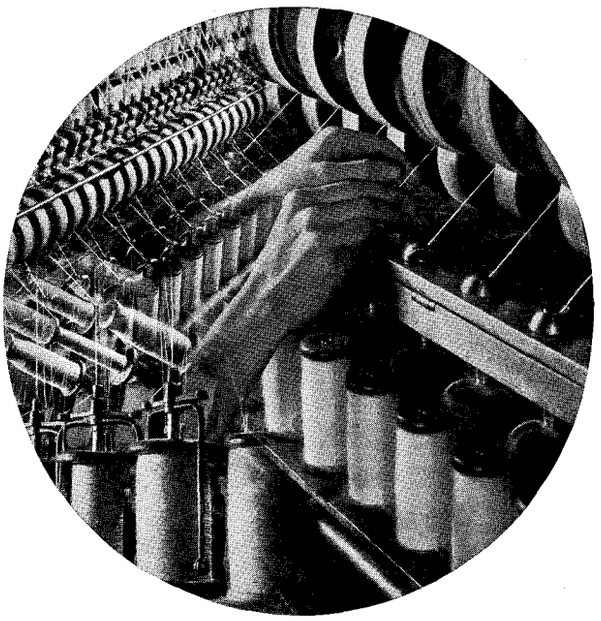

Choosing a Summer Rug

KATHERINE KENT

SUMMER windows and furniture—thanks to the rapid technical advances in decorative fabrics—possess nowadays not only freshness and charm, but that sense of permanence so essential to well-being. But summer rugs have come along more slowly. Florals too long claimed kin to the monstrous posies of the grass-rug heyday; monotones had a distressing tendency to mousey negativity, conventionals an overwhelming boldness; while durability (especially in the moderate-price class) was too often a perennial chimera.

But again technicians are proving the way to better products, and new interest in cotton, flax, and flat-surfaced wools is broadening the field in other directions, until summer-rug choosing is just as exciting as selecting fabrics. For one thing, the advance showing this season proves that designers are at last fully alive to the floor needs imposed by the gay chintzes, linens, homespuns, and peasanty fabrics of today. Variations in weave and the new texture effects give monotones genuine character. Homespun and heather mixtures in quiet grounds flecked with brightness, pencil stripes, and lightly lined plaids are far more in evidence than the bold blocks, heavy plaids, and broad stripes that only a few years ago came as a welcome change from the stuffy designs of yester-decades. Florals are set for a comeback, and happily for those who prefer their garden goods neat, there are new designs patterned upon the hooked rug, and simple all-overs.

*

In hard-surfaced summer rugs, fiber and sisal are first runners. Though literally *fiber* includes a wide variety of natural products, rug usage has narrowed the term to mean only *artificial* fiber. Wood pulp is the source of this brain child of science. In good grades, it has not only sturdiness to recommend it, but since it takes dye well, it can be woven in designs and is not limited to stenciling as were grass rugs. Fiber lends itself prefectly to homespun effects, plaids, ombres, stripes, blocks, and jacquards. Stenciling continues to be popu-

READING FROM TOP, DOWNWARD: *Hooked rug in the new carved technique from W. & J. Sloane—Flat weave, all-wool reversible rug in original 17th-century design from the American looms of Nye & Wait, makers of Jacobean Rugs—Suraka, in lightly lined plaid, all-Javanese sisal, woven here by the Hodges Co.—Flax from the fields of Minnesota makes this Klearflax linen rug tufted in gay wools*

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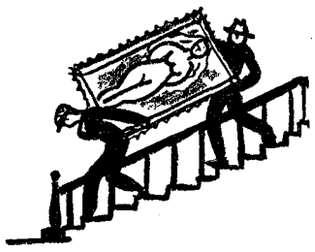

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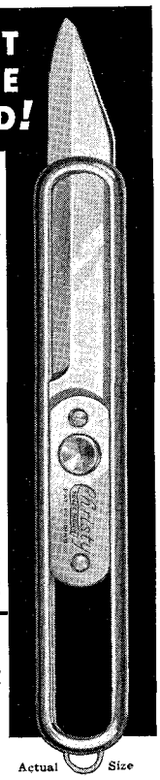

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S2

Actual Size

lar in modern and period designs done on a variety of colored grounds, or combined with shadow plaids and stripes. For a child's room, for example, the Deltox Rug people have just brought out a delightful circus design on green, blue, or brown ground. Anchor and ship and hawser, run borderwise, enliven another of their new creations.

Sisal—now the most popular *natural* fiber in rug use—is shipped west from Java to be refined, dyed, and woven. Somewhat silkier than fiber, and more pliable, sisal lends itself to greater intricacies in looming and has a richer finish. There are, for example, cheviot and basket weaves that cannot be made in fiber. And there are, as well, plaids, blocks, stripes, ombres, jacquards, and homespuns. Sisal is frequently combined with fiber for decorative effects and is especially effective in borders and in the homespuns.

Fiber-and-wool, sisal-and-wool are continuing favorites, and you'll find them in designs similar to those we've reviewed above. Addition of wool in summer-type rugs does not of itself mean added strength, the patter of salesmen notwithstanding. It is used to give a softer, more textured surface effect.

Now how to choose among these kinds. Pattern will frequently determine your choice, but in the case of a design common to all these types of rug, the questions of price and durability become controlling factors.

It is foolhardy to buy a poor grade in any kind. A reliable shop and a reliable trade-mark are your best protection. Price is also a pretty good guide to quality, since we are dealing here with a short-season commodity. A sisal rug, for instance, at the same price as a fiber, or only a little more, should be suspect. The chances are that it will not wear as well. Heavyweight sisal (in a nine-by-twelve) runs to about forty dollars, the lighter weights (still good grade) around twenty-five. On the other hand, a good-grade fiber rug in the same size can be had for about fourteen dollars (though rarely less), with the heavier grades running a few dollars more. Wool-and-fiber, wool-and-sisal in serviceable grades range from about fifteen to twenty-five dollars, depending on weight, design, and richness of color.

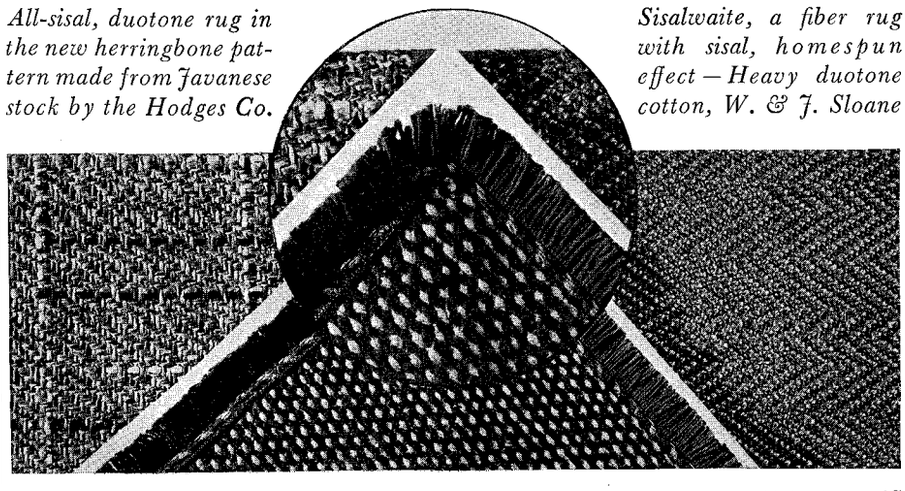
*

Linen rugs have, for more than two decades, proved their hardiness. For a long time, they appeared only in dullish monotones and in mottled effects. But for the last few years, Klearflax has added, not only pattern, but a wool tufting that lends interest and variety unattainable in fiber and sisal. There are geometric designs, carefully planned for modern and period rooms, either with or without an outline of the tufting. Then there are solid grounds in excellent colors where tufting, reminiscent of the candlewick technique, is used at the ends, in borders, or in a spread, all-over design. More expensive than fiber and sisal, of course, but if you are planning your summer rooms with an eye to permanence and a custom-made touch, you'll not want to miss them.

Cotton was for so long the main stuff of American floor coverings that reaction has almost made us lose sight of it except in hooked and hit-or-miss guise. But there are other cotton rugs —sturdy, well-woven monotones, mixtures, and duotones that, in basket, braided, and roughish effects, possess an old-time charm. They're reversible, washable; when woven of first-rate long strands, they possess a uniform strength rarely achieved at hand looms. And now for the first time in the history of these rugs, they are available in broadloom widths at W. & J. Sloane's.—In shopping for cottons, beware of poor grades, for in no time the short ends ravel,

All-sisal, duotone rug in the new herringbone pattern made from Javanese stock by the Hodges Co.

Sisalwaite, a fiber rug with sisal, homespun effect — Heavy duotone cotton, W. & J. Sloane



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colors dim, and the rug becomes an untidy wriggle across your floor. Good cottons cannot compete with fiber. Reliable qualities are not likely to be found under $2.50 a square yard.

Hand-hooked rugs are taking a new and interesting turn. Besides the familiar floral and conventional motifs (raised or flat), there have just begun to appear hand-hooked cottons that follow in effect the embossed or carved techniques seen usually only in the costliest of wool rugs.

*

Surface softness and durability make the better-grade, flat-weave, all-wool rugs excellent for summer in all but the warmest climates. For northern shores, and in mountain regions where sharpness and chill descend with the dark, they are well-nigh indispensable. From India, we have the familiar drugget—natural-ground, static pattern. Unfortunately, in an effort to compete with the fiber rug, such poor quality in the low-priced druggets has been foisted upon us that suspicion has come to rest on *all* types of flat-weave wool rugs. But there are good grades and interesting designs. In American-made rugs, Nye and Waite *Jacobeans* give you a goodly selection in early American, Indian, modern, and tile patterns, and one Swedish peasant design. The monotones are reversible, as are also a number of the others—notably those designed after old hooked patterns, and a natural-tone group with widely spaced, serape-bright stripes. Sizes range from small throw rugs to special-order lengths and widths. As to price—a six-by-nine, for example, is about $27.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 40)

1. Making of steel
2. For baking food in an oven
3. Cornell
4. Opie Read [a writer]
5. Yangtze River
6. Polyandry
7. Charles Boyer
8. Chairman of General Foods
9. The Irish State Chamber of Deputies
10. The bends
11. Wage, hour regulation
12. Pommel
13. Eleven [six on each team]
14. A white cross on a red background
15. Terra-cotta reliefs
16. Has nine children
17. Lake Placid, N. Y.
18. Cutting trails in tropical jungles
19. 8000 miles
20. Commander Yando
21. It came from Bourbon County, Ky.
22. 14 years [13 yrs. 10 months, 19 days]
23. An officer of a noble in charge of horses
24. "Mr. President"
25. The plight of the Southern sharecropper
26. Born after the father's death
27. Sheep intestines
28. Something against big business
29. Enfeeble
30. A famous U. S. music composer
31. Safety of one route compared with another
32. Uintas [N.E. Utah]
33. April [on the 6th]
34. Calligraphy
35. Northern Africa [west of the Nile]
36. Glenn Frank
37. 20%
38. Piece of basalt which gave the first clue toward deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics
39. Mary Baker Eddy
40. Cutler
41. President of the National League
42. Madagascar [French]
43. Musical shows
44. Cornucopia
45. *Berengaria*
46. First-class aviator
47. IGG-no-mini
48. *Of Mice and Men*
49. *Commentator*
50. Four

The correct answers to Section II of "The Scribner Quiz" (page 41) are:

1. Ask the chairman to have the heckler removed for the balance of the speech
2. Settle for as little as possible, personally pay the damages
3. Send Lucy to visit his mother for three months
4. Move to another suburb
5. Order the grocer to change his delivery-man or lose her trade
6. Carry on as per schedule, proceeding doggedly to the living room
7. With overwork, rewrite the stories himself, publish them, tell his wife the change is a regular editorial proceeding
8. Foment a students' strike, in an effort to establish two scholarships
9. Give continued advice until Jane captures Roderick
10. Obtain a taxpayers' injunction restraining the committee on the grounds that it is incompetent to pass on art

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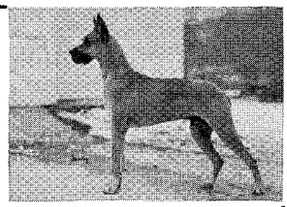

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Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin, Alias Curly

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THE country's dog lovers and dog-showgoers have come to know Champion Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin, C.D., Mrs. Milton Erlanger's coal-black Poodle dog, crowned the outstanding American-bred competitor of 1937 by the game's governing body, the American Kennel Club. But few know the story behind his rise to the highest perch in American dogdom.

The casual readers of newspapers know that Curly (this is his simple kennel name) traveled 45,000 miles and visited fifty-one shows in almost every state in the Union while piling up the impressive string of triumphs which eventually won him the above award, but there is a richer, far more intriguing yarn behind Curly than the facts and figures of his show record of 1937 portray.

45,000 miles, 51 shows

Fantastic as it may seem, the human beings who played the biggest part in his meteoric career were a rich young lady who had to forget riding, dancing, and gay parties because of her health; a German tinsmith and plumber who arrived in this country Christmas Day eleven years ago, penniless and happy to find a job washing dishes; and a New Jersey gardener who made an art of cutting a hedge. Of course there were others who assisted Curly to the top, but that strange trio, drawn together by the love of dogs, were the leading characters.

Let us begin with the poor German lad who came here in search of his fortune. Henry Stucker never had any other love but animals and hoped one day to become a trainer as was his father, but a man must live, and the plumbing and tinsmith trades were more substantial in Germany a decade back. A position in even that line of endeavor was not available when Stucker came here, however, and he took the first offer, washing dishes in a restaurant.

As soon as he had saved enough money to buy a few dogs, Stucker purchased several Boxers and Doberman Pinschers, and established a kennel on the New York-Philadelphia road at Keansburg, N. J. As a sideline he also sold hot dogs to those who stopped to see his kennels or just stopped to eat hot dogs. When a match show was conducted, however, Stucker went into the competitions, and it was there that he met the lady of this story.

Mrs. Milton Erlanger enjoyed a gay youth. She rode horses in the mornings, attended teas in the afternoon and parties at night. Finally she was stricken ill, and all these diversions were tabooed by her physicians. But let her tell it:

"There didn't seem to be much left in life for me. Finding something worth while was a real problem. Then I had a dream. There was a Poodle in the dream —a Poodle bitch which I called 'Monsieur.' That could happen only in a dream, I guess. Anyway, I was supremely happy with that dog and when I told my family of it my brother, Allison, resolved I should own a Poodle.

"And just like the dream he brought a bitch back from abroad. She was 'Monsieur' to me, although registered with the A. K. C. as Nunsoe The Mite. The dream has come true. I have become happy with Poodles. Now I never regret the fact I cannot ride again or dance or attend gay parties."

Nunsoe The Mite was the basis for Mrs. Erlanger's Pillicoc Kennels at El-

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beron, N. J. Entrusting her early breeding to Mrs. Whitehouse Walker, Mrs. Erlanger soon was returned a litter of six puppies by Stillington Christmas. Two weeks before the puppies were whelped, the sire died, and the only dog Mrs. Erlanger kept, a brown one none wanted, she called Cadeau de Noel (Christmas Present). He became a show dog and was a champion by fourteen months, again under Mrs. Walker's handling. When the latter made a trip abroad Mrs. Erlanger, who had never shown a Poodle before, took Cadeau de Noel into the rings.

It was soon thereafter she met Stucker at a match show in New Jersey. He asked her to sell him a Poodle on a cash-and-carry basis. Instead, she, who could not make herself firm enough to train her dogs, promised him a puppy as his fee for training one of her older ones. Before Stucker arrived for his puppy, Mrs. Erlanger and a neighbor, Tom Frelinghuysen, a sculptor, decided to buy two bitches from Mrs. Byron Rogers, pioneer of the fancy, and bred Cadeau to both. Frelinghuysen bought Giroflee of Misty Isles, and it was her litter of seven which is important to this story.

Lacking the feminine patience of his neighbor, Frelinghuysen eventually decided he was a sculptor, not a dog breeder, and made a gift of the dam and all her puppies to his temporary partner. It was from that litter that Stucker had his choice of his first Poodle. Knowing little of the breed, he asked Mrs. Erlanger to choose one. She picked Curly. But before Stucker arrived to carry off his prize Mrs. Erlanger, who admired the complete understanding which seemed to exist between the German and all his dogs, asked him to become her kennel man.

It was a fortunate stroke of business for, although Mrs. Erlanger insisted and still does that Curly really should belong to Stucker, the handler was just as insistent that Curly should make his record for Pillicoc.

The hedgecutter came into the kennel's organization where, with fifty and often more Poodles on hand, Mrs. Erlanger found it impossible to clip and care for all. One day, as she contemplated hiring a professional clipper, she noted the meticulous care with which Arthur Shannon, her gardener, worked on the hedgerow. There, she reasoned, was a man who, with a bit of training, would be a grand clipper—an important addition to any Poodle establishment. Her choice was a happy one, and since this trio joined hands in pushing Pillicoc Poodles to the fore, Mrs. Erlanger has enjoyed consistent victory, capped by Curly's achievements.

The remainder of Curly's story is well-known to the dog world. Traveling all over the country in pomp and style and treated almost as a human in trains and hotels, he became the ambassador of Eastern dogdom in his treks through the South and the West. There may have been some antagonism to the kennel club's competition which sent dogs traipsing all over the country in search of needed "wins," but Curly's likeable personality made so many friends wherever he went that he silenced the critics.

And on last Christmas Day this son of Cadeau de Noel actually received more season's greeting cards than Mrs. Erlanger, Stucker, and Shannon, the devoted three who made him.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

3. The Husband

EVANSVILLE, Ind. — The Rev. James P. Sandefur, 22, is suing his wife, June, 19, for divorce, charging that she made faces while he preached at the Primitive Baptist Church and that she went to sleep during the services. —*The Associated Press.*

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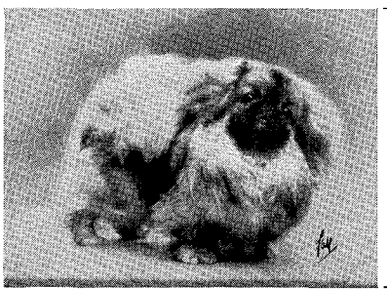

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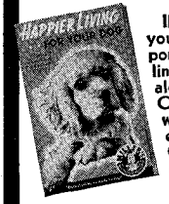

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The traditional conception of educators as absent-minded, unworldly old men has had some severe shocks within the past several years.

The New Dealers lured swarms of professors out of the academies and into government service. President Angell left Yale to act as an educational adviser for a radio broadcasting system. Glenn Frank left off his college chores and took an active part in Republican political plans. And many other professors swapped their academic gowns for mufti and entered into the swirl of the market place.

All of this is a good and healthy sign. Professors, as a rule, are not busybodies. When they enter into somebody else's quarrel, you can be fairly sure that they do it for a valid reason and that they will try to do some real good.

The day of the cloistered, eremetic teacher is fast vanishing. The modern professor must know what's happening outside of classrooms and textbooks. He must know what is going on in the world and, moreover, he must be willing to fight for his convictions when they are endangered.

In times of strife, the intellectual has a huge responsibility. While factions war and partisans muddle the issues, it is his duty to see clearly—to cast aside the propaganda and evaluate the issues realistically.

The scholar has no ax to grind, he can be trusted; he has special training and a good mind, he can be relied on. But his voice must carry beyond the classrooms, it must make itself heard above the sound and fury of the market place.

As a molder of youthful opinion, the teacher's force is great. As he extends his domain into world affairs, his influence carries more and more weight. This is a good sign. The worried world needs leaders whose motives are not suspect. The world needs men with the ability to see through sham, to think clearly, and to act unselfishly. The world needs cool detached reasoning, reliable advice. The world would like to see more educators picking up gavels and typewriters and microphones and permitting their influence to extend beyond classrooms.

—W.W.M.

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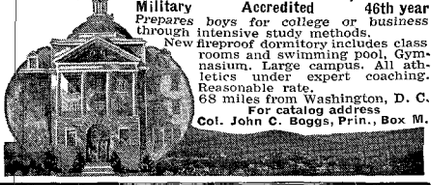

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Well, what's the harm? It's fine to have quality clothes at a low price. It's good to be able to own an auto at so moderate a cost. And it's fine to buy a house at three-fourths of the old price. As far as business is concerned, streamlining is a good thing.

But in our enthusiasm for efficiency we seem to have carried our assembly-belt methods too far. We carried them into education. We stick the raw material in the first grade and—sixteen years later—we get a nicely polished college graduate. It's very simple and very efficient.

The education assembly belt is geared at a moderate speed, a speed which fits the "average student." As a result, in many instances, the bright pupils are held back. As the students move along the line, each receives the same attention. Each is subjected to the program which best fits the entire group. The course of study is cut to the wholesale pattern, and all intellects are molded by this master plan. Individuality suffers, talents are overlooked—the premium is given to mediocrity. Here is education at its swiftest pace and lowest cost.

Suppose we carried these education-factory methods to their logical conclusion. Eventually we should have a race of robots—streamlined, efficient, and all looking and acting exactly alike. Absurd, of course, but quite true.

The average American parent demands that his child have the advantages of a college education. The parent, unknowingly, is simultaneously decreeing that the child shall have all of the disadvantages.

A college education may do a great deal of good, it may do nothing, it may do irreparable harm. The results will be determined chiefly by the boy or girl who is subjected to the process. And the parent who sends his youngster to college as

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a matter of course may be tampering with future happiness.

For the child must not be changed to fit the education; the education must be custom-made to fit the child. The conventional academic training may happen to fit perfectly. If so, that's fine. But suppose your child is a potential artist, or watchmaker, or designer? And suppose you cause him to be turned into a teacher or lawyer? He's apt to remain pretty much a round peg in a square hole for the rest of his life.

Just as mass production was in its glory during the 1920's, so was mass education. For the most part, the collegians didn't mind, then. College was fun, it wasn't much trouble, and if Papa wanted to pay the bills for four more years, what the hell . . .?

Today the young man or woman of college age is a bit more cautious, more circumspect. Four years is a long time to spend running toward nothing. Today's collegian wants to head toward a more definite goal. Perhaps his goal is one that requires a college education, but often he wants to enter a profession which requires more special preparation. He may want training in applied arts, or a skilled trade, or in business.

This doesn't mean that he will overlook the basic and broad cultural training. It means that he will build upon this base, adding more specialized knowledge to his general background. It means that, after four years of advance education, he will have a weapon to use against adverse economic conditions. It means that, on finishing school, he has accomplished much more than "making the gentleman's *C*, and staying out of jail."

It is significant that this trend toward more individual and practical education is being brought about by the youngsters. Mother and Dad are still prone to believe that "every child deserves a college education." And, even though dollars are not so plentiful as in the 1920's, Dad is willing to finance the four-year period.

It would be an excellent thing if parents would realize the fundamental logic in the break which their children are making with conventional education.

Sometimes the student has wasted too many years before he realizes that his education is going in the wrong direction. The intelligent and foresighted parent could help a great deal by working with the student on an educational program.

So don't send your son to college until you make sure that he should go to college. Make certain that the education is cut to fit the student—not cut to the wholesale pattern. —R.B.

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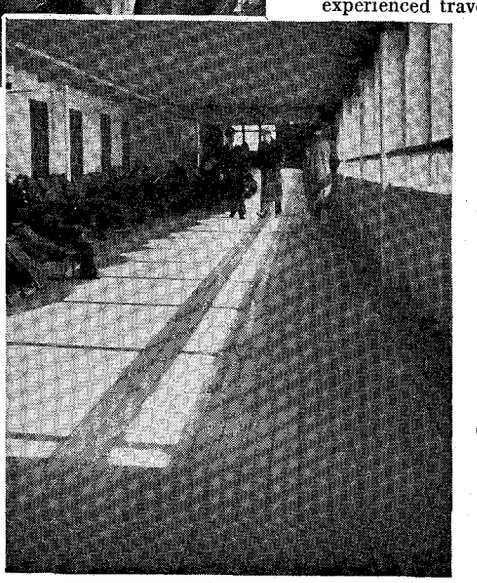

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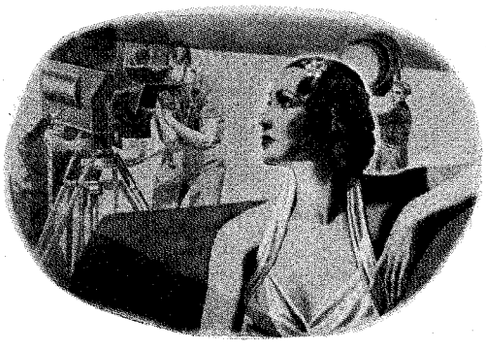

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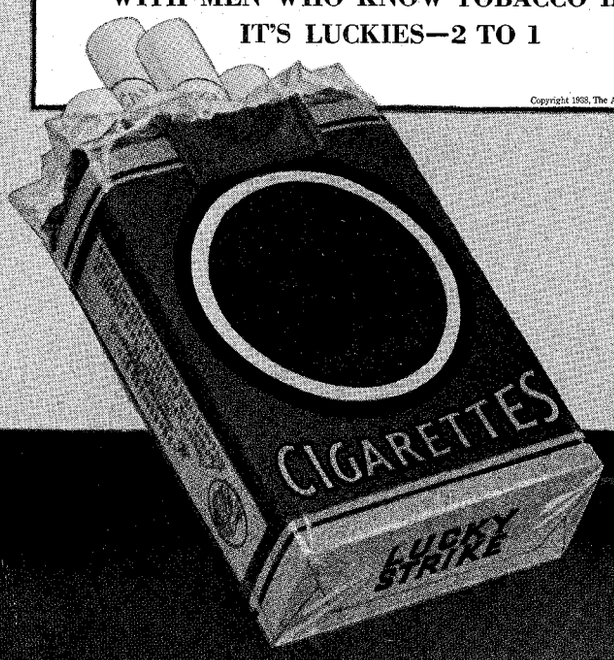

*DOLORES DEL RIO STARRING IN THE 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE, "SHANGHAI DEADLINE"

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